

AROUND THE WORLD

EDWARD C. HORN



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E. C. HORN.

AROUND THE WORLD

A NARRATIVE OF A TOUR OF THE EARTH

SETTING FORTH THE
EXPERIENCES OF ONE WHO RECENTLY MADE
THE TRIP ALONE

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE DATA

By

EDWARD C. HORN

Pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, Grand Island, Nebraska

Formerly Instructor in the U. S. Grant University, Athens, Tennessee, and
in the De Pauw University, Greencastle, Indiana

Author of "THE MAZES AND MARVELS OF WIND CAVE," Etc.

Illustrated

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[illegible]

*“For not to any race or any clime
Is the completed sphere of life revealed;
He who would make his own that round sublime,
Must pitch his tent on many a distant field.”*

INTRODUCTION.



THE experiences related in these chapters, with few exceptions, were reduced to paper the day they occurred. Historical matter presented herein was gathered from all available sources, credit being given by reference to volume and page for most excerpts. The author is under special obligation to the following for assistance rendered: Guides of F. C. Clark, Macmillan, Henry Gaze & Son, and Thos. Cook & Son; also to Dr. Andrew Gray for copies of some electrotypes used in illustrating his "Pilgrimage to Bible Lands." The consecrated missionaries of Japan, China, the Philippines, Maylasia, India, Egypt, and Turkey will be held in lasting remembrance for their many untold kindnesses extended, punctuating an otherwise weary pilgrimage with oases of interest.

Being under exclusive contract with the *Alliance Herald* as its "Around the World" representative, numerous courtesies were extended by the press, by our consuls, and by the officials of transportation lines throughout the thirty-thousand-mile journey, space forbidding individual mention.

E. C. H.




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AROUND THE WORLD.

I.

CROSSING THE CONTINENT.

THE JOURNEY BEGUN.—VIA DENVER; ROYAL GORGE.—CANYON OF THE GRAND.—SALT LAKE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM the copper-toed days of my boyhood, tales of travel have been the very soul of fascination to my venturesome spirit. Having read all the books on travel available within a considerable radius from my Ohio home, I sought interviews with every man I could reach who had crossed any State line, or could relate thrilling stories of adventure on the part of others. My curiosity to know more of the world was augmented by the recital of weird stories by an old Mexican soldier who visited us about the time of my graduation from the First to the Second Reader. His renditions produced in me a longing similar to that possessed by the poet who wrote:

“O for an old gray traveler

By our winter fire to be,

To tell us of each foreign shore,

Of sunny seas, and mountains hoar,

Which we can never see!

And O, that such old man were here,

With his wise and traveled look,

With thought like deep exhaustless springs,

And memory full of wondrous things,

Like a glorious picture-book!”

As nothing short of a tour of the earth offered me any degree of satisfaction, I decided to attempt the task regardless of the expense and other difficulties which towered before me.

Consequently the successful carrying forward of my plans made it possible for me to bid farewell to Alliance at 3.40 Thursday morning, October 16th, while Victor was sleeping soundly unconscious of the fact that his papa was kissing him good-bye and beginning the largest undertaking in the realm of travel possible to man without embarking upon that better journey leading to a country whence no traveler returns.

The young wife evinced bravery by withstanding the avalanche of tears due to be observed on such an occasion. She was cognizant of the danger confronting me; but her noble Christian life and devotion to the God she serves, long ago taught her that my trust was in the God of the psalmist—a God which doeth all things well, though at times our shortsightedness fails to penetrate beyond the overhanging clouds of gloom which often encompass our horizon.

“If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall Thy hand lead me,
And Thy right hand shall hold me.”

The ride into Colorado was without incident, with the following exceptions: The train was two hours behind time, and contained a bridal party which was forced to endure much additional pandemonium at the hands of the Alliance youths on account of the lateness of the train. Approaching Denver, the sun, rising toward its meridian height, darted its rays athwart the snow-capped Rockies and kissed them into glistening splendor. The passengers crowd to the right side of the car to behold

the majestic snowdrifts piercing the very heavens with their snow-crested summits. There is Pike's Peak, eighty miles to the southward, rising as a giant guardian of the white flock, basking in perpetual rest, with its topmost rock 14,147 feet above sea-level. Yet it is not the highest of the Rocky family, there being twenty-five other peaks that rival it in height. Divorced from its grand mountain scenery, Denver takes high rank as a city. I shall not attempt to describe its numerous institutions of note, its smelters, wholesale houses, factories, colleges, churches, and sanitariums. One person has named Denver the "City of Consumptives," because of the multitude of consumptives who come here for relief.

Those whose time is limited can cover this city of one hundred and fifty thousand souls reasonably well in a few hours' ride on the special car called "Seeing Denver," which leaves the union depot on Seventeenth Street daily at two o'clock for the grand tour of the city. The circuit covers twenty-five miles, and the charge is twenty-five cents. A lecturer accompanies the car and points out objects of interest, giving, in addition thereto, a very good description of that which is most noteworthy.

Leaving Denver via the Rio Grande Railroad, the route leads southward along the Rocky Mountain foothills, in plain view, however, of many towering peaks. This line is very properly called "the scenic line of the world."

Passing Palmer Lake, Colorado Springs is reached, where nature grows wild, as evinced in the Garden of the Gods. Here strange freaks of nature's handicraft present to the tourist much that is quaint as well as grotesque, causing speculation as to how the formations were produced.

Not less than fourteen hundred feet up the side of Pike's Peak is the Cave of the Winds, a wonder which is

the pride of Colorado, but a curiosity that becomes a dwarf when compared with Wind Cave of South Dakota. I told the guide he would be ready to change his adjectives used in his description as soon as his eyes beheld the most noteworthy cave in America, the northern wonder. From Pike's Peak the view is never to be forgotten. The Rockies seem to roll away like the waves of an angry ocean, with whitecaps stationary and whitecaps rolling in the form of clouds, as if hurrying to some distant place of rest.

The next point *en route* westward is Pueblo, the Pittsburgh of the West, so called on account of its numerous smelters, iron and steel works stretching along the Arkansas River. Having run over one hundred miles southward from Denver, in order to break through the mountains, the track now turns to the westward, follows the canyon of the Arkansas, thence over the Great Divide into the Canyon of the Grand, and on over the Wasatch Mountains into the Utah Valley.

For a considerable distance the road threads its crooked way along the Arkansas, where the walls tower on either side more than three thousand feet. This is called the Royal Gorge, and here it is that the genius of the builder scores its highest triumph. Here the word-painter excuses himself, and says, "Let nature alone in her vastness." But what if a boulder should become loosened and come crashing down from yonder craggy height of more than half a mile? A boulder falling from such a dizzy height would crush a locomotive to worse than a scrap-heap. One is thrilled and chilled as he contemplates the vastness of this deep, rock-riven, river-encompassed gorge. But why not let the river have full possession, and not disturb its plaintive murmur by introducing the loud-screeching, panting, and puffing locomotive?

Such would have been well, but not the best. And now not only the Denver and Rio Grande follows this natural thoroughfare, but the Colorado Southern also uses a part of this vale as an outlet toward the land of the setting sun. The day I made the journey the trains of both roads were very late and by some unknown cause two splendid passenger trains were making their way side by side. Now the opportunity was given for a race. Each road had boasted of its ability to make the best time. Here was a chance. The engineers saw the opportunity. The firemen worked like Titans, heaving coal that the engines might do their utmost. The iron horses puffed, straining every nerve and muscle; the passengers filled the windows of the respective trains; handkerchiefs waved in the air to encourage the enginemen, who glanced back now and then to see if their trains were coming; mail clerks noticed the situation, and each wished for the success of his own train. It was a race. The trains flew ahead. Sharp curves were rounded; tunnels were threaded; steep grades were ascended; now one train was away below, only a few feet from the angrily-roaring river; the next few minutes witnessed the same train crawling its serpentine way far up the mountain-side, half hidden from view by the rolling smoke of the two iron steeds, which poured forth black clouds that now and then coming quite close to each other, seemed to join into one mass and darken the race-course. Brave hearts, which had exulted until now, swooned when, at an unexpected moment, the Colorado Southern train seemed to leap the track and plunge squarely at our train. But recovery was complete when it was noticed that the other track led directly over our track, and, instead of plunging into our train, the engine crossed directly over the car in which I was sitting, and sped on, having tied our train for the honors. Thereupon

our conductor manifested regret because our engineer did not win the race, saying: "If we should have had any other engineer on the road at our engine, we would have taken the lead, as our huge compound engine can outrun anything on the other road, even if we have the heavier train by three sleepers and a diner." I was glad we had that very engineer, for a mountain pass, with a river below and towering mountains above, is not an ideal place for speeding a vestibuled train of human freight.

The poet Ferguson pays the following poetic tribute to the Royal Gorge:

"In the Royal Gorge I stand,
 With its mountain forms around me,
 With infinity behind me and infinity before;
 Cliff and chasm on every hand,
 Peaks and pinnacles surround me;
 At my feet the river rushes with its never-ceasing roar.

O, the Power that piled these wonders,
 As the mountains took their station,
 As the great red belt rose upward in a glittering zone of fire.
 O, the crash of blended thunders
 Shaking earth to its foundation,
 As each struggling cliff rose upward, climbing higher, ever higher.

O, the crashing and the groaning,
 And the deep an awful shudder
 As that great red belt was parted and the mountains crashed in
 twain;
 And the Arkansas came roaring,
 Raging with its dreadful thunder,
 Sweeping through the mighty chasm dashing madly towards the
 main.

O, this myriad-crested canyon,
 With its walls of massive marble,
 With the granite and red sandstone piled in peaks that pierce the
 sky;
 Where no bird dare dip its pinion
 In the narrow veil of azure,
 Where the solemn shadows linger o'er the river rolling by.

Mortal! ere you enter here,
 Pause and bare thy brow before Him,—
 You are entering a temple which the Mighty One did rear.
 Put thy shoes from off thy feet,
 And with sacred awe adore him,—
 Throned in awful might and majesty, the Great One dwelleth here.’

As we approached the summit of the Rockies the air became more rare, and, with many, breathing became difficult. One portly man afflicted with asthma was almost overcome. In fact, at one time he was pronounced beyond hope of recovery, and it was even announced by the physician that he was dead; but behold him recover as the descent was being made, and a real man remains as a subject snatched almost from the hands of the undertaker.

Much there is on a mountain journey to interest, much to call forth expressions of surprise and appreciation.

The geologist may here revel in glee as he observes unmistakable evidences of the earth’s formation and age. As the train enters the Canyon of the Grand River, one can do little else than remain quiet and drink in as much beauty as his little cup will hold, and then close his eyes because of his inability to comprehend the scene.

Mr. Warman paid the following poetic tribute to the Canyon of the Grand:

“When I rhyme about the river,—the laughing, limpid stream,
 Whose ripples seem to shiver as they glide and glow and gleam;
 Of the waves that beat the boulders that are strewn upon the
 strand.—
 You will recognize the river in the Canyon of the Grand.

When I write about the mountains with their heads so high and
 hoar,
 Of cliffs and craggy canyons where the waters rush and roar;
 When I speak about the hills that rise so high on either hand,
 You recognize the rock-work in the Canyon of the Grand,

God was good to make the mountains, the valleys, and the hills,
Put the rose upon the cactus and the ripple on the rills;
But if I had all the words of all the world at my command,
I could n't paint a picture of the Canyon of the Grand."

Passing many points of interest, let us pass over the less elevated Wasatch range and enter Salt Lake City, the City of the Saints. This city is known the world over on account of its being the Zion of Mormonism. Converts to the faith from nearly every nation flock here to spend their last days at this Mecca. On Sunday afternoon I joined the throng that hurried to the great turtle-shaped tabernacle erected by Brigham Young, and heard two sermons, supposed to set forth the excellencies of Mormonism, but which, in my opinion, were very weak utterances of the most trivial trash. The first speaker said he had been a Mormon for fifty years; but the number of wives he had domiciled during that time and still lived, he neglected to state. He was baldheaded as a broom-handle; his mustache was as gray as the frosts of Greenland's icy shores; yet he was very presentable, and no doubt had been the center of affection of many a blooming maiden who was willing to show her unselfishness by sharing the queenly position of wifehood with as many other heroines as his fancy and purse might attract within his threshold. He tried to persuade his auditors, numbering about eight thousand, that Mormonism is a Divine institution, because when their crops fifty years ago were about to be destroyed by crickets, the Father send gulls to destroy the pesky crickets, and the crop was saved. His reasoning was lame. Those identical gulls also ate the crickets that molested the grazing grounds of the Indians who were after Mormon scalps; hence, according to the speaker's own logic, the savagery of the Indians must have been Divinely appointed and maintained because of the mission of the gulls.

The second speaker's story was as faulty as that of the first speaker. The story of either held water about like a fish-net. The main point set forth by the latter and younger Cicero of the platform was, that the Mormon revelation was up-to-date, having come to earth a little more than fifty years ago through Joseph Smith, *et al.* Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were pictured as angels shorn of their wings. He did not refer to Brigham Young's multitudinous wives as angelesses, because the least imaginative mind has no difficulty in observing the Bee-hive in a turmoil as the pillow fights between favorite wives filled the air with the downy white of birds slaughtered to feed the preacher-apostle, who, no doubt, went into hiding at the outset of each fracas to avoid sitting as a board of arbitration to decide upon the merits of the case.

Whatever is said in criticism of Mormonism, and a bookful can be marshalled against it, it nevertheless remains true that some things may be said in its favor. It has been the chief agent in transforming a desert wild into a beautiful city of sixty-five thousand souls.

Salt Lake City, the child of Mormonism, has one hundred miles of streets, each one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, and the blocks are six hundred and sixty feet square. In the heart of the city stands the temple, built at a cost of \$5,000,000. Its towers and minarets rise two hundred and fifteen feet above the ground, and can be seen for miles. None but the elect are permitted to enter the temple, and it is thought that some are curious enough to accept the faith in order to get a glimpse of the interior of that stately temple. The turtle-shaped tabernacle, accommodating ten thousand people, is only a few rods distant, and is pronounced one of the most unique structures

in America. In company with a friend, I visited the tabernacle before the hour for service, and though it is two hundred and fifty feet long, a pin dropped by the side of the great organ could be heard distinctly in the rear of the room. Its acoustic properties are said to be unequaled anywhere. The pipe organ contains five thousand five hundred pipes and cost \$115,000, being the second structure in value in the world. A chorus of five hundred voices sings at each service, offering a drawing card to the lost to come and hear the truth according to Joseph Smith.

About sixteen miles from Salt Lake City is the Great Salt Lake, one hundred miles long and sixty wide, and four thousand two hundred and eighteen feet above sea-level. "Salt Air," a mammoth bathing pavilion, has been constructed about two thousand feet from shore at a cost of \$350,000, including the electric-light plant. This structure has the reputation of being unsurpassed in the wide world.

Bathing here is a luxury. One may float to his heart's content, for it is impossible to sink. The water is heavily charged with salt, and when once tasted will never be forgotten. The lake is ten feet lower than it has been known for years. Old settlers are authority for the statement that it rises and recedes once in seventeen years. It is now at low tide, a condition which forces bathers to walk about half a mile to deep water, whereas formerly one could leap from the grand pavilion into seven feet of water.

Having become acquainted with Salt Lake City, we again turn westward, eager to reach the Golden Gate. Crossing Nevada is as uninteresting as the lack of vegetation is complete. Sand dunes greet the eye at every turn, compared with which the sand hills of Nebraska,

covered with verdant pasturage, are a paradise. Hundreds of miles may be traveled in this dreary, forsaken waste without sighting a living creature, other than the section crew and operators, who are here as hermits, making it possible for a railroad to tie the Atlantic and Pacific together in bonds of steel. But this barrenness is not to last always. With the eye of faith, I can see the East densely populated, and the young men and women covenanting to begin life together for better or for worse. With brave hearts, and a strong desire to have a home of their own, they press on beyond Pike's Peak and the Rockies to this land where one may become monarch of all he surveys. The pioneer is a hero upon whom the blessing of the Most High rests; for Omnipotence is proud of the brave, and a splendid carpet will be prepared by Him and spread over the land, upon which the united hearts may find a domicile, and the cattle, horses, and sheep find that which their hunger craves.

After weary hours of sameness in landscape, a treat is offered as the train enters the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The transformation is like unto leaving a penitentiary for an art gallery. The Sierras, covered with a dense growth of pines, shrubbery, etc., are more beautiful than the Rockies, though less awe-inspiring. If the Rockies are more colossal, the Sierras are more symmetrical.

The Rockies stand as Titans, giant guardians of the heavens, while the Sierras are thankful for the opportunity of looking down upon the peaceful Pacific, and of hiding behind a veil of mist wherever the ocean madly beats the shore, lashing the rocks with white caps which have no breakers to check their course.

No one need be told that California is reached. It can not keep the secret, and tells that it is king of the West by using a language decidedly its own.

Ordinary adjectives are useless in preparing a distant reader to properly comprehend California. To state that this State has the largest apple orchard in the world is not sufficient to convey an exact idea of its vastness. But the wonders of the State being so unlike those found elsewhere, one is handicapped in his every attempt to make comparisons. Maine is not a small State. But for the sake of comparison let us use it:

Add to Maine the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and New York, and thoses States combined could be covered by California, and there would be enough of California unused to make a playground for all the children of Utah.

With a climate that approximates the ideal, California, with its splendid soil, has little to be desired. Only one genuine snowstorm is on record, the date being December 31, 1882; the snow piled up to the enormous height of three inches and lasted scarcely one day. Where oranges and lemons are harvested in February and March, it is evident that even a freeze would be disastrous.

This large State is noted for doing things on a large scale. For instance: a squash has been on exhibition weighing two hundred and eighty-three pounds, having a diameter of four feet. A sweet-potato weighing over forty-four pounds is the pride of Fresno. An Irish-potato measured forty-six inches in length and weighed thirteen pounds.

Los Angeles County produced a corn stalk measuring thirty-six feet in height.

Orange County has a watermelon weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and is three feet, six inches long, and four feet, nine inches in circumference.

A nugget of gold, the largest ever found in the United States, came from Calaveras County, and weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds, valued at \$43,534.

To state that the people live well here is to state the case mildly. My diagnosis causes me to assert that the poorest live in luxury. The average annual income of the farmers in one county is \$3,000. With such an income, nothing is too distant to be secured, and money will buy almost anything except happiness. From this port vessels sail for the four corners of the earth, and bring back whatever the industrious merchantmen think the Californian may relish.

Yesterday I visited the *Coptic*, a passenger vessel bound for Yokohama and Hong-Kong. It is more than four hundred feet long, and second only in size to the vessel upon which I am to sail from Vancouver, British Columbia, for Yokohama.

It was sad to see mothers weeping as good-byes to children and friends were said prior to the moment of departure. Many a person was covered with flowers brought to the wharf by loving hands. It caused me to think of my own case, as I will be boarding the steel twin-screw palace, the *Empress of Japan*, and have no one to whom a parting good-bye can be spoken, and receive back friendly tokens of sympathy and kindness, as the plunge into the mists of a fourteen-day voyage is made.

I took two snap-shots at the *Coptic*, one while on board, and one facing the prow. She sailed out of the Golden Gate with a bone in her teeth; that is, she faced a heavy sea. A storm, in fact, greeted her appearance in deep water, and, as I now write, I can imagine her out battling with the waves which dash across her decks,

making her passengers wonder whether it will be theirs to sink or swim. Doubtless some of the *Coptic's* passengers are reminded of the words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge:

“And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.”

Scarcely had the *Coptic* gone to sea, when the *America Maru* arrived, bearing many marks of a rough voyage. After leaving Yokohama she was caught in the grasp of one of the worst typhoons with which a ship of this line ever contended, and weathered. Her decks were partly demolished, her hospital having been almost carried away by the hard-pounding waves. One person was killed, and others were bruised until restoration by the use of arnica was not to be considered. In such a storm, only the most seasoned sailors escape seasickness.

The Southern Pacific Railroad lands all its Eastern and Northern passengers at Oakland Pier, where a ferry-boat is taken to cross San Francisco Bay, and passengers are landed at the foot of Market, Street, San Francisco. The ride across the bay was a sufficient journey to make a few very much indisposed.

Among the many points of interests to tourists is Chinatown. Orientalism here reaches its zenith in America. The Chinese quarters embrace about twelve blocks in the heart of the city, and are visited by every sightseer desiring to acquaint himself with Chinese life.

I was particularly fortunate in having visited the Cliff

House on what mariners say was the roughest day of the year on the sea. The waves, driven by a roaring, driving sea, dashed against seal-rocks, and, leaping high in the air, fell in foam and spray upon the topmost rocks, which were covered with bellowing, howling seals, maddened by the wild breakers. No picture can do justice to the scene, as canvas can not catch up the characteristic swish of the ocean, and add to it the noise poured forth by the enraged seals. On that day two schooners were wrecked by the high seas. I saw one of them. It was driven upon the rocks. Looking far out at sea, I could discern large sailing craft tugging at their anchors, unwilling to make the Golden Gate in the jaw of such a gale. Well might they fear, having sails only, but steam craft find the Gate easy to enter, regardless of what the ocean is doing. I might add here that the seals on Seal Island are protected by law, as their bellowing serves as a warning to seamen during high seas, at which time the bellowing of a pack of fox-hounds is tame compared with their uncultured clamor. The Maker of all had a purpose in His every creation. No one can commune with the ocean, and try to unlock its secrets, without becoming better acquainted with the Ocean-Maker, the God of the Bible.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in waters:

"These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.

"For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

"They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble.

"They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." (Psalm cvii, 23-27.)

Observe Longfellow's impressions as he gazed upon the sea :

"Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me,—

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."

In the Golden Gate Park is a section of the remarkable California tree, the *Sequoia gigantea*, which measured three hundred and eight feet in height, ninety-six feet in circumference at the base, its bark two feet thick, and its age estimated at three thousand three hundred and seventy years.

If the age estimated be correct, that monster of the vegetable family was an infant when Joshua marched around Jericho.

The largest mint in the world is located in this city. Through the hands of its chief weigher has gone all the money coined during the past twenty-five years, an amount aggregating over nine hundred million dollars, and not a solitary piece of money has gone astray. He now handles over \$60,000 daily, or rather \$120,000, for he delivers bullion to the cashier in the morning, and receives it back coined during the day. Counting is done by weighing, but the little coins are both counted and weighed. A device is in operation by which ten thousand separate coins can be counted in three minutes, thus making it possible to count the vast output. There are now in the vaults of the mint over fifty million silver dollars in canvas sacks, each sack containing \$1,000. This vast fortune is guarded by seventeen men, twelve serving at

night and five in the day-time. A system of electric alarms has been installed, so that all may be called instantly to one point should some desperado attempt to feather his nest with Uncle Sam's glittering coin, which is laid aside for a rainy day.

Since its establishment in 1854, the mint has coined over \$1,300,000,000, of which about \$1,100,000,000 was in gold and about \$200,000,000 in silver.

Admission to the mint is free, the Secretary of the Treasury having provided conductors to guide visitors through the mint from 9 to 11.30 A. M., daily, except Sunday. About thirty thousand persons visit the mint annually.

II.

SAN FRANCISCO TO VANCOUVER.

THE SHASTA ROUTE—PORTLAND—SEATTLE—NECESSARY
EQUIPMENT FOR TOURING THE WORLD—PASSPORT—
LETTER OF CREDIT—FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

AFTER a six days' tour of San Francisco and environs, the long trip to Vancouver was begun, via the Southern, Northern, and Canadian Pacific lines. The Southern Pacific runs to Sacramento, thence northward into the beautiful and luxuriant Sacramento Valley, and on in its winding way, encircling Mount Shasta, to Portland, Oregon. If the most imaginative man had been assigned the task of planning mountain scenery, his ideal would scarcely have approached that presented by the Shasta route in grandeur.

Shasta not only rises more than five hundred feet higher than Pike's Peak, but it lifts its snow-white crest at a point where no competitor is nearer than fifty miles, which causes it to stand out double its real height, while the Colorado peak is so nearly upon a level with several of its towering neighbors that the uninitiated are kept guessing as to which is the real Pike's Peak.

Shasta Springs, at the foot of the peak, pours forth a torrent of health-laden waters, presenting a sight which brings the fast train to a halt for ten minutes in order that every tourist may see, and drink, and snap his

kodak to his heart's content, even if his train is two hours' late. Shasta water is shipped throughout the United States and sold to those who find it a panacea for life's ills.

A two hours' stop at Portland enabled us to see the shipping in the harbor. Thence we hastened on via the Northern Pacific, crossing the Columbia River by ferry, requiring twenty minutes, and arriving in Seattle after a run of two days and two nights, the greater part of the journey requiring two engines, and the territory adjacent to Shasta requiring three. In places the grade is so steep that the three mountain-climbing battleships grumbled and growled as if anxious to give up the job of Alpine climbing to the Maker of the mountains. It requires only a few steps in thought to discover that the Mountain-builder climbs the mountains, drawing the train of human freight. He hid away the coal after sealing it full of potential energy. The coal is appropriated by man, burned in the furnace to heat water, which is transformed into steam; the steam is then harnessed in a cylinder and compelled to turn the drive-wheels. Man does the most insignificant part; but, nevertheless, without the co-operation of man the wheels remain idle. Therefore, it is reasonable to conclude that the man who has much to do with the iron horse ought to be more brave and loyal than any Knight of the Round Table in his fidelity to the God that planted the possibilities in ordinary coal and water.

Scarcely a dozen years ago Seattle was little more than an Indian trading-post; but since then it has sped forward by leaps and bounds until it now has a population of more than a tenth of a million with an up-to-date appearance, putting many an Eastern city to shame by comparison. Electric and cable cars are everywhere. Banks are in abundance, with enormous capital, issuing letters of credit on the world. Business is of sufficient importance to

justify eleven foreign nations in maintaining consuls here. One ship sailed last week carrying a cargo for Japan valued at almost a million dollars. Being the chief outfitting depot on the Pacific coast for Alaska, her business men are making money at a rate that beggars description. Rightly may she bear the title, "Queen City of the Northwest."

Of all the diversified business interests, that of the Alaska Portable House Company is the most unique. This company deals in houses by retail or wholesale, keeping a supply on hand from which orders are filled and buildings delivered in a way similar to the Box Butte Courthouse. Here is their "for sale" ad.: "Ready-made schoolhouses, storerooms, hotels of one hundred rooms or more, dwellings one and two stories, of four, six, eight, or more rooms, suitable for warm or cold climate." All you have to do, if you have no time to call and inspect, is to send for a catalogue, remit the price, with the number of the house you desire, and awaken the next morning with a one-hundred-and-fifty-room house in your front yard, ready for occupancy. If American ingenuity and enterprise meets no Waterloo, I am ready to read without shock the advertisement of some venturesome organizer stating, "Have a seat, sir. Cities made to order while you wait."

I arrived in Vancouver from Seattle at 17.50 o'clock, or 5.50, P. M., according to the mode of measuring time recognized in the United States. In this possession of Great Britain the bothersome A. M. and P. M. are out of fashion, and the twenty-four hour system has possession of the field. Hence, a printer would be guilty of tautology to permit a wedding invitation to appear with the words, "twenty o'clock in the evening;" for twenty o'clock can come at no other time than in the evening.

I have no criticism to offer on the system, and would be pleased if it were adopted in the States.

Here I received the first mail since my departure more than two weeks ago, and I assure you it did me a world of good. A letter from Captain F. M. Dorrington, register of the United States land office, read as if it had come from any bishop of any Church you might name. I shall never forget it. Here are a few extracts: "That God's protecting hand may be with you constantly will be the prayer of all those who pray to God and know you." "When you pass from the shore to the boat, don't look back, but look forward in the thought that you are on your journey back home, but coming in at the other gate; and each hour out, while taking you from home, is bringing you that much nearer home. God will be with you everywhere, and you will find much comfort in your communion with Him when it will seem to you that you are alone. You will never be alone with the faith that is in you." "We will await your coming with much anxiety and your letters will be much sought after. That you may have a safe and interesting journey will be the daily prayer."

A few words regarding the essentials in the way of equipment may be advisable. First of all, a passport should be secured. To secure this document a letter should be addressed to the Secretary of State, Washington, D. C., requesting blanks for a passport. On receiving the request, the State Department will forward the necessary papers to be filled out by the applicant before a notary public. The application must also bear the signature of some other responsible citizen who vouches for the good faith of the applicant, as the Government is particular not to issue a passport to any one going abroad with evil intent, if the fact is known. The bearer of a

passport going abroad really has the army and navy ready to protect him. The document is signed by Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, with the great seal of the United States affixed, and requests the nations of earth "to give him all lawful aid and protection." The passport bears a very complete description of its bearer, so that it would be of no value to any one who might steal it from the lawful owner. Besides the bearer's signature as a means of identification, it states his age, height, and describes his forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, hair, face, and complexion. One dollar must be forwarded with the application to the Secretary of State, the amount of his fee for issuing and recording the passport. No charge is made for the application blanks. If a person expects to travel in Turkey or Palestine, a possession of Turkey, this passport must bear the visa of a Turkish consul, which visa can be secured through the Department of State at Washington, an additional charge of \$1.25 being required by the Turkish consul for his visa. Turkey, Russia, Roumania, and Persia form a quartet, each of whom requires not only that a person be in possession of a passport, but also requires that it bear the visa of one of their own consular officers at the seat of the government issuing the passport.

Secondly, a person must have a letter of credit good around the world. I bought my letter of credit at the Colorado National Bank of Denver. The letter is issued by the Kountze Bros., bankers, of New York, on the Union Bank of London, and is good throughout the islands as well as almost everywhere on every continent. The letter of credit, a product of recent years, is the most praiseworthy achievement of the banking world. It consists of two parts, one being the letter of credit, a finely-engraved document of four pages, nine by eleven inches,

the first page being a statement signed by Kountze Bros., setting forth the fact that ——— has a credit of so many pounds sterling, and that his drafts on the Union Bank of London will be honored to that amount. The second and third pages contain spaces for dates, amounts, and names of banks around the world, to whom I may apply for cash on the letter of credit. As all amounts paid to me are entered, every bank to whom I present my letter can see in a moment the amount I have remaining to my credit, so that no bank need be swindled by paying after all the money is drawn for which the letter was issued. The second part of the outfit, known as a letter of credit, consists of a signature book, the first page being engraved, bearing my signature, and under it the signature of the New York bankers, stating to the world that my signature is genuine, and that it is the one referred to in Letter of Credit, No. 9539. So, whenever I need any money, I go to the bank, write a check for the amount I desire, present it to the cashier, who examines my letter of credit, and observes that the letter is good for the amount and more, asks for my book of identification or signature book, which I immediately present, and, seeing that the signatures agree, the cashier pays me the amount, and enters it on the back of the letter of credit. The draft or check I wrote is kept by the cashier, and forwarded to London, which, when received in London, is charged to my account after being compared with my signature taken by the Colorado National Bank at Denver and forwarded to London. Hence it is seen that no other person could draw the money, even if in possession of the letter of credit, as no money is paid by any bank without first seeing the signature book; and my name would have to be forged if some one should either find or steal both the signature book and the letter of credit. In such a case

the forgery would have to deceive the London bank also, as each signature must pass the experts of the local bank as well as the British bank before my account in London is charged. Greater precaution for absolute safety appears nowhere else in the realm of finance. The charge for such service is five dollars and upward, depending upon the amount of credit obtained in London; but the value of such an accommodation can not be estimated in dollars and cents, as a person can get any amount desired and in the currency of the country in which he is traveling. Another advantage offered is, that the owner of a letter of credit can have his mail sent in care of any bank, and it will be delivered to him on his arrival.

Letters of credit are also issued by Thomas Cook and Son, available in all parts of the world, and are as good as gold. They present some features superior to the ordinary bank letter of credit, and are popular with a large number of tourists. An advantage is offered by using Cook's currency, because his offices are open earlier and later than the banks. Cook's offices are exchange banks, where the money of one nation may be changed into that of another as desired.

The passport and letter of credit are the most important items to be considered by any one contemplating travel. The problem of baggage is easily disposed of. Take as little as possible. Never take a trunk if it can be avoided. My equipment is stored in two suit cases. Mr. Dana, a noted traveler, said that he took nothing that was too large to be carried in his overcoat pocket. He was a radical opponent of luggage carrying.

But the hour for departing approaches. The smoke rolls from the huge twin smokestacks while the ten thousand horse-power engines pant like swift hounds, begging to be loosened for the chase. The good ship is a majestic,

throbbing, palatial mansion afloat. Built by the Naval Construction Company, at Barrow-in-Furness, England, she lacks in no point, being pronounced by her builders as second to no craft that ever plowed the deep. Named the *Empress of Japan*, she measures four hundred and eighty-five feet in length, and on her trial trip developed a speed of nineteen knots per hour, having the honor of making the fastest trans-Pacific trip ever made.

But yonder sun, hastening towards his evening couch far to the westward, bids us take a fond look at the continent of our nativity and step from terra firma to the trembling monster bound for the Orient. Permit the poet to voice our farewell:

“Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,—
My native land, good-night.”

Through the eye of faith I see beyond the billows,
and land is in sight; but weeks must intervene between
this embarkation and the sighting of land again; so I call
upon the poet to lead us in our prayer:

“Lord, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of Thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.”

III.

CROSSING THE PACIFIC.

PLEASURES AND SORROWS OF LIFE AT SEA—SHIP ENCOUNTERS TERRIBLE STORM—A DAY LOST AT THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE—DEATH AT SEA—ARRIVAL AT YOKOHAMA.

MONDAY.

THE command "let go" is given; the "jackies" hoist the large ropes from their posts; the Herculean engines begin to throb; the twin screws make the water boil, cresting the waves with foam, and we are off.

A sea of handkerchiefs waves from end to end of the wharf, bidding us Godspeed as the start across the briny deep is made. Vancouver, B. C., soon melts away behind the towering hills as our good ship enters the Narrows and threads her way toward the open sea. At 21 o'clock Victoria is reached, where additional passengers and mails are taken, and the vessel puts to sea, the next stop on the schedule being Yokohama, Japan, four thousand five hundred miles over the trackless ocean. With constantly accelerating speed, the *Empress* plows her way out in the darkness. Hastening out upon the deck from my electric-lighted apartments, I thought I would take a glimpse at Balboa's discovery, then retire for the night; but not an object could be seen, so dense was the darkness, and nothing could be heard save the muffled machinery and the ceaseless swish of the restless waters. The ship

runs smoothly to-night, but how will it be on the morrow? retire to my well-found berth, No. 19, to surrender myself, if I can, to the welcome embrace of Morpheus.

TUESDAY.

At break of day the vessel began performing like a bucking Western broncho resolved not to be ridden. She encountered a gale, and took all the poetry out of my feelings. She pitched and rolled like a cork on a mountain current, without any concern whatever as to what became of our excellent breakfast. All except eight of the passengers were quite liberal, and each contributed freely as he had been prospered to the hungry gulls and fishes. But at two o'clock (returning to the twelve-hour system) I enjoyed my lunch, and was out promenading on deck as an old salt-seasoned sailor. Little now do I care for the vessel's motion; but if the foam-crested waves should climb up over the bridge and play among the rattlings (wire or cable ladders), I might then be forced to add a new chapter to my record as a sailor.

Examining berth 18, I find there Dr. H. C. Strong, a dentist from Chicago, bound for Manila, laid out by the sea's behavior, without breakfast, lunch, or dinner. Lake Michigan had offered no terrors to him during many a crossing, but it is quite different as he rides the real "Father of Waters." In berth 17 is Professor W. C. Chen, aged twenty-five, a Chinese graduate of Peking University, a teacher in his Alma Mater, now returning to his native land, having been on a lecture tour, speaking in Cincinnati, Columbus, and at the World's Methodist Missionary Conference held at Cleveland. Sick—that is no name for his lot. Crossing the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, he was little the worse for the trip, but now he has unconditionally surrendered. Being a professional

man, and following the Oriental custom, he dresses like a woman, except that he is not satisfied with one dress, but wears four at one time. Most American women do not object to four dresses, but they prefer to promenade in one at a time. In berth 20 is Professor J. Shimoda, now returning from Germany, where he has been taking a course in philosophy, preparatory to teaching in the Japan Normal. He, too, expresses his condition in the words of the German by saying: "Ich bin krank." He made excellent progress with the language, for he spoke it very well for the time spent.

Near by is Mr. M. H. Sampson, wife, and children, Lotta and Marie, who are *en route* from San Francisco to Manila, he being the purchasing agent of the North American Trading Company. They will reside in Manila. I will not multiply particulars, but add that, when all were horizontal, little Marie said: "Mamma, I would rather drown than any other way, for drowning is the easiest kind of die." Those girls, aged five and one-half and seven and one-half, are so interesting. I had just been shaved (price twenty-five cents) when one of them climbed into my lap and kissed me, thereby in a way canceling a thousand miles of the ocean voyage.

WEDNESDAY.

The severe tossing of yesterday is no more, and a quieter sea greets glad eyes, and all are on deck, marching and counter-marching. The empty chairs, so noticeable at mealtime yesterday, are now occupied regularly, and games are the feature of life at sea. The wind that came head-on yesterday is now astern, helping the ship onward. We are now out nearly eight hundred miles, and the gulls are still keeping us company. When the ship is making sixteen knots an hour against a head wind, those

remarkable birds of the tireless wing keep abreast of the vessel without a single perceptible movement of their wings. They sail like kites connected with the ship by cords. They, however, ply their wings now and then to break the monotony of apparently dead-beating their way entirely. Occasionally they dart down into the sea after scraps assigned to the water from the kitchen, then come wheeling up again, ready to plunge for the next object detected by their ever-watchful eyes.

The swelling ocean presents an ever-changing panorama. It is interesting to watch a big wave as it lifts its head on high as if to observe the approaching ship in order to learn what it means by invading this domain without a formal invitation. Then, like a maddened monster it rushes upon the *Empress*, only to be cut in twain by her steel prow and melt away, regretting that an attempt had been made to drive the invader from the sea.

Regarding the ocean, George Wither wrote the following:

“On those great waters now I am,
Of which I have been told
That whosoever thither came
Should wonders there behold.”

To my mind, every wonder—whales, sharks, and creeping things innumerable—dwarf to insignificance compared with that greater mystery of the deep—the Power that is behind it all; hence this verse of Charles Wesley more nearly presents my conception of the ocean:

“’T is here Thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.”

Black clouds now fill the sky from the zenith to the horizon, and darkness hovers over the deep. The out-

look is indicative that a rough sea will keep us company to-night and put the *Empress* to the test.

THURSDAY.

Last night was the roughest yet experienced. The ship rolled and pitched frightfully. At one moment a person plunged down to the foot of the bed; at the next his head went plunk against the other end. My unusual length curtailed the distance I was forced to travel like a shuttle in either direction. Add to the rolling an abundance of pitching and you have a fair conception of the passengers as they moved in two directions, at the same time, demonstrating to us very practically what the poet meant when he wrote about being "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

It is past ten o'clock, A. M., and Mrs. Sampson sits at the table just across from me with a far-away look, waiting for this double-gearred see-saw to cease that she may gather her thoughts and write to her loved ones.

The racks had to be used this morning on the tables in order to harness the dishes, but mishaps and wrecks occurred in spite of the greatest diligence. These racks are made of wood, and divide the table into spaces or pens fifteen by twenty-two inches and nearly three inches high, so that each person, having a quadrilateral for his service, is molested only by having his dishes pile up and wreck on his own premises; however, the contents often jump over into the coral of his neighbor, where diverse mixtrations become painfully evident.

It is surprising the amount of food consumed on one of these ocean palaces. The gentleman in charge of the refrigerator tells me that, besides tens of thousands of pounds of beef, fish, pork, mutton, and wild fowl, he has also more than two thousand pounds of chicken.

Desiring to familiarize myself with Japanese money before arriving in Yokohama, I went to the purser of the ship and exchanged my American for the Japanese, securing two yen for each American dollar, the yen consisting of one hundred sens, and each sen consisting of ten rins.

FRIDAY.

Dr. Strong came to the table this morning for the first time since Monday, the obliging waiters having serving him his meals in his cabin. The tossing of the sea is too much for him, and he now occupies No. 20 as of yore. The occupants of Nos. 17 and 18, of whom I wrote Tuesday, are also laid up, while I am writing and feeling shipshape, having completely recovered on Tuesday by two o'clock, the doctor having remarked that I must be blessed with a gizzard for a stomach, making me a first-class sailor.

It will be a surprise to dairymen to know that we have fresh milk on board ship each day. I learn that it was frozen in British Columbia and is melted as needed. Our special refrigerating machinery, I am told, accomplishes wonders by doing almost everything from freezing up young blast furnaces to making icebergs colder.

SATURDAY.

"Late, late yestere'en I saw the new moon
With the old moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear,
We shall have a deadly storm."

—Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens.

I have just been driven from the upper deck by a visit of the boiling, hissing, growling waters, though I was the last to leave the wave-splashed upper decks, except-

ing the sailors, who, dressed in rubber hats, coats, and boots, are heroically laboring with the flying awnings. I reluctantly left the upper deck, for I love to look on nature when she is in her wildest mood.

“For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity;
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts;
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

On Thursday I took a snapshot at the *Empress* as she lay wallowing port side down in the ocean under the influence of a huge wave which struck her starboard quarter; but to-day the driving wind is too full of water snatched from foam-crested waves to permit any attempt at photography. No spouting whales are visible to-day, as they have gone down where quiet reigns supreme; but we must take what comes. It is almost two thousand miles to shore on the east, and more than twenty-five hundred to shore in the direction we are going, and five miles to the eternal silence of the ocean's floor below us. How far it is to the heavenly shore we have no mathematical data.

While on deck yesterday I interrogated a young sailor who was sweeping. He wore sailor's garb, a neat blue suit, his cap bore the gilt letters *Empress of Japan*. I supposed that he was the hero of many an ocean ad-

venture, but learned the following, which I present in his own language: "Desiring a taste of the sea, I left my Louisiana home, came to Vancouver, and hired to the *Empress* line as a helper at \$15 per month. I am on duty four hours, and off four. The table service for the ship's crew is not what I have been used to; but the grub is all right, I guess. As this is my first trip, I am seasick, and have eaten but one meal since we started; and when the ship gets back to Vancouver in January I'll quit, for I've got enough of the sea," said he, and he cast his tear-flowing eyes longingly over the seething water toward the cozy home he had left down in the Southland. Boys, take warning. This fellow, aged sixteen, has marks of good parentage and training, but, like the Prodigal Son, must pay dearly for his experience. Officers fare well, there being at present no less than eighty applications on file for the position of second steward.

It is now very dark and the storm still rages, so I will let Coleridge speak:

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

And again the poet comes to our relief:

"But tell me, tell me, speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes the ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?"

Would you see this sight that drives old sailors to guessing, then give your imagination a chance, and let us witness what the ocean is doing. I am anchored to the chair, yet now and then the lurching greyhound of the deep jerks me loose from my moorings. The

twin screws leap from the water, and make the ship tremble from stern to prow at each leap over the on-coming and fast approaching townships of water. Now and then the rushing waves leap high above the main deck, over the upper deck, and still upward, deluging the promenade deck and introducing the lifeboats to salt water as they hang suspended still higher.

I must beg of my wife a thousand pardons for ever inviting her to an experience like this. Would you get an idea of the motion or commotion produced, then just imagine your room to be a cabin in a ship. Place yourself in the east side, facing westward; in a moment the right side of the room rises as if to turn completely over, and you slide to the left; then, when in collision with the wall, the west side of the room drops down, and you go sprawling at double-quick time, not on a two-step, but with a bang in that direction. Next, the left-hand side rises out of the abyss, and sends you to the point whence you started, ready to repeat the operation. A moment ago, a mighty rushing wave leaped over the decks, causing the ship to careen; the New York merchant who pays \$8,000 per year rental for his store-room, and now en route to China to buy goods, walking in the dining-room at the time of the shock, scampered in a zizgag route to his cabin as if hunting an asylum of safety. Would you hear the noise generated by the mysterious sea as it lashes itself into fury? Just send a dozen rattling freight-trains down the track of your imagination, each train accompanied by an attendant cyclone, and let all collide with a thousand fierce, screaming wildcats in a fight to the finish, and you may evolve from the combination an undertone of the echo of a storm in midocean.

SUNDAY.

“How happy they
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal to look down where naught but ocean strives.”

—Lord Byron.

Were Lord Byron among the living and on board this ship, observing that not a woman has been seen either in the diner or on deck for two days, and that strong men are now stretched out like so many mummies, he would gladly change that word happy to miserable. It is one thing to look down at, and quite another to be out in, the striving ocean. The two chairs to the right of me in the diner are occupied by Englishmen from London, the one going to Calcutta, the other to Australia. Both assert that they have made many a voyage, but “never were in the like of this.” At ten o'clock last night, moments seemed to abide with us like hours. Many feared that the *Empress* was struggling in the embrace of a typhoon. The machinery ceased its accustomed motion as we were driven, although the pilot kept the prow toward the line of assault. One man declared that his head bumped the ceiling at one dropping or sinking of the vessel. We are thankful that it is no worse, for on a former trip the good ship had her side smashed in, her smokestacks crushed and the lifeboats torn loose. The deep is more quiet now, and my text is: “He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.” (Psa. cvii, 29, 30.)

MONDAY.

The good ship now speeds quietly through the glassy waters,

“Like a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

In reply to my question as to why she steams so swiftly, the officer replied: "On our departure from Vancouver we cabled under the Atlantic and Indian Oceans to Japan, stating the precise hour we would arrive in Yokohama, and, in spite of the delay on account of the storm, the *Empress* will poke her snoot around the nook of land and be entering Yokohama Harbor just as the signal gun fires the eight o'clock salute on Monday morning, November 17th. She is now making up lost time."

Stepping out upon deck before breakfast, I noticed four sailors carrying something rolled in a blanket. I wonder what that is?" said I to the second steward, who responded, "That's nothing but a stiff, and it's the third person they now have rolled in blankets. But that's only a common occurrence." Thus this Chinese steerage passenger went unwept to his casket. They are not buried at sea like white people, but are carried to destination of ticket, for Chinese will not patronize any steamship line that will not contract to carry each corpse to land for burial. Chinese are usually stowed away in the hold as Asiatic steerage. Seven hundred of them are thus stowed away on this ship, all returning to their native land. When an American or European dies aboard ship he is cast overboard as food for sharks. On such an occasion the ship runs at half speed; the captain reads the burial service; the corpse weighted with bars of iron, is then slid into the deep, and is seen no more by human eyes. "White man chucked overboard; yellow man carried into port," is a sad but true saying. I understand that some steamship lines carry every corpse into port regardless of color; but with us is a passenger who says he has witnessed a burial at sea on every voyage he has taken, having crossed the At-

lantic only a month ago. The following verse is full of meaning at this moment :

“Wrecks are darkly spread below,
Where with lonely keel we go;
Gentle brows and bosoms brave
Those abysses richly pave.
If beneath the briny deep
We, with them, should coldly sleep,
Savior, o’er the whelming sea,
Take our ransomed souls to Thee.”

I shall now retire, and not waken till Wednesday morning, this being Monday night, although I do not expect to sleep longer than usual.

WEDNESDAY.

We have crossed the 180th meridian, which is the international date-line, where a day is dropped going westward, and it is now Wednesday, November 12th. Hence this week will have only six days for us, and November only twenty-nine days. If we were sailing eastward and should cross this line on Monday, we would rise on the following day, and it would be Monday also, making the week have eight days. Going west a day is dropped; going east a day is repeated.

To be on the ocean to-day is pleasant. The ship moves proudly over the placid waters. Whales ventured within one hundred and fifty yards of us to-day in a school, playing and gamboling in semi-circular contortions to the delight of every beholder. One person approximated their length at seventy or eighty feet, and worth \$5,000 each.

THURSDAY.

To-day the ocean is decidedly rougher, and, as we skip over the billows, my mind turns back to the scenes of my childhood, where, when thrown from a horse, I

knew where I was; but to be set adrift here almost staggers the mind.

FRIDAY.

One of the engineers invited me to accompany him to-day, promising to insure me a sight that I would never forget. I was taken down a hatchway into the hold, where the seven hundred Chinese steerage passengers are packed. I shall remember the scene "till Gabriel's final toot." About six hundred were stretched out in their bunks, some sick, some smoking, while the other one hundred were either gambling or looking over the shoulders of those who were gambling. Some climbed upon boxes, and stretched their necks that they might see who won and lost. Being accompanied by an officer, we marched up to the table and saw the gambling kings taking in the hard-earned cash from the men who had labored for years to obtain it. One flickering light in the center of the table dimly revealed excited eyes and faces quivering under the terrible strain. Men resembled demons as they moved back and forth under the vessel's rocking, housed away below the water-line, where perpetual gloom prevails. I am reliably informed that men, having lost every dollar in that gambling den, have been known to rush upon the quarter-deck and leap into the sea, preferring to offer themselves as food for the sharks rather than return penniless to China.

We are now three days' journey from Japan, yet the ameliorating influence of the Japan current is felt, and the thermometer rises to our entire satisfaction, as we have had a medley of weather since embarking. After the storm of Saturday, which absolutely baffles description, we were treated to rain, sleet, and snow, and now a warmer clime is appreciated and welcomed as a long-absent friend.

SATURDAY.

The firebell sounded at four o'clock, and the ship's crew hastily assembled on the upper deck, manned the lifeboats, and directed four streams of water in as many directions. It was a false signal, and the bugles gave the call "To your places," and the excitement was soon over. The full number of men (when all places are filled) in the crew is three hundred. From what I have seen during the past two weeks, I am thoroughly convinced that these fire-fighters are never handicapped by a water famine. A false alarm is turned in frequently, I am told, in order to drill the men and fit them for any emergency.

SUNDAY.

If this day had been made to order, I am confident that the venerable Hicks, of almanac fame, could not have improved upon it. At this time last Sunday we were emerging from the greatest storm with which this vessel ever fought. I am told to-day by an officer that the storm of Saturday night has no parallel in the ship's history, although the ship was damaged much more severely in a previous encounter, to which I alluded under another date. I had often read about the severity of ocean tempests and the danger connected with ocean navigation, and for months I have thought about how tame it would be to make a voyage myself without experiencing at least enough rough weather to test the skipper. I now have no complaints to offer. I am satisfied, and will be perfectly happy if the weather continues as it is to-day for the next sixty days' voyaging yet before me. Nothing preventing, we shall reach Yokohama to-morrow morning. Not a ship has been sighted the past two weeks; no evidence of civilization has come

to our notice excepting some rope, which may have been the last vestige of some weaker ship that failed to weather the blast.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1902.

It is now past four o'clock, and we are in the Bay of Yeddo. Numerous towering lighthouses to the right and left tell us where we are as the lights flash across the quiet water. The scenes give me a new conception of the meaning of the verse,

"There are lights along the shore
That never grow dim."

These great lights indicate great expense. But why consider the expense if they keep the ship from cutting her throat on the rocks and from sending to a watery grave a thousand people? We are anchored outside the Yokohama Harbor, waiting for the approach of the quarantine officer. His boat arrives, and every passenger is examined before being permitted to land. We are at breakfast as the doctor enters, and one look at us is sufficient, for no symptoms are present except increasing appetites.

The steerage passengers are examined thoroughly, for among them disease is most often found. The examination consumes one hour and a half. The words "all right" are spoken, and the vessel creeps into the harbor, where boats from the hotels meet us. In ten minutes we are ashore in a foreign land, ready for the customs examination of baggage, which takes only a few minutes. Then come the jinrikshas, each ready to wheel us to—they care not where. A jinriksha is a two-wheeled baby buggy, intended to carry grown-up people. Here men do the work of horses, over a million men being thus employed in Japan alone, a country of

forty-five million people, and having an area equal to California.

The jinriksha rate is ten cents per hour, and the rate at which those men run with a heavy man is a surprise to strangers. At twelve o'clock tiffin (lunch) was announced, and it surprised me more than even the 'riksha men with their running. Lunch consisted of seventeen courses, and I am frank to admit that I never saw its equal elsewhere. Three other Americans join in the same verdict. The room assigned me is princely. I was never assigned a superior.

Those who have followed me thus far observe that I avoid generalizing, and present particulars. I have read the writings of travelers for years, and all were given too much to generalities to the painful exclusion of particulars; hence I desire to strike an unstruck chord on the literature of travel. "An honest confession is good for the soul." I propose also to write more about the people than about cathedrals, temples, etc.; yet those creations of man's genius shall not be slighted.

Surrounded by scenes and life totally different from any I had ever dreamed of or anticipated, I shall halt and write more fully when I have completed my survey of the city and its surroundings, and have accustomed myself to actually believe that I see what I see.

"Pass not unmarked the island in that sea,
Where nature claims the most celebrity,
Half hidden, stretching in a lengthened line
In front of China, which its guide shall be,
Japan abounds in mines of silver fine,
And shall enlightened be by holy faith divine."

IV.

JAPAN.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN—A LAND OF OPPOSITES—
A BUDDHIST TEMPLE—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—VISIT
TO TOKIO, OSAKA, KOBE, AND NAGASAKI.

JAPAN has been called "The Pearl of the East," "The Diamond of Asia," and "The Land of the Rising Sun;" but I would call it "The Land of Opposites."

In America weeping is noticed at funeral services; here laughter prevails when a loved one passes away and during the funeral service. When a man steps down street to notify the people of the death of his son, daughter, or parents, he laughs as if he were telling good news, but it is his way of mourning. The corpse is placed in a sitting posture, with his head bent forward, and the law forbids the burial taking place within twenty-four hours of death.

Here women wear neither hats nor bonnets, and, after miles of travel on the streets of Tokio, I believe I am safe in asserting that half of the men are hatless, and, further, do not own hats because they are regarded as superfluous. The Japanese have reduced the absence of clothing to an art, the police finding it difficult to keep nude pedestrians off the streets. All the port cities now require that some clothing be worn; but I have seen multitudes of all ages and description, whose photographs would not pass muster at a Parisian art exhibit.

Here pedestrians turn to the left in passing their fellows. Those not accustomed to it usually collide with nearly every person, as a collision is inevitable when two persons try to pass on the same track.

It is the fashion for married women to blacken their teeth to indicate that they are married, and to prevent men from falling in love with them, while American women use every effort to keep them white. I am glad to announce that the fashion of blacking the teeth is losing ground, though a common sight.

When a distinguished official passes through the streets on state occasions, no one is permitted to be on the second floor of any building along the street traversed, as it is an offense to look down upon a gentleman of high authority. Not only must one be on a level, but the bow must reach to the ground as the god in human form passes along. In Japan, politeness has gone to seed. The other day, while waiting for a train at Shinagawa, I tossed a half-penny among some little tots. The mother of the child that secured the coin bowed in a manner that would make a beggar in America feel himself a king, and the little fellow marched out and bowed. A Frenchman can not equal a Japanese in bowing.

The day I arrived in Yokohama I was invited to the dedicatory service of the new building for girls' school under the management of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. There politeness seemed to me to be overdone. The uncounted bows indulged in were a complete surprise to me. When introduced, those Japanese girls bowed in a way I shall not undertake to describe. A biograph is the only machine that will do the subject justice. Just before the service began, three young ladies entered and found three vacant seats; but all stood in the aisle, each bowing to the other, as it was a breach

of etiquette for either to go first without indicating by multitudinous bows that the others should precede.

The one that bows the lowest and longest is considered the most polite; so they tried themselves, being in the center of a large audience. Often ten minutes is thus consumed in formality, and when it is all over, the one nearest the entrance to the pew precedes as if nothing had happened, when in fact nothing but foolishness had taken place. After the dedicatory service, the ladies served luncheon in the dining-hall, where further opportunity was given to study things Japanese. In the afternoon I accepted an invitation to speak to the students of the Anglo-Japanese school in the Assembly Hall. This was the most novel experience. I stood upon the platform with the interpreter by my side. I would speak from three to five sentences; then my sentences would be put into Japanese, and spoken as rapidly as I had originally delivered them. The interpreter being quite expert, having done work of the kind for twenty-three years, was able to let me speak for five minutes at a time during the latter part of my address, then take the floor and report every sentence and with oratorical rapidity and inflection.

While entertained at the home of Rev. Dr. Julius Soper, I was the recipient of an invitation to attend a formal Japanese tea to be given by the ladies of the Tokio Anglo-Japanese College. I went at the hour appointed. A young lady met me at the door, and escorted me through the hall to the reception-room door, where the real formality began. She was sent to the door wearing American shoes, so that she might remove a little of my embarrassment by sitting upon the floor with me and removing her shoes as I removed mine. Ordinarily Japanese wear nothing in the way of shoes except the soles

fastened to the feet by bands passing between the first and second toes. The shoes removed, we were ushered into a room where ten young ladies were sitting shoeless upon the floor in a semi-circle. By moving in either direction, a space was left for me almost in the center, where I bade good-bye to American customs and took my place upon the well-matted floor. There I was, upon the floor in my pulpit suit and no shoes, with five young ladies dressed in tea-gowns on either side, the hostess in one corner of the room, sitting as she busied herself, after my reception, in preparing to serve her guests with what is beyond the range of description. Before her was her charcoal fire and various utensils for preparing and serving. It was arranged that my position should be between two students who had been studying English for several years, and could explain the program as it progressed, thereby preventing me from multiplying blunders. One person is served at a time, and the procedure is that formal and vexatious that it requires two hours to dispose of a dozen guests. Not being used to making a cushion out of my feet, I made no effort to prolong the function.

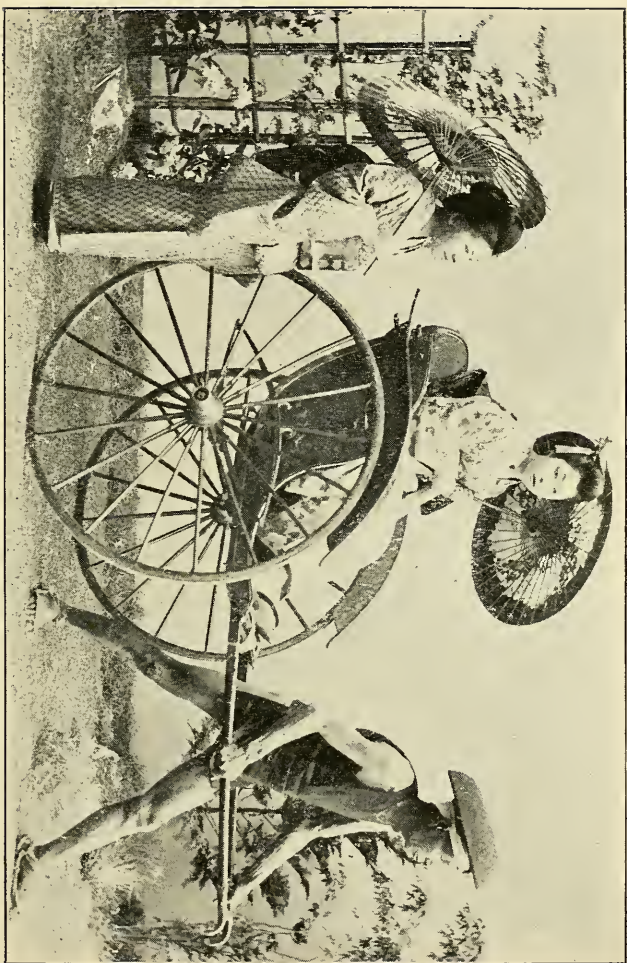
Japanese houses have no beds, tables, or chairs, all of which they consider useless and in the way. They sleep on the floor, sit on the floor, and eat wherever they happen to be. Some eat their meals as they walk the street. When the meals are served at home, small stands six inches high are often provided, upon which the dish or dishes are placed, each person having a separate stand. Chopsticks take the place of knives, forks, and spoons. A block of wood serves as a pillow. Their shoes are always left outside; we always take ours inside, and some Americans have been known to wear their shoes while they slept. Babies are invariably carried strapped to

the mother's back like papooses. Carpenters pull their planes to them, while Americans push. Screws turn to the left. Saws are made to cut on the upward stroke. About the only sound or sight that bore the American brand was the rendition of "Marching through Georgia," to-day on the streets of Tokio, by a uniformed Japanese brass band. The next selection was "Yankee Doodle." They are in love with American music, having heard our bands at Yokohama, *en route* to Manila.

In America, young men and maidens of ten make engagements regardless of the parents' wishes, but here the parents make the arrangements without considering or consulting the children. Frequently the bride and groom never see each other till the wedding-day. The more recent plan is to allow them to meet once before the nuptial-day, and if either is displeased the negotiations cease. The wedding always takes place at the home of the groom, he providing the wedding dinner.

Japanese wear white for mourning. Here man and wife do not walk side by side. He precedes, while she tags along behind. He eats first, and what is left is hers and the dog's. In America, the lady is served first; she is tendered the best seat at the table, in the drawing-room, and in the car. Here, if any one stands, it is the lady. I have seen women enter the cars and stand until they saw that all the gentlemen (?) were seated, then find seats among those not taken. There were ladies elegantly dressed in the height of Japanese fashion.

Most visitors to Japan agree in their praise of Japanese women. One said, "She is so charming that she deserves better treatment." To this the Japanese replied, "It is just because she is kept in her place that she is so charming." Another said, "If this be the result of suppression and oppression, then these are not



JINRIKSHA, TOKIO, JAPAN.

altogether bad." My belief is that the women are immeasurably superior to the men (as women usually are everywhere), and are what they are in spite of their treatment.

Not over a mile from Yokohama is a rice plantation where I saw ladies gathering rice. They waded nearly knee-deep in water, slush, and mud, and seemed perfectly contented. Their brothers, no doubt, were in the city pulling jinrikshas at seven cents an hour, when employed. My sympathy for the girls was strong, so that I felt like saying, "I'll help you." On longer reflection I decided that an hour in that slush would prepare any American for the hospital. Mr. McDowell, an alumnus of Harvard College, who accompanied me on this trip to the country, explained that they are prepared (or think they are) for such work and exposure by taking two hot baths daily, the water at 110 degrees. The Japanese boast that they take two hot baths daily, from the cradle to the grave. Every city is supplied with scores of public bathhouses. Some are free; at others a charge of one cent per bath is made.

Men here, working on the principle that everything should bend to man's will, train the pear, peach, and plum trees so that the limbs run on frames like grapevines in America. An orchard is a peculiar sight, no limbs standing upright.

There are twenty-six passenger trains daily between Tokio and Yokohama. I have made the trip three times, and have not seen a conductor. Every one is required to purchase tickets, which are shown at the gate. Once through the gate, a first, second, or third class car may be taken, according to ticket purchased. You are supposed to know when your station is reached. Leaving the train, you pass through a gate where your ticket is

taken up. A smattering of the Japanese language is necessary for one in order to get along smoothly. Crossing the Pacific, I picked up a few necessary words and phrases by the aid of a book, assisted by Professor Shimoda. The word for ticket is *kippu*; first-class is *joto*; station at Tokio is *shinbashi*. Hence a person at Yokohama desiring to go to Tokio simply says to the ticket agent, "Shinbashi kippu joto."

Opposition to the world's customs is found in the business realm. Here small quantities are quoted at lower rates than large quantities. Price advances in proportion to the amount wanted. Exporters affirm that they are compelled to buy in small quantities day after day through several persons in order to fill large orders, as a Japanese producer or wholesaler considers that a large single order indicates that the goods are wanted badly, and a higher price is asked. There are rare exceptions to this rule. On the other hand, people are advised to offer about half what is asked for goods at various stores and bazaars, as the offer of one-half the price asked, usually purchases the article in question. Great praise is due to the Japanese for having stamped out the opium trade. It is now an offense punishable with fine and imprisonment to be found in possession of an opium pipe.

To the disgrace of Japan it must be asserted that the government sanctions the sale of women and girls into the worst form of human slavery. Through the efforts of the Salvation Army, a decree was issued by the Mikado making it possible for the person sold to avoid the sale at her discretion. But the loyalty of the girls to their parents is so intense that they patiently endure their term of bondage rather than cause their parents to return the purchase price or lose their home

on account of failure to return the cash advanced on the sale of the daughter or wife.

It is strange, in a land where the principal proverb is "Never trust a woman," that there are, broadly speaking, no bachelors or old maids, but divorce is common. In 1899 there were two divorces for three marriages. Among the grounds recognized for granting divorces are, disobedience, jealousy, talking too much, and thievishness. Fashions seldom change, and dresses are handed down from generation to generation—or till worn out.

January is the universal birthday in Japan. They pay no attention to days or months in the ages of people. Every child born during an entire year is one year old till January 1st, then it becomes two years old. A child born in December is two years old on January 1st, when in reality, according to American ideas, it is scarcely a month old.

All the girls celebrate their yearly holiday on March 3d, while the boys celebrate on May 5th.

Nearly all the cats of Japan are tailless, or have very short tails. The peculiarity is natural. If a cat happens to develop a tail it is quickly chopped off by some one who considers himself specially called to assist Japan in remaining what it is to foreigners, a land of surprises.

Japan architecture is unique. The front of the house is usually open from wall to wall during the day. At night sliding or folding doors are utilized. The partitions, where there are any, are composed of light frames filled in with paper. The vast majority of the houses, size about ten feet square, are so constructed that privacy is impossible, and the evidences indicate that it is comparatively unknown. Many who have been abroad are adopting foreign styles, customs, and equipment; but it will be years before old Japan changes her dress entirely.

A medley of vegetable growth greets the beholder. Beside the pine is the bamboo; alongside the wheat-field is the rice-field; in the gardens vegetables are now in abundance along with chrysanthemums. Palms and oranges keep each other company. In all there are 2,743 species of plants and flowers in the Japanese register. In the forests of Japan, though insignificant, there are 178 species, while in all Europe there are only 85 species, and only 155 in Atlantic North America.

Fishing is a great industry. Besides using nets, many use the cormorant. The bird is held securely with a cord; a metal ring is put around her neck so she can not swallow the fish. After her throat and neck are quite swollen by the lodged fish, she is pulled into the boat and relieved of her burden, and sent out again. Fishermen say that a cormorant in this way catches for them one hundred and fifty fish per hour.

There are but few horses here, and, strange to say, the price is quite low. A good horse is valued at from \$10 to \$15. They are not wanted, because they are unable to compete with the 'riksha men. The Japanese ties his horse by roping his front legs together. He reasons that a horse will never get away as long as his feet are motionless, while the American would tie, not the part that runs, but the part that eats.

Tokio covers one hundred square miles, and has a population of one million four hundred thousand. Its chief hotels are the Imperial, Tokio, and the Club; its chief parks, the Shiba, Ueno, and Asakusa. Its temples number about eight hundred. Its chief institution of learning is the Imperial University, it being the institution of all Japan. The Shiba temple is called the marvel of Japanese art, and should be visited and compared with those of Nikko, the city of temples.

Every one visiting Tokio should include a compass in his equipment, and be a surveyor whenever lost. The streets evidently were laid out by a blindfolded guesser. There are few sidewalks, and, excepting in the Ginza, the principal street, the people walk or ride in the middle of the street. Children, cats, dogs, chickens, jinrikshas, hurrying crowds with clattering feet shod with wood,—all surge through streets not half wide enough for an American alley. Many of the streets have wells taking up nearly half the space, each well having a curbing rising two or three feet above the level of the street. The old-fashioned, balanced long pole and rope are still in fashion. Cook-stoves are very scarce, and the good wife prepares the meal, takes it to a public bake-oven close by—for they are numerous—pays a cent for having it cooked, and carries it home to the one who bosses the house. He is too much of a rascal to buy a cooking outfit, and ought to be pushed into the Pacific Ocean; but she works on, and dares not grow weary, bearing her burden in a manner that would be tolerated by an American woman about the millioneth part of a second.

But there is hope. Christianity is getting a footing, and where it is planted conditions change for the better. Christianity, says history, has unlocked the fetters from woman, which explains in tones unmistakable why so many women are Christian.

I am making a study of missions, and have found the Christian home a paradise in Japan compared with the non-Christian. Let no man raise either his hand or his voice against missions, for the Christian homes of Japan rise in unimpeachable testimony against him. The difference between Christian and pagan Japan is the difference between the brightest daylight and the blackest darkness. The Christian man and wife go to church

side by side, with the little ones joyfully playing about them, and all are happy—a blessed family. The pagan man and wife go to the temple of Buddha, not side by side, but she mopes along in the rear, downcast, gloomy. A big child, that ought to walk, is strapped to her back, as she is only a burden-bearer, and must be kept in practice whether the child should be carried or not. In the Christian home the woman is queen, her rightful God-created position. In the pagan home she is treated like a dog, or even worse than the lowest breed of American hounds.

The time is coming when the gospel of Jesus Christ will proclaim the emancipation of woman in Japan, or the knights of America and Europe will rise, buckle on their armor, and rescue their neighboring sisters. My faith in the former is strong, and may best be expressed in the words of that eminent scholar, Dr. J. P. John, who said, "Whoever or whatever would outrun the gospel of Jesus Christ must measure footsteps with the eternal God."

Statisticians follow people from the cradle to the grave. Figures are on record showing that a Japanese can and does live on an outlay of two and one-half cents per day. While living is cheap, it is also inexpensive to die. Here are the figures showing the expense of one funeral:

	Sen.	U. S. Money.
Cost of Coffin,	40.0	\$0.20
Cost of Cremation,	75.0375
Flowers,50025
Physician's certificate,	10.005
Fee to Buddhist Priest,	3.0015
Fee to coffin bearers,	14.007
Total,	<u>142.5</u>	<u>\$0.7125</u>

A first-class funeral for less than seventy-five cents seems preposterous, but here the most unexpected is always in evidence.

When presenting a friend with a present, whether cheap or very expensive, the donor must apologize by saying: "It is so cheap and insignificant that I am ashamed to lift it before your honorable vision; but if you will condescend to accept it, it will make me very happy." He (or she) lifts it up, saying: "It is the most beautiful present on earth." The other day a lady presented a neighbor with some eggs, and said: "I assure you that these eggs are *bad, quite bad*, but I hope they will be of service to you." A student at Tokio was requested to prepare an essay on the subject, "The Englishman." I copy two sentences as they appeared: "He are not allowed it to escape if he did siezed something. Being spread, his dominion is dreadfully extensive so that his countryman boastally say, 'the sun are never sets on our dominions.'"

The English language is almost invariably butchered when used by the Japanese. Many signs are written in both English and Japanese. The representative of the New York Life Insurance Company assured me that there was not a single sign in Tokio correctly written. After spending five days in Tokio, I am ready to give several signs a passing grade, but am also ready to register my conviction that more ludicrous specimens have not come to my notice. Among those that may be printed without violating rules of propriety are the following:

"MODIFIED MILK FOR THE SCIENTIFIC FEEDING OF INFANTS."

"FRESH MILK EXTRACTED HERE DAILY."

Among the many sights novel, quaint, and interesting, none were so fraught with meaning to me as the spectacle presented at each visit to the Buddhist temple in Asakusa Park. This park is situated near the center of Tokio, the largest city of the empire. The temple is

about one hundred feet square, and approached on the three open sides by a dozen steps running the entire length and breadth of the temple, the nave being supported by pilasters. I changed my position as the interest shifted from one side to the other, so that nothing might escape my notice.

The position most sought by the surging crowds was immediately in front of the altar, in front of which was the large hopper, ten by twelve feet and three feet deep, into which the worshipers threw their cash. In front of the hopper is a telegraph pole, upon which some of the most devout knelt as they prayed to Buddha. This pole was worn as smooth as finished mahogany by the thousands who had touched it with their knees. Not all could kneel, making it necessary for hundreds to stand. I can still see that motley crowd as it pushed into the temple. I look out and see the people approaching in three directions. The sides of the temple are all open to permit ingress. They approach as near the altar as they can. Every man, woman, and child in the rear then hurls coins over the heads of those in front. I see many glistening coins in the air at the same moment, flying towards the hopper. They produce a din as they fall upon the metallic lining, much worn by many a shower. The gift made, each person doffs the hat, if one is worn, the hands are clapped to call the attention of Buddha, the head is bowed with great politeness, the prayer is offered either in silence or audibly, a bow is made, and away goes the worshiper to his home or business, having consumed scarcely two minutes within the temple. In this way the temple is able to accommodate tens of thousands daily. Occasionally the Buddhist priest opens the lower part of the hopper, and what rattles like a bushel of money rolls down before this Buddhist master of

ceremonies. Many votaries of this heathen worship, who do not know any prayers, hasten to a Buddhist priest who sits at the side of the altar. They pay him a few cents to purchase prayers, written apparently by the priest upon a mimeograph. A thousand are printed from one copy, and are sold for cash to his miserable followers, who yearn for knowledge of the true God, but are fed with error instead of truth.

The chief aim of the Buddhist appears to be to destroy Christianity, for Christianity destroys heathenism in every fair contest. Many who buy the prayers, and are unable to read them, chew the paper to pulp, and throw them at the image, hoping that the prayers will, in this way, reach their destination. Others, who are afflicted with some disease, not only go through the performances just described, but they also go to the "God of Health," made of stone, which stands on a pedestal on the right of the altar. They rub their hands over the part of the god corresponding with the part afflicted, then quickly rub the parts of their bodies diseased, expecting thereby to be cured of their infirmities. A woman with a raving toothache approaches for relief. She rubs the jaw of the image with her right hand, then rubs her face and chin with great exertion. Another woman hastens to the image. She desires to nourish her child, and rubs the breast of the god, then rubs her own breast till tired. She steps away, and my jinriksha man, desiring to strengthen his limbs for fast running, rubs the limbs of the god, then rubs his own ankles and limbs. And the procession is endless during the day, and dies out only when night approaches.

Men and women of America, what think you of heathen darkness?

I am of the opinion that no fair-minded man or

woman can look upon these scenes without saying, "God helping me, I'll be a Christian now and forever."

Notwithstanding the many discouragements besetting the reformer in Japan, there are evidences of a great awakening. A new Japan is developing, and one enthusiast has said he would not be surprised to hear of Japan proclaiming herself Christian in a day. Such a sudden transformation would not be best. Reformatations require time. New Japan will some day develop a Lincoln, who will strike the shackles from five hundred thousand female slaves, now under contract sale, signed by themselves and their parents.

Every phase of life is in slow transition. The government is sending hundreds of her best students to America and Europe to study science, art, philosophy, and civil government. Their return is accompanied with the introduction of Western ideas, customs, and manners. Already some of them have really begun to love the coy butterflies formerly regarded as soulless. Old Japan looks upon this recognition of woman as the forerunner of the direst calamity. All, except the few who have been influenced by Western ideas, believe that woman has no soul and is not worthy the love of man. A Japanese poet of the new school has penned a little jingle, presenting a story of two lovers, who, under the new influence, had abandoned the old tandem form of promenade, and were actually strolling hand in hand. It is valuable in that it signals the dawn of a new era. I present it in full:

"Over the water the rising moon
Floated her golden hair,
That rimpled and curled in the low-blown wind,
From the quays to her forehead fair.

And round each notch of the leaden shore,
Where the slim creeks softly bled
Their lives away, in a strange wild sea,
She broidered a golden thread.

While down where the long white-fingered pier
The waves with cool tongues lap,
Two lovers were straying, who crossed the fields
Of the moon's round golden map.

And midway the Lunar-meadow's length
Their inky shadows kissed,
Then passed like midgets, hand in hand,
Out in the shade and mist.

Ah, if lovers do n't want their trystings known,
Nor their kisses to gossip strewn,
They must do their strolling in shady spots,
And their kissing behind the moon!"

The first four stanzas contain flashes that would have added to the pages of Tennyson, while the fifth stanza is less open to criticism than many from the pen of the laureate.

In my Tokio paragraph I referred to the marriage customs of Japan; but further contact with the Japanese leads me to make additional allusion to the important topic of marriage.

The parents, if they have been unsuccessful in leading their children into matrimony, secure the services of professionals called go-betweens or match-makers. An alliance is soon made, and the ceremony follows, although, in the Province of Shima, it is customary for the groom to take the bride on trial. If she suits him she remains; otherwise she returns to her own home, to be sent out on trial with the first applicant. These probationary periods seldom extend over a greater period than three years, as every young Jap is supposed to know within

three years whether his wife is the girl for him. The people of this province permit this custom on the ground that it prevents divorce. The principal part of the marriage ceremony, called *sansan-kudo*, consists of the drinking of *sake* by both parties. Just nine times each person must drink from the same cup alternately, followed by a wedding repast accompanied by singing. The most important dish served at the wedding repast is clam broth, the clam being a true symbol of married life, because the linings of each pair of shells are so arranged that they never fit any separate shell.

There are as many customs as there are provinces in Japan. In Awa Province, if a young man, by his own oversight or that of his parents, allows himself to become a bachelor, and is able to support a wife, his friends hold a conference or primary regarding the case. This conference decides that the man in question must get married, and actually selects, without his consent, the lady who must become his wife. Of course, she is not consulted, for in heathen lands woman is not to be considered. The young man and lady are both notified of the decision of the conference, and are requested to get married at once. If the request is not complied with, they proceed to carry the girl to the house of the man by force. She is there asked to blacken her teeth. If she refuses, some one holds her while another blows something black like unto soot into her mouth from his own mouth. This is regarded as an unalterable form of engagement, and both give up and get married. A more unique antidote for bachelordom never came to my notice. While I see enough here to call this empire a land of freaks, the native, looking to the land beyond the Pacific, gives America the same appellation, because we

tolerate old bachelors and old maids without the semblance of prohibition.

In Shinano Province the program is slightly different, the shoes of the bride being thrown upon the roof of the house and kept there during the ceremony. In Joshu province, the bride, as she approaches the door of her intended, is compelled to leap over a bamboo pole. If it happens to be placed too high for her athletic leap, she must try again until success crowns her efforts. Such a custom introduced in America would draw people from the adjoining counties as witnesses.

In Hiroshima the bride must send every article of clothing she expects to wear at the ceremony to the home of the groom the day before the wedding. Here the articles are exhibited, and every one is supposed to appear, inspect the garments, and offer congratulations.

In Kita Katsushika the wedding dinner must consist of four courses of soup. Between the courses the clothes must be changed, pure white coming first, then red, black, and the choice of the wearer last. This can be observed only among the more wealthy, unless clothes are borrowed for the occasion.

In Kamishima a romance accompanies nearly every wedding. When a young man is particularly pleased with a girl, he loiters about her domicile, usually after night, until he spies the object of his heart, captures her without the knowledge of her parents, carries her home on his shoulder, and the following day sends notice to her parents of their daughter's whereabouts. If the parents are displeased with the abduction, the girl is sent for. On the other hand, if they are pleased, they proceed to his house, carrying a small measure of rice as a present, and express their consent to the proposal.

In Buko District the consent of the head man of the village must be secured before any ceremony is permissible. His consent is never given till part of the ceremony is performed. He then appears as mayor of the town, and objects or consents. If he objects, the proceeding halts. If he is willing, he manifests it by demanding a marriage tax ranging in amounts from fifteen cents to one dollar and a half, the amount being conditioned upon the circumstances of the groom. This tax is not levied on the fourth marriage, on the ground that the man who has stood the ordeal three times has contributed his share to the world's happiness.

There is a very curious custom among the villagers of Sagami Province. Here two young men are stationed near the bride, and lash her ten times with a bundle of straw as soon as the ceremony is over. They take the groom and throw him into a ditch by way of congratulation, and are as earnest and conscientious about it as the people of America when they extend congratulations at a wedding.

One more incident, and I will submit the question. In Ebara Province all the couples who have been married within the province during the year are assembled on the ground of the Hachiman temple on New-Year's eve. The men are stripped of their clothes excepting the loin-cloth, and are given a whipping by fifteen young men selected for that purpose. Each young man treats each married man to one stroke. Every wife is compelled to be present and observe the performance. When any wife, through sympathy for her suffering mate, tries to run away to avoid seeing him suffer, she is caught, and is given the same punishment as her groom. Less tolerant Americans would refuse to get married if they knew such chastisement awaited them; but not a whit

does it deter the brave Japanese, who, looking back only a few decades, observes that the laws of Japan then prescribed compulsory marriage for every young man and maiden having attained the age of sixteen years. Precedent has much weight in present-day life. It is even so in America, where rice-showers at weddings prevail, a relic of heathen countries.

On Thursday, November 27th, Thanksgiving-day, I took passage at Yokohama for Shanghai via the Japanese Mail Line. The harbor at Yokohama was full of shipping, the most savage-looking vessel being the British man-of-war, the flagship of the admiral. The ocean was on her good behavior, not an angry breaker to mar the quietness of an ideal Thanksgiving-day.

Fujiyama's snow-white crest presented a spectacle never to be forgotten as the descending sun held sweet communion with the towering peak long after the fire-ball had sunk below our horizon. Within twenty-five hours we were entering the harbor at Kobe, where acres of shipping indicated a business center. Here was anchored the *City of Peking*, one of the oldest Hong-Kong-San Francisco liners. Russian, English, German, and Japanese ships were in abundance.

As our ship was to remain in Kobe twenty-four hours exchanging mail and cargo, I took advantage of the time and visited Osaka, twenty miles by rail, a city called the Glasgow, the Chicago, and the Venice of Japan. Being one of the three capitals of the empire, and having a population of eight hundred and twenty-one thousand inhabitants, its importance may be imagined. Osaka is noticed in history in 1583, when laborers were called from all parts of Japan to build the imperial castle. This castle is the most gigantic structure reared by the hand of man in the empire, and I have never seen any structure

anywhere that would presume to rival it. The historian says: "The palace within the castle was probably the grandest building which Japan ever boasted. It survived the taking of the castle in 1615; and in 1867 and 1868 the members of the foreign legations were received within its walls by the last of the Tokugawas." Will Adams, the first Englishman to arrive in Japan, wrote: "The 12th of May, 1600, I came to the great King's citie, who caused me to be brought into his court, being a wonderfully costly house quilled with gold in abundance." Saris wrote: "We found Osaka to be a very great town, as great as London, having a castle in it, marvelous large and strong, with very deep trenches about it, and many drawbridges with gates plated with yron." This partly describes the castle as it appears to-day. Bristling cannon crown the highest parapet and numerous soldiers are on duty as a garrison.

In company with two missionaries en route to China—one from Toronto, Canada, the other from Pittsburg, Pa.—I approached the entrance, desiring to see this towering stronghold. At the one entrance we were met by glistening rifles in the hands of blue-uniformed soldiers of the Imperial Guard. Each wore either gold or red shoulder-straps, and had the appearance of trustworthy, picked men. Believing it would be better to stand our ground than to run, I mustered up courage enough to tell the officer that we desired to see the castle. He knew a little English, and replied that we must tell our names, business, and nationality, which we did at once. He replied: "Americans, all right." That was a shock to my friend from Toronto, for he emphasized the fact of his "Canadian citizenship, which is British, you know," and he was about to be barred on the threshold of the castle while we Americans were laughing in our

sleeves because of our opportunity. I never was so proud of my pedigree before. I rejoiced that I was an American citizen. I had heard that America was regarded as foremost among the nations for large-heartedness and genuine philanthropy, but did not expect such a practical demonstration of American preferment to occur in my own history. We desired to have our Canadian-British friend enter through the gate also, and our desires were fulfilled after a season of diplomacy. He signed a paper, which was sent to the highest official within, stating that a British subject desired admission. The reply came in due time that he might be admitted; so we entered, no signatures or red tape being required of us who hailed from the land of Washington. We, accompanied by a detachment of the guard, passed the bridges, the moats, ascended wall after wall, curved around projecting barricades, and finally reached the summit, where we had a splendid view of the city and far out into the country. The city of nearly a million seemed to nestle at our feet as the horizon leaped farther and farther as each higher parapet was scaled. Looking down from where the cannon rests, it seemed improbable that any force could ever take that stronghold. The walls are nearly perpendicular, and outside the outer wall is a moat at least fifty feet wide and filled with water, requiring two years in building, employing a vast army of men. Some of the stones are forty feet long and fifteen feet wide. How such huge rocks were ever quarried and handled remains an enigma. No lifting crane in use to-day would dare undertake such a burden.

The narrowest streets as well as the most busy ones I ever saw are in Osaka. On some of the business streets two persons can not pass each other with raised umbrellas. There and at Kobe are many exporters worth

millions of yen, shipping tea, cotton, rice, and matting to the ends of the earth. Many a box and package I saw billed to Chicago and New York. The Japanese eat everything that is found in the sea, from seaweed to the devil-fish. The fish markets are even more interesting than the bazaars. The favorite way of serving fish, even among royalty, in Japan, is raw, and it is a common thing to see coolies walking the street eating those horrid-looking devil-fish fresh from the ocean.

At ten o'clock, Saturday morning, November 29th, our ship, the *Hakuai Maru*, steamed away from Kobe, a port of two hundred and sixteen thousand inhabitants, for the most delightful of voyages, the trip through the picturesque inland sea to Nagasaki, three hundred and eighty-nine miles from Kobe. The entire voyage is an ever-changing panorama of beauty. The steamship threads her way through narrow channels in and out among the islands. On every side are villages, towns, temples, castles, forests, peaks, mountain chains, terraced hills, and valleys. Now and then the smoke of the iron horse, with his train of human freight, is seen far across the rugged mountain side, hastening onward as if measuring strength with the speeding mail-ship. Innumerable fishing-smacks make every effort to give the large floating palace clear track, and thus prevent their being crushed and sunk.

At Moji, the terminus of the inland sea, the vessel halted six hours for coal. Coaling a vessel in Japan is a very interesting sight. The coal is brought to the vessel's side in junks, from which steps are placed reaching to the ship's deck. One person stands on each step and receives the baskets of coal, then passes them on to the next, until the baskets reach the coal-bunker entrance, where they are dumped, the coal falling to its place ready

for the stokers. So rapidly are baskets filled, emptied, and returned, that there is a constant stream of baskets in a seemingly never-ending procession rising from the coal junk to the large steamship. In this way thirteen hundred and sixty-nine tons of coal have been put on board in four hours, which is over five tons per minute. On such occasions the ship is surrounded by coal junks, and many a human highway of transportation swerves to and fro with the regularity of heart-beats. It is a surprise to Americans to see girls and women in each procession, each doing the work of a man, lifting baskets containing forty pounds of coal. Working with such rapidity, and being under such a strain, the perspiration rolls down their faces in beads. As the boys, young men, and old men warm up, they discard their clothing until many of them retain no more than would be required to make a very small doll a dress. Whatever quantity of clothing may be discarded by the girls and women, they never, no, never, bare their arms. However, regardless of the protest of Mrs. Cleveland and other prominent American women, the Japanese girls and women continue to wear their skirts divided the full length in front and frequently, entirely open. Their system of keeping the lower limbs bare and the arms scrupulously covered is like unto the system which would cause one to choke on a gnat and swallow a camel.

On arriving in Nagasaki we noticed, besides a Russian man-of-war, the large army transport *Thomas*, en route from Manila to San Francisco, loaded with our soldier boys. Passing down street a few hours later, I noticed a mob in front of a hotel. Hastening rapidly to the scene of excitement, I saw an American soldier in the center without hat, his face and head bleeding from a number of cuts. Hurrying to his aid were other sol-

diers; but the timely action of the Japanese police in arresting the Jap who had done the damage, and hurrying him to jail, prevented a tragedy, possibly a Japanese-American conflict.

I visited the Shinto temple where the Shinto priests are on duty. Each worshiper gave the priest a piece of money, whereupon he began beating a large kettle-drum with tom-tom effect, which to the Shintoist is the mode of praying. The missionaries are doing remarkable work in carrying gospel light to the heathen devotees. There is a scarcity of workers in Japan. The ingathering has been marvelous. More than two hundred people have been turned away from one school on account of the lack of rooms and teachers. It is indeed a pity that many Americans are careless and indifferent in regard to the Christian religion, while many in foreign lands are only too glad to make the acquaintance of Jesus Christ, the Savior of men.

Being a missionary secretary myself, with a letter regarding missionary inspection from Bishop Moore and Drs. Oldham and Leonard, of the New York and Chicago offices, it is needless for me to present the names of the resident missionaries and educators in each city and country, who spare no pains to make my visit both interesting and profitable; but I will simply state, once for all, that without the co-operation, counsel, and experience of these grand, good people, weeks would be required where days now suffice for my work. Through their diplomacy, I am enabled to interview officials, inspect places of interest, and thereby secure information at first hand, much of which has not been in print heretofore. I am not a tourist. I am out for business, and am weary of work when night falls; hence I am having no holiday.

In the Nagasaki part, I noticed the following inscription carved upon a monument seven feet high by three feet wide:

“NAGASAKI, JAPAN, June 22, 1879.

“At the request of Governor (Japanese name) Mrs. Grant and I each planted a tree in the Nagasaki park. I hope that both trees may prosper, grow large, live long; and, in this growth, prosperity, and long life, be emblematic of the future of Japan.

“U. S. GRANT.”

The trees, India-rubber, were planted about twenty-five feet apart, and were protected by a strong framework, but the tree planted by the general and ex-President died, while the other, planted by Mrs. Grant, not only flourishes, but has grown double, forming two trees. This is a living testimonial to the worth and work of woman, and a serious blow to the Japanese timeworn theory of feminine inferiority.

In addition to the various phases of life more or less interesting, Japan was treated to an earthquake a few days ago. This occurred while I was at Tokio. The houses trembled like maple branches; the people rushed pellmell into the streets, fearing that the houses might tumble down upon them. I have not visited a house in Japan in which the plastering is not cracked. For untold years the Japanese have firmly believed that a dragon is chained under their islands, and that his periodical efforts to free himself causes the earthquakes. The steamship *Empress of Japan* has the dragon carved on the bow; Japanese coins bear the inscription of the dragon on one side; and that hideous-looking monster is everywhere in evidence.

Besides the earthquakes, Japan has other problems that keep her nervous. Though she has entered into an alliance with England to check the encroachment of Russia, yet Japan is busy watching England's movements in the Far East. The policy of America in not demanding a slice of China has assured Japan that she has nothing to fear from Uncle Sam. Japan holds the Russian in supreme contempt. While the Russian squadron was cruising in Japanese waters, two men-of-war and a cruiser with over two thousand men anchored in the harbor at Kobe. One of the sailors was severely handled by some Japanese coolies while on shore. When this was reported to the squadron, eight hundred brawny sailors secured leave of absence to go on shore for revenge. The men were not allowed their firearms, but purposely wore their belts. Every Japanese that showed himself in the streets was caught and given a severe strapping. The police went into hiding, being unable to cope with an army of Russians, though armed with belts only. The account of this treatment was published throughout Japan; consequently, when a Russian warship anchored at Nagasaki last week, a mob formed, caught the first squad of men that landed, and gave them many a deep cut and bruise before the police succeeded in restoring order. An inoffensive German who happened to be standing near the men after they came ashore was taken to be one of them, and was also very much disfigured. Those who read between the lines in diplomatic circles prophesy that it will be only a matter of time when Japan and Russia will declare war as the last resort in the settlement of their differences. Russia is the aggressor, Japan has already appropriated 50,000,000 yen for battle-ships, and is nervous over the situation, to say the least.

The women of America are to be congratulated over the progress they have made through their Foreign Missionary Societies in lifting the girls and women of Japan from the thralldom into which ages of ignorance and superstition have consigned them. Commodious buildings, though half what are needed, have been erected in nearly every city where the light of a new civilization is rapidly transforming old Japan into the newer and better with its Christian home, the real safeguard of the world.

V.

CHINA.

THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE—REAL FOREIGN DEVILS—MISSIONARIES OF COMMERCE, NOT OF THE GOSPEL, RESPONSIBLE FOR CHINESE TROUBLES—A NATION APPARENTLY NERVELESS—CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS—CHAOTIC CONDITION OF FINANCE.

LEAVING Nagasaki, a voyage of two nights and one day, measures the distance across the turbid Yellow Sea, and causes the long brown line of China to rise out of the horizon, and we enter the Yang-tse-Kiang River, where junks of every description ply, bearing pig-tailed crews, dwellers of the real Cathay. Our vessel reels as it struggles with the tide at the Woosung Bar, called by the Chinese the "Heavenly Barrier," because it is regarded as Divinely prepared to prevent the world's ships from gaining access to the city of Shanghai, with its population of over four hundred thousand, called the New York of the far rim of Asia.

During the Franco-Chinese war in 1884, the Chinese added to the difficulty of ascending the Yang-tse-Kiang by sinking stone-loaded junks across all but one narrow channel. This channel is used by the nations' vessels as a highway to this commercial metropolis. The first railroad built from Woosung to Shanghai was torn up by the superstitious Chinese, and the locomotives were plunged into the river; but when the cannon of several

nations were pointing their death-dealing mouths toward Shanghai, the emperor changed his mind, and the whistle of the locomotive is now heard as the trip of thirteen miles is made. Approaching the city, iron-clad men-of-war were passed as they lay at anchor near the Shanghai Harbor, their heavy cannon, like giant cigars, pointing in every direction, proclaiming the gospel of force. This international display of man-killing machines presented a formidable appearance. The fleet consisted of one Russian, one Chinese, two Italian, two Japanese, two German, two American, three French, and three British war-dogs.

The very fact that the gunboats are needed indicates that China has no love for the foreigner, and, judging from the treatment administered to the natives by the foreigners, excepting the missionaries, I do not blame the Chinese in the least for being opposed, first, last, and always, to the presence of many of the people residing here, called "foreign devils" by the Chinese.

The missionaries treat the natives as they should be treated, people worth helping; but the majority of those engaged in business, at least as far as I have observed, treat the Chinese as dogs, or worse than dogs. People are growing rich by high-handed extortion, or, to be more exact, by a system of highway robbery, the like of which I had never dreamed. The children are following in the footsteps of their parents.

Yesterday I visited Central Market, where fruits, meats, vegetables, etc., are for sale and at prices unheard of before—fish of any and every kind at give-away prices. Sharks could be had at almost the asking; deer at one dollar each. In view of all this, I saw a foreign girl help herself to what oranges she wanted. The owner would endeavor to take them from her, and succeed or

fail according to the quickness of the girl in getting away with her booty. The poor vender could not leave his stand long to follow her, as large crowds were waiting, and, besides, other "foreign devils" might steal the remainder while he was chasing the girl in question. Her supreme impudence and contempt of all moral law was shown by the second attempt to take oranges which the seller had just wrested from her hands by force. The Chinese take this in good humor, and say little, because they fear those iron, fire-breathing monsters that bedeck their harbor only a few blocks away.

I observed an English lady as she sent her servant, a young man, on an errand. I was surprised to note his quickness; he went like the wind. The errand accomplished, he returned, and was so polite, I decided that such rapid service would not be asked or expected in America or England. But this lady (?) gave that servant a tongue-lashing and volley of vituperation for being so slow when she well knew that he had rendered absolutely perfect service. Though well dressed, her manner and uncalled-for abuse impressed me that the appellation "she devil," if applied to her, would be thoroughly complimentary.

Another instance justifying the term "foreign devil:" I had engaged a jmricksa (Shanghai spelling) for a trip of three miles about Shanghai, and on returning paid my man a few cents more than the regular price; however, according to Chinese custom, he asked for ten cents additional, which may or may not be given as one likes. At this moment the hotel clerk, an American, stepped up and asked what the man wanted. I replied that he requested ten cents additional, whereupon the clerk flew at him in a rage, and kicked the Chinaman three times with all his might before the recipient of the uncalled-

for booting had time to decide whether he had been struck by a typhoon or a "foreign devil." No resistance was offered, although we were surrounded in two minutes by a horde of Chinese. My first thought was that the Boxers had us, as no Americans or Englishmen were in sight, and we were in the heart of a city containing four hundred thousand people, wearers of the cue. They doubtless called to mind the fact that the gunboats were close at hand, and that the use of the big knife might bring upon them the wrath of the belching cannon. Therefore in a few minutes the rabble dispersed, while my accelerated heart quieted down to its normal stroke.

The man who insists that the missionaries are at the bottom of the Chinese trouble has either never smelled salt water, or, if he has visited Asia, has been paid to misrepresent the true condition. The intriguing missionaries of commerce, by their lack of ordinary human instinct, have brought merited contempt upon themselves; and the missionaries of the gospel of Jesus Christ, being foreigners also, must share in the unmerited title "foreign devils." I have had several interviews with Rev. W. H. Lingle, who, in 1888, was in charge of the Presbyterian work at Gering, Neb., but is now a missionary at Hankow, about six hundred miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang River in Central China. He is an alumnus of the McCormick Theological Institute, and has spent more than twelve years in China. He states that he has been at work an entire year without seeing a solitary person other than the Chinese. He has been entertained throughout his journeys by the Chinese, who never permit him to pay a cent for his accommodations. They treat him with absolute respect and are glad to have him come, because he treats them as men and not as soulless vagabonds. He asserts that an experience of twelve

years has taught him that the highest class of Chinese are equal to the highest class of Americans, and the lowest class of Chinese are no lower than the lowest Americans. I question his judgment.

I am as much surprised at the greatness of the Chinese as I was at the eccentricities of the Japanese. In conversation with a professor of the Peking University I have learned many characteristics peculiar to this empire. I also learned that many characteristics that are so noticeable among the unlearned appear equally strong among the most highly educated. I believe I am safe in stating that the Chinese do not reason. Ask them why they do so and so, and back comes the reply, "We do this in this way, because this is the way we do." When a person is sick, the neighbors come in, bringing every conceivable kind of instrument adapted to make a noise, and bedlam reigns. The idea is that an evil spirit is troubling the afflicted one, and the best way to rid him of the parasite is to frighten it away by noise. If the person is restored, they give noise the credit for driving the *varmint* away. But if the person dies, as one might expect, the blame is placed upon the noise-makers, who evidently failed to make enough or of a kind which the evil spirit was afraid of.

The funeral is a regular Fourth of July to the neighborhood. Torches and drums are provided; the drums are beaten as the procession moves along the street, where firecrackers make a pyrotechnic display calculated to keep evil spirits from gaining access to the casket. The casket is wrapped in a red blanket for the purpose of deceiving the spirits into believing that it is a joyous occasion, instead of one of mourning. The coolies, usually from ten to twenty, carry the casket on poles, and at the same time make merry to enliven the observers by their antics, and as a further precaution to deceive. One man

accompanies the procession, carrying money on a pole. The funeral yesterday was of a wealthy Chinaman, the procession was long, and the noise was unusually frightful. I shall remember it because it differed from and I had ever heard. A larger quantity of money was carried than is usual. The money was burned at the tomb for the purpose of affording the deceased a sufficient quantity of spending money en route from earth to the spirit land. The Chinese believe that money has spirit, and that it is released when burned, and becomes legal tender for its owner in the world beyond. Ask the Chinese why they do this and they reply, "We do this in this way, because this is the way we do."

A friend of mine, who spoke the Chinese language, in conversation with a Chinese banker who believes in this way of providing the departed with spending money, criticised the system severely, and remarked that the banker ought to receive the money of the people, issue drafts for it, and let them burn the drafts thereby forwarding the cash. He replied that he had not thought of that. It is prophesied that this system will soon be in vogue to the enriching of the bankers.

The Mormons of Utah drop entirely from the calendar when compared with the Chinese in the practice of polygamy. The Emperor of China is allowed two thousand wives, and I am informed that the number never falls below the allowance, and that they are about the imperial palace all the time. The other government officials are limited to a certain number, none being allowed as many as the emperor. The very poor have only one wife, simply because they can not afford to keep two or more.

Those whom I have interviewed on the much-discussed subject of infanticide in China are agreed that the poorest parents are forced by poverty either to see

their children slowly starve to death or to take their lives. Some adopt one plan, while others follow the other.

Lack of public spirit is marked. They allow the roads to become impassable when a little work properly applied would solve the difficulty. In Shantung Province there is a road so deeply cut or worn down that two carts can not pass for miles; consequently, instead of repairs, men are stationed at both ends as guards, and people are allowed to pass one way in the forenoon and the other way in the afternoon, requiring a person to stay over night when on only a short journey; but time is no consideration in the Chinese eyes.

Their language, I am told, has no past or future tenses. Everything occurs in the "eternal now." The Chinese see no objection in the way of saying: "General Wing Wang Wong is killed fourteen hundred years ago."

Ordinarily the Chinaman has no use for a clock or watch. He tells the time by the position of the sun and moon, or when they are not available, the economic dweller in Cathay observes the contraction and dilation of the pupil of a cat's eye, and secures a result accurate enough for his purpose.

Children go to school at daylight, and continue all day. They "study out loud." I never heard such a gabble as that presented yesterday at a native school. Every student was not only speaking as he rehearsed his lesson to himself, but actually yelled, presumably on the ground that the one was studying the most intently who made the most noise. Chinese are said to have no nerves. While that is physiologically untrue, it may be said that they act as if they were nerveless. A foreign teacher's nerves would be wrecked in a day on account of the noise, while in the same room a native teacher grows fat. It is said that a Chinaman can sleep anywhere, and that

an army of ten million men could be secured, every man of which could sleep on a rapidly-moving wheelbarrow, his head hanging down almost to the ground, his mouth open, and a fly crawling about on a tour of inspection within.

Those who are used to seeing the Chinamen of America are surprised to notice how large and strong the average man is here. Many are real giants. In the entire absence of street cars, people are conveyed on jinrikshas or wheelbarrows. I saw one man wheeling five medium-sized women at one time on the regulation wheelbarrow. Some people never patronize the jinrikshas, but always ride on the wheelbarrow as transportation is cheaper. Taking the bridal tour on that kind of a vehicle is common. Drays are scarce, as they can not compete with man power. The goods bought, sold, and shipped by large importers and exporters here, many shiploads per week, are transferred by men with carts or wheelbarrows. Such heavy work has developed men of great muscle. The lack of improved machinery throughout the vast empire requires that all work be done in the hardest way possible; hence I am convinced that the Chinese have the balance to their credit among the nations as strong physically.

From this vast multitude of over four hundred million people, about one-fourth of the world's population, an army of at least 25,000,000 athletes could be organized. Such an aggregation if properly drilled and armed, would be absolutely irresistible. The Chinese have no fear of death whatever and can endure hardships of fatigue and hunger to an extent unapproached by foreigners. All they lack is organization and unification. With these essentials to successful enterprise in their possession, the Chinese would become the most powerful of the world powers and a menace to civilization. As she is, she is

helpless. When Japan whipped the Chinese forces, only two of the Chinese provinces were engaged, while all Japan was represented. The other sixteen provinces, or either half of them, could have shouldered the entire population of Japan, and have ducked it in the sea.

There is a babel of tongues in China throughout the eighteen provinces, those of one, in most instances, not understanding the language of the other provinces. This, with their characteristic lack of organization, makes the Chinese a prey to the nations of the West. Whether these shortcomings be a part of the Divine plan in order to permit Christianity to capture the empire before it gathers itself and learns its latent power and plunges into war with the surrounding nations, I do not venture to guess, but one thing I know is, that if I had a thousand lives to live, I could do worse than to give each of them, if need be, to the emancipation of the "Flowery Kingdom" from the bonds of ignorance and superstition which fetter it and prevent progress.

China has to her charge faults multitudinous, but John viii, 7, reads, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Chinese bandage their feet until the feet of a grown person have been known to measure only two inches in length. Speak to them about it, and they reply that American women go as far by lacing their bodies into hour glasses.

The Chinese have no stoves for heating. Their houses are not ventilated; their streets start in no particular direction and go nowhere. If it grows cold, they make a fire under the bed, roast awhile, then cool off quickly. They break every recognized law of hygiene. Two remarkable cases of endurance are recorded. An employee in Peking was taken with typhus fever. On the thirteenth day he grew wild, sundered the cords which bound him

in his bed, escaped naked, eluded his pursuers by leaping a high wall and hiding in a moat inside the great wall, where he was found two hours later, having cooled his fevered body. He was returned to his home and recovered completely. Another young man at Tientsin made a living by collecting spent shells where the troops engage in artillery practice. On trying to break open an unexploded shell, it blew to a jelly part of his left leg. He was carefully cared for until his limb healed, having been amputated below the knee. He then returned to the same business, and in the same way had an arm blown off, and was cut in a score of places about the body and the head, many a bone being exposed. For hours he lay bleeding in a helpless condition, exposed to the sun. Some coolies came along and threw him into a ditch to die. He managed to crawl out, and dragged himself to a granary, and, finding a basket, curled up in it. The owner of the premises cast him out to die in order to get rid of him, but he was found by those who had learned of the "World's Christmas Gift," taken in, and cared for until well again. Hospitals are unknown in heathen lands until introduced by the Christians.

In one city of five hundred thousand there is not a policeman. Every man is responsible for the conduct of all who are in front of his store or dwelling, and must interfere as arbitrator whenever any difficulty arises before his domicile. Suppose I am assaulted in front of Lou Fong's shop. I call upon him for help. If he refuses, I take his name and number, report him to the city authorities who hold him responsible for my treatment. Hence order is preserved by requiring every man to "sweep before his own door."

The currency of China is in a chaotic state. One dollar in Chinese cash brass coins weighs no less than

eighteen pounds of avoirdupois, and changes in value almost as often as the tides rise and fall. Every dollar (American) is worth \$2.42 to \$2.50 in silver here, Mexican currency being in general use in connection with the Chinese. Silver money fluctuates so that a new price is placed on all goods at each change in the value of money. Clerks are kept busy learning new prices. One person remarked to me that he seldom paid the same price twice in succession for the same article at a grocery. This state of affairs makes business men fearful of severe losses.

The Chinaman is economical or nothing. He is so because of compulsion. He is not fond of butchering cats, dogs, and animals that die of disease, but years of poverty forces just such a procedure. This is done by the lowest class only. Turning to America, the same class, native born Americans, are found who make it their business to buy diseased beef and sell to those who know what they are buying. Crossing the Pacific, a fellow passenger, an Englishman, serving on the Australia police force, admitted that the English in Australia eat snakes. He remarked in the presence of an educated Chinaman that he himself had eaten boa-constrictor, and that boa-constrictor cutlets were real appetizing. I do not care to pose as the champion of this deceptive, unprincipled, non-Christian race, but I insist on placing any dog-eater in a higher category than any snake-eater. I believe in "giving the devil his due."

Hence it is seen that the educated Chinese find a parallel case in America or England for nearly every stricture placed upon them. Many parallels may be found, but I am convinced that the words China and America ought not to be pronounced in the same breath without apology. The one, a despotism gangrened by thousands of years

of bigotry and superstition; the other, newly born, nurtured under the splendid influence of constitution framers who could not undertake their work without first invoking the blessing of Almighty God; a nation that annually sets apart a day for special prayer and thanksgiving; the freest, greatest, grandest nation beneath the circle of the sun.

VI.

CHINA—THE INTERNATIONAL PUZZLE.

THE BABY TOWER—BURYING ALIVE—SYMPATHY A SCARCE
COMMODITY—HONG-KONG, THE WORLD'S THIRD PORT—
THE TERRACED CITY BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

CHINA is a puzzle to me. The more I see of China and things Chinese, the more complex the tangle becomes. My trip to Central China convinced me that this vast empire is simply trampling upon herself by her own ignorance and superstition. Where Christian educators gain a footing, barbarism is slain and right thought paves the way to right acting. A few gospel teachers can not transform teeming millions in a decade, but the families that become Christian cast aside the old for the newer and better.

Old China maintains what is called the Baby Tower. New China, or Christian China, is as much opposed to the Baby Tower as America. The Baby Tower is a sort of a "Black Hole of Calcutta," a part of which extends above ground with an opening into which children are thrown to die when, for any reason, they are no longer wanted in the home. Into this catch-all the lifeless bodies of the very poor of all ages and sexes are thrown, when, through the direst poverty, a decent burial is impossible. The decent burial in Chinese eyes is the expensive service where an abundance of firecrackers, paid mourners, the burning of money, and much feasting is on the program.

Not to comply with the stereotyped form is considered disgraceful, an indication of unfilial piety, and all this is avoided by having no service whatever, the corpse being hurled into the tower at night when no one observes.

The belief prevails throughout the empire, I am told, that any wrong or crime must be detected before it is considered a sin. Therefore every act of the vilest life is virtuous if unknown to any other person. If a dozen witnesses of unimpeachable character testify in court that they saw any person commit a crime, the person is pronounced innocent by the court until the person confesses. However, a greater amount of severe punishment is often administered to compel the person to confess than is afterward given as a penalty for the crime after confession. Every evening at five o'clock, people desiring to see what is called bambooning prisoners to secure confession, or as a penalty for confessed crime or wrong, assemble at the prison or court of punishment, and gaze at the barbarous treatment as it is administered. It is in vogue at Shanghai and at Foochow, and I have reason to believe that it is general. The female prisoners are lashed in the palms of their hands with sharp, razor-like bamboo whips until the blood flows in rivulets. The men are stripped until almost naked, and the bamboo switches are applied to their naked legs until the parts struck are a pulp. It requires no imagination on your part to fully comprehend the bloody spectacle. When three hundred lashes are prescribed, three men execute the sentence, each administering one hundred lashes and with a rapidity developed by much practice. While the sharp bamboo is doing its work, the writhing, shackled victim emits a sort of a sing-song yell, indicative of great pain. If the person stands the ordeal well, salt is rubbed into the bleeding wounds so that his misery is multiplied. At

Foochow, a city of probably half a million, midway between Shanghai and Hong-Kong, the Rev. W. H. Lacy says the bambooing is the common practice, and that the Baby Tower is in general use among the non-Christian population. In Foochow, the missionaries passing by this blood-freezing tower, have heard the cries of children, but were unable to rescue them from their living tomb. Interference would mean death. The stench arising from this example of national night is nauseating, and to think of innocent children being thrust into that receptacle of filth, vermin, and death is almost sufficient to arouse one to call for the world's knights who are willing to go forth and die, if need be, for the emancipation of China.

Much valuable work is being done and flattering results are observable. Many individuals and young people's societies are maintaining schools, especially in the Foochow district, and the work is spreading throughout the empire. The Bible in the hands of Christian teachers has penetrated for two thousand miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang, leaving transformation along its pathway. The large American Churches have publishing-houses, with commodious quarters at Shanghai and other strategic points, and he who offers one word of criticism on missions, needs to come to China and behold with his own eyes the mightiest transformation now in progress in the world's history. But if he comes here, lives in a hotel, as many do, sees nothing more than the bambooing, frantic funerals, and Baby Towers, he will say missions are a failure, and that we had better call home our representatives. On the other hand, let him make a fair investigation, and he will say that the English language is impotent to picture the worth of the work already accomplished. In Foochow a converted Chinese gave the Missionary Society the first \$10,000 to build and equip

a theological school for the training of workers to go out and rescue his fellow Chinese from heathenism.

A college chum of mine, Harry Caldwell, now a missionary and stationed near Foochow, was recently attacked by a tiger, but made a narrow escape. The Chinese are deathly afraid of the tigers, wild cats, wild dogs, leopards, and wolves that are so common here. Four tigers attacked four men in a field the other day, and only one man escaped; but the loss of one or two persons in a family is scarcely noticed, so numerous is the progeny about every fireside. My friend travels a district, and, being a good marksman, killed a wild hog that was doing much damage in a certain locality, and thereby won the lasting gratitude of the entire community, which regards him as a deliverer, not only from religious bondage, but also from the pest of the plains.

The Chinese are mound-builders to this day. The very wealthy, who are scarce, have tombs for the reception of the dead; but the multiplied millions, who are in condition to escape the Baby Tower, are encased in heavy wood caskets, placed upon the level ground, and covered with dirt, some of the mounds rising many feet in height. The expression of "many feet" is not very definite, and resembles the statement of the American who described an article in question as being about as long as a piece of rope. However, the height of the mounds varies so much that one can not risk making any certain height the standard. Some of the older ones are almost level, on account of many beating rains and the consequence of time's ravages, while others are more than twenty feet in height. The encroachments of the Yang-tse-Kiang have worn away many a mound, leaving the caskets protruding in some instances, while in others the caskets

have floated away. If all China is similar to what I have seen, I would pronounce it one vast graveyard. Looking in any or every direction, the fields present the appearance of a vast hayfield with haystacks studding every part. Transform these hay-shocks or stacks into graves, and your imagination will present to you a vivid picture of a Chinese plantation, provided, however, that you get them close enough to each other. In places they are too close to permit a self-binder to pass through. As the Chinese do not use horses, farming among the graves is easily performed, and every available square foot of ground is utilized. If this burial custom has been practiced for two or three thousand years, one does not need to wonder why so much ground is now covered with mausoleums. I am informed that some of the older fields, having become covered with mounds, and therefore, worthless for farming, have been purchased by persons having no relatives buried therein, and by them have been reduced to a level for agricultural purposes.

Wretchedness in living is caused by wretched thinking. Here the only help, in many instances, that is offered to a sick person besides the usual noise is a piece of flesh cut from the limb of a child. This piece is cut, causing the child much pain; it is fried and eaten, expecting it to cure. Girls, who commit suicide because of ill treatment, or because they are taught that it is a lasting disgrace to be born girls, are many in number. Girls are frequently punished by being stripped, beaten, and hung up by the feet to the ceiling. Girls and women are driven like cattle from place to place and sold. If they refuse to walk, wheelbarrows or carts are provided for their transportation. During one month the merchants reported that they could not secure carts to transfer their merchandise, as they were all engaged in the lighter and

more lucrative business of carrying women and girls for sale.

An Englishman employed at Shanghai asserts that many grown people who die are neither buried nor thrown into the Baby Tower, but are fed to the dogs. Some crush the body of the deceased to an indistinguishable mass in order to prevent the devil which inhabits it from returning to vex the family. Some drag heavy chains through the street, expecting the pest devil or cholera devil to get into the chain and be crushed. If a person is taken sick with what they consider a contagious disease, he is put into a room, the doors are barred, and the person is poked with a long pole now and then, to learn whether he is dead.

The lack of sympathy is general. A foreign ship while on fire was run ashore where the Yang-tse-Kiang empties into the sea. Instead of assisting the survivors to escape, the Chinese robbed the passengers, who swam ashore, took their clothes, and several were murdered. A Chinese hotel-keeper refused to admit some very cold persons because he thought they might die on his hands. They remained out in the cold and died. Formerly a favorite mode of punishment was to bury the person alive. The Shanghai paper gave an account of a person being given two thousand strokes with the bamboo, and then having his ankles broken with a hammer. One man says he saw prisoners being taken to jail with their hands nailed to a cart because the constable failed to bring his handcuffs. The Chinese, like the Japanese, laugh, when crying is more appropriate if there is to be any demonstration of sentiment. Two men laughed to see dogs eating a corpse on the roadside. It is reported of a Chinese that he laughed to see his most constant companion dying. That is no more of a shock, coming from a Chi-

nese, than the excuse of a French lady, who requested her maid to return the card of a lady caller waiting at the door, and to inform her that she was extremely sorry that the visit must be postponed as she was then "engaged in dying."

Judging from appearances, the Chinese take pains to misunderstand and misdirect. I came to the conclusion that one would be as safe in doing the opposite from what a Chinese says as to follow his instructions. Their indefinite manner of expressing their thoughts has been likened unto that of the witness in an English court who described a fight as follows: "He 'd a stick, and he 'd a stick, and he w'acked he, and he w'acked he, and if he 'd a w'acked he as hard as he w'acked he, he 'd a killed he and not he he."

However, the Chinese are no more faulty in the use of English than the Japanese. The purser of the steamboat from the north into Hong-Kong, desiring to be quite friendly, asked me several questions concerning my visit in Japan. Among others, he asked, "Did you meet Rev. G. F. Draper, of Yokohama?" I answered that I had dined twice under his hospitable roof, to which he responded, "When I was married, he performed the ceremony; my wife is a *graduate* of his Church." But we should be lenient with others, as we are frequently guilty of butchering our own language ourselves. I have no time in my writing to discriminate in the use of words or to systematize my subject matter, being always pressed for time, and frequently, while riding a heavy sea or surrounded by strange sights and hearing ominous sounds in strange lands, I am almost in a semi-quandary as to whether I am "afoot or a-horseback."

An English paper, the *North China Daily Times*, printed at Shanghai, in its issue of last Monday, gave an

account of a ship that just drifted ashore on the coast of Formosa. It proved to be the new schooner *Otelia Pederson*, bound from America to Hong-Kong, laden with timber, which left Puget Sound in advance of the *Empress of Japan*. That ill-fated ocean vessel contended valiantly in an unequal contest with the storm, but surrendered to the inevitable when all hope of riding that awful storm was abandoned. The rope that might have been taken for a sea-serpent which I saw on the sea—mention of which was duly made in my sea article—was doubtless a part of the foundered ship's equipment. The presence of the floating rope is circumstantial evidence that we were on the track of some craft with blasted hopes. When moments of quiet are mine, that horrid, seething, hissing, moaning, blood-curdling storm in midocean reproduces itself on the scroll of memory, causing me to wonder whether the maddened waters were ever known to pile up to such wicked heights before.

Approaching Hong-Kong, vessels appeared as if rising out of the sea, their prows turned towards a common opening among the headlands. Black cannon looked down upon us from many a craggy hilltop, indicating a fortified stronghold. A pilot came aboard the ship as we were threading the narrows, and guided us safely to anchorage among the multitudinous ships, crafts, from nearly every port on the globe. Cruisers, gunboats, and battleships of eight nations were present, and in numbers surpassing any naval pageantry of which I have any knowledge. In Asiatic waters there are to-day one hundred and thirty-five floating man-killers, forty-five belonging to Great Britain, twenty-three to Russia, twenty-one to France, sixteen to the United States, thirteen to Germany, four to Italy, two to Portugal, and one to Austria. Our battleship *Kentucky* made a splendid appearance as

she rested in the water alongside the British battleship *Glory*, although the Stars and Stripes were floating over a mass of mechanism two thousand tons the inferior. Near this quiet pair lay the United States gunboat *Yorktown* and the British battleship *Ocean*, the former registering only seventeen hundred and ten tons, while the latter tipped the beam at twelve thousand nine hundred and fifty tons. I shall not make further individual mention, but pass this powerful fleet by, hoping that these vicious-looking guns observable on every ship will never thunder at each other, but remain giant guardians of now peaceful nations.

I dined twice with the captain and chaplain of the British squadron. In comparing the American and British navies, the captain remarked: "Your ships and equipments are better than ours. Your machinery for handling the big guns, electric, hydraulic, and ventilating apparatus surpasses ours, but our gunners are better marksmen, as we have a longer term of enlistments, while your men are just in gunning trim when they are let go. You do not let your men have enough target practice." This frank admission of the conditional superiority of the American navy was indeed a surprise to me, coming as it did from such a source. Those not thoroughly acquainted with America and her almost exhaustless resources are surprised at the rapidity manifested by the United States in leaping to the zenith among the nations as a world power. The badge of American citizenship is a possession for which no apology is needed. It commands universal respect, and pitiable is the plight of the few who act and talk as if they were ashamed of their brand. The few who are everlastingly apologizing for their fatherhood ought to migrate to China, where they can wallow in the embrace of an oblivious past, or go to

Japan. But Japan would not welcome them, as she has no standing-room within her domain for even the most gifted sons of earth if they are permeated with traitorous guilt.

Hong-Kong is an island eleven miles in length and from two to four miles in width. The name for the city is Victoria, but it is almost universally called Hong-Kong. Tickets bear the name of Hong-Kong instead of Victoria, and I think it would be the part of wisdom to drop the word Victoria entirely. The city contains 205,000 Chinese, 4,269 Europeans and Americans, 7,263 Portuguese, 2,872 Indians, Eurasians, and other races, such as Jews, Turks, Mohammedans, Javanese, Japanese, Cingalese, and Malays, making nearly 220,000 in all. Splendidly lighted with electricity and gas, Hong-Kong presents a picturesque sight at night. Standing at the wharf, one may view the city at a glance, sweeping in his range of vision miles of terraces reaching from the bund, water front, to the peak, where the Peak Hotel proudly sits, monarch of all it surveys. Executing an "about face," the beholder observes a floating city blazing with electric splendor, every steamship, men-of-war, and all, apparently striving to outdo its neighbors in the brilliancy of its illuminations.

The acreage of the bay where the vessels are anchored and the number of ships in port being so great, division into wards has been necessary in order to locate the vessels. A directory of the vessels is kept by the harbor-master, indicating their presence and position, making it possible to find any particular ship when freight is consigned or passage taken to any other port. I am told that Hong-Kong is the world's third port in importance. Here the American fleet was anchored when Admiral Dewey received the cablegram directing him to

proceed at once to Manila, engage, and sink the Spanish fleet. The American people will remember Hong-Kong for the hospitable treatment accorded our fleet in offering her harbor as a coaling station at a time when such cordiality meant success to the American navy. Deprived of a coaling station, our splendid equipment would have been powerless, and the Spanish submarine fleet would have had longer respite from Dewey's belching batteries. At six o'clock every morning reverberating peals fill every street, valley, and hillside with the thundering clamor of cannon on the men-of-war and land fortifications, saying to John Chinaman in well-accented words, "Be-good, or we'll-get-you," "Be-good, or we'll-get-you."

The crude idea of the Chinese causes them to paint "eyes" on the bow of ships. Even the little sampans and junks are not complete without the "eyes," as the residents of the Flowery Kingdom say, "If no have eyes, how can see go?" The men-of-war used by the Chinese in their war with Japan were of English and French manufacture, and consequently without "eyes." It was an oversight that the necessary "eyes" were not painted on the vessels when purchased, say the Chinese, and they still credit the defeat of their navy to the fact that their vessels were unable to see, and thereby unable to dodge the enemy's shells and torpedoes.

After a wreck on the Tientsin-Peking Railroad, the official made report thereof to the government, stating that the disaster was caused by the absence of "eyes," which ought to be painted on the engine.

The Chinese as well as the Japanese pronounce R as L, a shortcoming which often places them in ludicrous positions. Bishop Moore tells the story of a table waiter who undertook to ask a Mrs. Rouse if she would have

some rice. Data as to the outcome of the incident must remain unrecorded.

Several Chinese, who had learned enough English to associate the name of Jesus Christ with the Christian religion, were observing a detachment of American soldiers who were at the task of butchering a beef. Every time any soldier would bring his large cleaver down with all his strength upon any part of the beef he would invariably shout the name of the world's Christmas Gift. Whereupon the Chinese remarked that America was blessed with soldiers who are very religious, not knowing that the men were swearing. To the credit of the Chinese it is said that their language is so constructed that it will not admit of swearing.

VII.

THE PHILIPPINES.

MANILA AND ITS TRANSFORMATION—LAZINESS AS A FIL-
IPINO ART—ONE-HUNDRED-MILE TRIP TO THE INTERIOR
OF LUZON—THE LADRONES—VISIT WITH AGUINALDO.

I HAVE learned that it is impossible for a person to write exhaustively concerning a people without associating with that people for a considerable length of time. However, some things are plainer than the nose on a man's face, and with these I will pitch my tent. I am uninstructed as to what to write on the Philippine question, and therefore have no ax to grind, not being a politician. An episode connected with my appearance in Manila teaches me that the American people have been deceived by certain newspaper correspondents, who have sold out the truth for gold. Before my arrival it was known that I represented an American newspaper, and on the strength of such knowledge I was offered a snug consideration, amounting to about \$100 in gold, if I would agree to color my articles with questionable utterances according to certain specifications. On account of my offer, I fly to the conclusion that others less conscientious, being less able to resist a strong temptation, have bartered the truth for a price and have dealt out error to a truth-seeking people. My would-be briber indulged in a tirade against the United States that ranked him in my estimation as one who would drive a dagger to the very heart of his

Fatherland. He insisted that those on the other side from him would endeavor to buy me and get me to write flatteringly of them and their cause, declaring that every newspaper here was bought up and controlled by Administration men; that any one who endeavored to present the facts as they stand was throttled and driven out of business; that the one who exposed or endeavored to expose the government officials was branded as a seditious person and worthy of deportation. Uninfluenced by either side, I have examined the situation as thoroughly as time permits, and have gleaned the following, which I present as worthy of consideration.

I am informed that men have published articles which enthused the insurrectos. Said articles being declared libelous by a proper court, the authors have suffered punishment, one side claiming that the penalties were just, the other that injustice prevailed. One side claimed almost absolute liberty of speech, the other proceeded on the ground that anything that aided an enemy or caused the enemy to discount the honesty of the government ought to be suppressed. I interviewed the manager of an English firm, who asserts that the customs, taxes, and duties are much more severe under American rule than was ever experienced under Spanish domination. Those who favor the present system answer the English criticism by urging that the English pout because they do not own the archipelago, and always comment unfavorably upon the American occupation, management, and rule of the islands. They say that the Americans, not being in the colonial business, do not understand the management of far-off possessions. Business men of other nations argue that, all things being considered, the present conditions are far superior to the best that obtained under the Spanish flag, and that the English and Spanish are too

slow to compete with the pushing Americans. All classes are a unit in agreeing that great credit is due the Americans for transforming Manila into a clean city, maintaining order by employing American police, and clearing the islands of many bands of outlaws that have been a menace to progress for hundreds of years. The Manila police are Americans, three-fourths of whom, it is said, are college men or graduates of high schools.

The progressive, enterprising Filipino is thankful for American occupation, because he can now till the soil knowing that his crops can be gathered in safety, whereas he has heretofore been in constant uneasiness lest the ladrones (outlaws) should sweep down upon him and relieve him of all the fruits of his labor. The lazy, pilfering, good-for-nothing class is sadly disappointed with American rule, because they can no longer live by helping themselves to the contents of their neighbors' granaries. The commission recently passed a vagrancy act, requiring every man to show some visible means of support, or work or go to jail. The first person convicted under the vagrancy act was an American. Such a sweeping proposition is beyond the comprehension of the average Filipino, who has accustomed himself to a happy-go-lucky way of meeting the rising sun. He is shocked to have his personal liberty taken away, and longs for the good old times when the Spanish joined them in a life of idleness. Under Spanish rule the wages paid a Filipino was twenty cents (Mex.), while to-day he is paid one dollar and fifty cents per day (Mex.).

The better class, so far as I have learned, are perfectly delighted with the American policy, while the lower class, who give the army so much trouble, are bitterly opposed to the new-fangled notions of our energetic nation of the Occident. Some very conservative Americans

in Manila wonder that there is not more opposition to these advanced ideas, for the Filipino has lived in a tropical sun through the centuries. Bananas, oranges, and all kinds of fruit grow in abundance about his door; the fish fill his nets till they break; the climate being warm, he needs few clothes; hence, why should he work? With so much providence on his side it is a wonder that he does as much as is to his credit.

I have just returned from a hundred-mile tour into the interior, and I am absolutely amazed at what has been accomplished by the boys who marched under the Stars and Stripes. No historian will ever be able to chronicle the hardships endured patiently by the American soldiers. Under a burning sun they marched, wading or swimming swollen rivers, sleeping upon damp ground or in dashing rain that descended in raging torrents, facing poisoned bullets by day and risking treacherous bolos by night—on they went, until the last band of the most treacherous, unprincipled guerrillas that ever faced a brave man was either captured or driven into the fastnesses of the mountain forests. In a land where the acclimated natives grow lazy and the Americans find work unappetizing, the boys in blue were forced to labor in the face of difficulties towering mountains high.

I have visited Southern battlefields in company with officers who there won their laurels, and I would not detract an iota, if I could, from the luster of the deeds the rank and file inscribed upon history's crimson page, nor minimize the excellency of their service, but I would insist that the archives of American history will be incomplete that fail to glisten with entablatures portraying the self-sacrificing heroism of the brave boys who, answering their country's call, marched in the face of death

through the Philippines. That war has cost much blood and treasure, but that does not alter the fact that almost infinitely more has been accomplished by the American soldier than the people at home have placed to their credit. I am not philosophizing over the problem of the right or the wrong of the American flag being planted in the Archipelago, but am endeavoring to portray facts as they appear to an impartial writer. Right or wrong, the past is a fact, and must be dealt with as such. But what to do with the islands is the problem of the twentieth century. The greatest wisdom must be exercised by Congress and the Taft Commission in order to steer the Ship of State safely through the quieting of the present storm into the harbor of the future without running aground.

About forty miles out from Manila an American soldier told that a Tennessee sharpshooter was sent from an outpost to headquarters with fifteen prisoners. He arrived at headquarters alone and reported that he was sent to report with fifteen prisoners of war. On being asked where his men were, he replied that they all tried to get away and were then strung along the road dead as sardines. The sight of fifteen dead Filipinos along the roadside is not conducive to the creation of love for the soldier, and I have no doubt that it would be wrong to all concerned to appoint soldiers to certain positions. Several times I inquired whether I was safe, and was invariably informed that I was if I had not been a soldier, or if I had been I must not let it be known.

At Calumpit, a city of fourteen thousand Filipinos, I went everywhere, being accompanied by only three Americans and one native, the Rev. Nicholas Zamora, who is regarded as the Demosthenes or Patrick Henry of the Archipelago. As a preacher he is a cyclone. He is pastor of the largest church in Manila, and is in the employ

of the missionary society, his half-tone having recently appeared in American papers.

The report having reached Manila that a native preacher and leading members of his flock were in jail at Calumpit, forty-six miles out, we decided to investigate the matter in order to see that justice might be administered if the persons were guilty of some offense, and their freedom secured if guiltless. On our arrival we learned that a Spaniard, having observed that the religion apparently imported from America was gaining ground by leaps and bounds, and thinking that something ought to be done at once to check its progress, laid in wait for an excuse to strike it a blow. Accordingly he attended a meeting, and noticing that a collection was taken, then went out and took oath that a meeting was being held and money was being raised to assist the insurgents, and that the meeting was held to defy the United States Government. Nine of the leading ones were summoned to appear before a Spanish justice of the peace, who, it seems, with the other Spaniards in the islands, would be glad to have them raise money for the ladrones. The presidente, a Spaniard, committed them to jail. They had been in jail four days when we reached them, and they received us as gladly behind the bars as if we were angels of mercy. Passing into the jail, I noticed a Filipino guard lying within the door, his rifle by his side and a well-filled belt of cartridges about his waist. I shall not forget the hearty handshake and the smiles of gratitude that were in evidence as we four filed into the hall of prosecution.

It is said the Filipino is absolutely devoid of the sense of gratitude. I want to set my testimony against the utter falsity of that accusation. If I ever saw an evidence of gratitude anywhere, it was manifested within that

Calumpit jail. I have traveled almost ten thousand miles on this journey and would willingly double the distance, if need be, through sunshine and storm, surrounded by dangers, for an experience that would do me an equal amount of good. Heroism for gospel truth and fidelity to God are not dead. When America presents to the Filipino the gospel instead of the bullet, evidences of gratitude will be abundant, and no two-by-four scantling newspaper correspondent will then need to apologize for the Filipino's lack of gratitude for what Uncle Sam has done for the Archipelago.

Questioning these prisoners as to how they were treated, they replied through our interpreter: "We are not permitted to hold any kind of service. Can not sing a song. Our food comes from the door of heaven; our friends who are Christians bring us our meals from their homes." The rear of the jail was left open so they could escape, as the Spanish authorities say they had no case, and evidently desired to have them break jail, as they might term it, and then bring a genuine case against them. But the Christians were not to be fooled in that manner. The guard went to sleep as another inducement, but that ruse failed. The Spanish presidente saw that our presence meant business, and, knowing that there were no grounds for a case whatever, tried to clear himself by turning it over to the Court of First Instance, presided over by an American judge, who was only too anxious to free the persecuted ones. But this does not end of the matter. The American officials say that the Spanish trickery will cost that official his place and stand as a warning to other Spaniards who occupy similar positions. A religious controversy is on now, but I shall not entangle myself with it, although it was thoroughly explained to me by Governor Taft during my first interview

with him at the palace. If Governor Taft were as popular in America as he appears to be in Manila, he would get almost anything he might be pleased to ask for.

I am, indeed, sorry that the Philippine question has political signification in the States; but since no political party is a unit in its attitude toward the solution of this tremendous elephant, I set forth the facts as I find them, without a grain of coloring to correspond with any preconceived ideas, being willing to let the truth apply itself as it may.

At Nagasaki I conversed with several soldiers aboard the transport *Thomas*, on their way from Manila to San Francisco. Every soldier with whom I talked said: "Better not go to Manila. The constabulary are all going over to the insurgents with their rifles and ammunition. The authorities at Manila, fearing an uprising at any moment, are throwing up barricades and digging intrenchments about Manila in order to protect the city." From Shanghai to Hong-Kong, Lieutenant Wigmore, serving on the staff of General Davis, and I occupied the same cabin. On relating the statements of the soldiers to him, he requested that I say nothing about it to Mrs. Davis and daughters, who were also on the same steamship with us, as it would cause them considerable uneasiness, General Davis having his headquarters in Manila at the time.

Such conditions were not attractive to one contemplating a visit to the Philippine metropolis, but sufficient courage was mustered on my arrival at Hong-Kong to causé me to buy a round-trip ticket. Having a fast vessel, a voyage of a day and a half brought us in sight of Luzon's northwestern point, a half-day's sail from Manila. With a good glass we could see smoke rising as if a great battle might be in progress; but, as we neared the shore

an hour later, it was evident that the natives were busy burning trash preparatory to planting rice. At one o'clock P. M. we passed Corregidor Island, and in less than two hours Cavite and Manila were reached. United States men-of-war and craft from the world's ports were everywhere, but no sound of musketry or the whoop of warriors bold was heard. We landed, passed the usual custom-house examination, and arrived at our hotel without being killed or even boloed. Colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, and business men galore were all about me, and I soon learned that the soldiers' story was a fake; that the nearest point to Manila, at which any fortifying was ever done by the Americans, was seven miles out, and that was in 1899; that there were no insurgents anywhere in the islands now under arms excepting ladrones (outlaws), who are in hiding in the southernmost islands (several, however, I learn, are to be found even in the suburbs of Manila); that some of the provinces had elected American governors by direct vote of the people; and that such a state of peace had been attained that the prisoners of war were turned loose by proclamation last July; that multitudes of prisoners swelled the ladrone ranks and added fuel to the flames.

I was informed that Aguinaldo has no following whatever, it being doubtful whether he could be elected to the smallest office by his own people, because he was untrue to them in many ways. In the first place, the Filipinos claim that Aguinaldo was in the campaign for what he could get out of it. When he co-operated with the American forces against the Spanish, he ordered his men to loot the city when Manila was taken. They began, but were stopped by the American officers, saying that looting would not be tolerated, whereupon Aguinaldo ordered his men to fire upon the American soldiers. War was

on. Aguinaldo kept his agents out collecting money from the Filipinos with which to carry on the war. Instead of paying the soldiers with the cash collected, Aguinaldo kept it, sending it to Hong-Kong as fast as large amounts were accumulated, his soldiers remaining unpaid. He has the money now on deposit in Hong-Kong, and expects to open a bank of his own, being wealthy and living in luxury.

The discovery of the Philippines in 1521 is credited to Magellan. The group embraces about five hundred islands, having an area of one hundred and forty thousand square miles, and a population of seven million. The eight larger islands, named in order according to area and beginning with the largest, are: Luzon, Mindanao, Samar, Mindoro, Panay, Leyte, Negros, and Cebu. Manila, the largest city, and located on Luzon, has a population estimated at three hundred and fifty thousand. The chief products of the islands are hemp, tobacco, sugar, coffee, indigo, cotton, corn, bananas, oranges, pineapples, cocoanuts, and mangoes. It is approximated that less than one-tenth of the soil is cultivated, and that a sufficient number of cocoanuts are not gathered each year to enrich a small kingdom. The total exports last year of all commodities were \$20,761,268, or about \$51,900,000 (Mex.). There are vast forests of ebony, camphor, and teak, while gold, copper, petroleum, coal, and sulphur are in evidence. The public buildings erected by the Spanish which fell into the hands of the United States under the twenty-million purchase clause of the treaty of Paris, are alone worth millions. The presence of Filipino millionaires living in palatial dwellings, erected at enormous expense in the city of Manila, is indeed a surprise to me, as my imagination had pictured

the metropolis of the Philippines as an aggregation of shacks.

Manila is to have electric cars to supplant those now plying her streets, which are drawn by ponies. Each car bears the inscription on either side, "Tranvias de Filipinas." I have never visited a city in which transportation facilities were in greater demand, nor have I ever seen Chicago or New York more crowded with vehicles or pedestrians.

One could scarcely imagine a more delightful drive than that afforded by the Lunetta, Manila's popular resort. Here may be seen numerous costly rubber-tired carriages, drawn by prancing steeds imported from Australia. Society as seen here can easily give the bon-tons of America lessons in expensive equipments. Governor Taft gave a reception at the Malacanan Palace Thursday evening, where Spaniards, Filipinos, and Americans mingled as joyfully as if no cruel bullets had ever measured the distance between the lines of rival armies. My friend assured me that he had seen a Filipino lady at a similar function wearing diamonds worth at least one hundred thousand dollars. The musical program at this reception was rendered by Filipino ladies, who are noted for their musical skill. It is said that a Filipino takes to music as a duck takes to water. The table containing generous refreshments measured ten feet in diameter, being made in one piece from a section of a tree brought from Mindoro. The mammoth trees in the Philippines surprised me.

Great strides are being made commercially, which the Filipinos see, and credit to American occupation. Under Spanish rule an Englishman rented a property, taking a lease at \$50 per month for a term of thirty years. He now rents it for \$500 per month, and I met a man

who will give \$700 per month for it. Before the Americans came a man offered a piece of property for \$147. No one wanted it at that figure. He sold it recently for \$6,000. It is a common saying that things leap to mountain heights when Uncle Sam stamps them with his brand. The natives seem to be delighted to be married by American clergymen, a conclusion proven by the fact that my clergyman friend has officiated at thirteen hundred marriages in eighteen months, a record unapproached in America.

A purchasing agent for the insular government informs me that Manila offers splendid inducements for a hardware firm, there being but one place in the city where one can purchase a full stock of carpenter and machinist tools, and that place is owned and operated by a Chinaman, who has cleared over \$200,000 the past two years in a room not over forty feet square. The proprietor of the Oriente Hotel, the best in the city, has cleared \$70,000 the past two years. All hotels are usually crowded. It is a wonder that some manufacturer of rope does not set up a factory here. At present hemp is shipped to Hong-Kong, made into rope, and shipped back, the dealer paying a heavy duty. Saloon-keepers complain that their business is very dull, as so many soldiers have been returned to the States, and the natives, as a rule, do not patronize them. A man who has lived here two and a half years asserts that he has seen only two intoxicated natives. A cocoanut soap factory would be a paying proposition here. At present the soap makers of Germany are heavy purchasers of that particular product.

From the department of public land I learn that there are fifty million acres of government land in the Philippines. That part which is covered with mammoth trees is worth hundreds of dollars per acre. To nearly

every official I have put the following question, "Did the American government pay too much when it gave \$20,000,000 in settling with Spain?" In every case the answer has come that the sum paid represents only the smallest fraction of the value of the possessions, causing one to call in question the ethics of getting so much by paying so little. But the question takes on a different dress when the cost of holding the islands is considered in treasure and blood. On the other hand, many of the Filipinos look upon the Americans as deliverers, as the Americans first delivered them from the iron hand of the Spaniards, and secondly from the ladrones, who have been a menace to progress for three hundred years. The ladrones are Filipinos, but are to the honest Filipinos what the James boys were to honest Americans. There are doubtless hundreds of ladrones, and possibly thousands, now in Manila and vicinity, not so much in opposition to the American flag, but engaged in disposing of the loot being brought into the city by their confederates throughout the islands. I was very particular in questioning Governor Taft regarding the ladrones, and will here outline, not quoting verbatim, such of his remarks as may appeal to me to be of general interest.

The ladrones are a band of outlaws, who have flourished for three hundred years, were regarded by the Filipinos as a necessary evil to be endured. Around some of their leaders stories of the Robin Hood type clustered, and to this day the average Filipino is usually afraid to give information against a well-known ladrone, fearing the wrath of the one informed against. Every one knows of the nameless cruelty that characterizes the ladrone's dealings with any object of his hatred. Ladrones have buried soldiers alive; have tortured them in a thousand ways, taking their life an inch at a time. Being

unable to contend with our soldiers, they are engaged in their old practice of looting by night and hiding by day. Having gotten their loot into Manila, it is easily sold. We are now doing our best to keep them out of the city. The governors of all the provinces are co-operating with the constabulary and the army in stamping ladronism out of the islands. It will be done, but it may take time. Another difficulty we have to contend with is the presence in the Philippines of a certain undesirable class of Americans who take pride in causing us all the trouble possible.

They send untrue reports to American papers. For instance, I saw an account in a daily paper that the constabulary in Samar had gone over to the ladrones and insurrectos, and that four thousand men were after our forces, many being shot. Being used to false reports, I paid no attention to the newspaper article and awaited official news, as I have responsible men throughout the islands and am informed officially regarding every movement. In less than two days I received the expected report, but instead of receiving the news set forth in the newspaper article, I was informed that a member of the constabulary had been shot by one of his party by accident, and the four thousand ladrones were a handful of men whom our forces were driving back, and their capture was expected in a few days. In answer to my question about the papers being bought by the Administration or Administration men, he said that the incessant falsifying of the army and government would cease if such were the case.

We visited Aguinaldo at his home in Manila about seven o'clock in the evening. He met us at the door dressed in white. He lives on the second floor, as nearly all Filipinos and Americans do, horses and carriages oc-

cupying the first floor. In the room to the left of the entrance were a half dozen women and children; the room to the right being unoccupied, we were led thither, and given chairs. On being introduced at the door by our interpreter, an old acquaintance of the Filipino general, a hearty handshake followed, assuring us that we were welcome. Prior to his military campaigning, he was a schoolteacher at Cavite. Through the series of cross-questionings to which he has been subjected, he has shown remarkable shrewdness. If he does not want to answer a question directly, he knows exactly how to evade the point at issue by a system of answering that would have been creditable to the Greek oracle.

Governor Taft said that the Filipino's ability to evade the truth was his most marked characteristic. I was impressed that Emelio Aguinaldo was uneasy, real uneasy, about something. He is pleased that the army officials did not behead him, but gave him his liberty. From what I have gathered, his apparent uneasiness arises from the advertising given him by Mrs. Gougar, who suggested his name for the "Presidency of the real Filipino Republic yet to be established." He has no ambition in that direction, but is anxious about his proposed mammoth banking project, application for which has gone to the War Department. His son is attending an English school in Manila, the teacher being an American lady on the pay-roll of the Insular government. On being told that the teacher had remarked that his son was very bright and did everything in a military way, possessing a military bearing, Mr. Aguinaldo was quite pleased, and was so glad to hear it that he requested the interpreter to repeat the statement, which he did, causing smiles of gladness to chase each other over his countenance. I was glad to note this evidence of appreciation

on the part of a father. If appearances are to be relied upon, Aguinaldo is no more than twenty-four years of age. But considering his history, I would not be surprised to learn that he has passed the thirty-fourth summer. In height he is above the average Filipino, though he lacks inches of reaching my shoulders, a measurement taken as I bade him good-bye in the vestibule.

I was fortunate in being in Manila at a time when all the provincial governors were in the city. After meeting them at the Taft reception, together with the cardinal sent from Rome by the Pope to adjust the friars' claims, I also saw them as the artillery, cavalry, and infantry marched in review around the Lunetta in honor of the governors' visit. As the majority of the governors are Filipinos and one battalion of the army marching in review was composed of Filipinos wearing American uniforms and carrying American guns under the American flag, it is needless to state that the applause was terrific when that battalion marched by with perfect step, each soldier as proud as if he were king of the universe. I questioned their former commander in regard to their loyalty. He replied that no American soldier was more loyal than they. I saw some of Dewey's compliments in Manila, holes made by his well-trained cannon.

One of the interesting places to visit in Manila is the "boneyard," so called because there the bones or uncayed bodies of the dead are thrown when the rent for any reason is not paid at the mortuary. I walked through this hideous place amid putrescent skulls and bones, and was very glad when the task was over.

Harbor improvements to cost \$3,000,000 are now in progress. When completed, the largest ships can discharge their cargo without the bothersome and expensive transhipment now a necessity.

Through interviews with American schoolteachers, I learn that the native children are quick in mastering the English language. One teacher asserts that a class of girls aged twelve, beginning last June, have translated an English book of one hundred and twenty-five pages into Tagalog. He also says that they are obedient, having had less trouble in controlling four hundred Tagalogs than he experienced in managing twenty Americans. This teacher has a dictionary of seven thousand Tagalog words ready for the printer. The natives provide the school building and pay the native teachers, while the Insular government pays the American teachers, and provides American text-books gratis. Through Dr. F. W. Atkinson, superintendent of the Department of Education, I learn that while much has been accomplished, the work is not yet thoroughly organized according to his ideal. Several Filipinos are now in America as students, and many more are arranging to enter the States for study. So great is the desire to attend American schools that provinces and towns are planning to pay the expenses of students in America who manifest extraordinary genius.

Some Americans thrive here physically, while many others, not so easily acclimated, become little more than walking skeletons, and are forced to sail for China or Japan on periodical vacations. Occasionally this tropical climate sends its victim on that longest of vacations, without the convenience of a return ticket.

I shall not venture to draw my bow in a political discussion of the Philippine question, but simply submit my observation, though very much abbreviated, and shall consider my detour to the Archipelago not vain if perchance I have succeeded in helping any one in his understanding of the Philippine situation by the introduction of even one diminutive ray of light.

VIII.

CHINA REVISITED.

MANILA TO HONG-KONG—BRITISH-AMERICAN BOAT-RACE—
CANTON, THE UNIVERSITY CITY—DECEPTION AN ART—
THE EXECUTION GROUND.

DESIRING a more extended acquaintance with Chinese life as it appears inland, I sailed ninety miles up the Pearl River to Canton, a city whose population is estimated at three million people, two hundred thousand of whom live in house-boats or junks on the river. Many of them are aged, and, it is said, have never stepped upon land, born, marry, and grow old in floating hovels.

Canton is not only the largest, but is also the most unique, city I ever saw. Not a wheeled vehicle was to be seen, and only two or three horses, which appeared more lonesome in that sea of humanity than I imagined I looked. An edict was issued that no street should be less than seven feet in width, and few are more than that, as the Chinese are very economical of ground. A succession of business houses, five to twelve feet square, lined each side of the street, and each, desiring more room, has placed a sort of a platform in front of his shop in order to display his goods. Consequently, as I went by, I could help myself to wares on both sides of the street at the same time. With my right hand dried rats, or rats just butchered, along with quail, pheasants, chicken, fish of every kind, meats, etc., could be gathered

and lodged in my chair, while my left was gathering bananas, oranges cakes, and apples, or at the next shop, separated only by a thin partition, silks and numerous varieties of fancy work, silver, lacquer, and ivory ware, available at almost give-away prices. These conditions prevail through the city, a multitude of purchasers from the vast empire being everywhere in evidence.

He who records his conviction that the Chinese do not eat rats may rise and explain why so many rats are displayed on the market and sold for cash. Canton is the city of greatest wealth and direst poverty. The wealthiest will never know how much they are worth, while the poor are too poor to afford rat oftener than once a week. I saw the servant of an apparently well-to-do Cantonese throw some scraps into the filthiest canal the human intellect is capable of imagining, and in an instant a human form was on the spot with a pole trying to fish them from the filth, skum, and vermin of that putrid water. Many of the so-called streets are covered entirely by the protruding roofs, presenting a spectacle that has won for Canton the name of "Streetless City." When passing through the city, one is impressed that he is in an immense building cut up by narrow halls or alleys, where the sun is seldom seen.

The stone wall about Canton is twenty-five miles long, about fifty feet wide, and from twenty to fifty feet in height. Crude cannon are stationed at intervals. I ascended the wall, and found the cannon arranged so that they could be fired only on a line in front. The British and French took advantage of this, and marched up to the wall in lines, thereby avoiding the cannonading. After Canton was taken the official in charge reported to Peking that the "foreign devils did not fight fair, as they approached in thin lines, making it impossible to use the

cannon on them." In building the walls, the Chinese had no better idea of war than to believe that an enemy would stand up where he could be shot most readily and easily. If the wealth utilized in building Chinese walls, which are now worse than useless, had been expended in establishing schools and hospitals, the dense midnight darkness of the present would soon be relegated to the backwoods of history.

A Chinaman regards aptness at deceiving as a necessary qualification to a successful life, and if deception was ever reduced to an art it is done in China. When a storm is approaching, the Chinaman, fearing that his junk may be destroyed, makes a paper junk, throws it overboard to float where danger lurks. He does this to fool the god of the storm into spending his wrath on the paper junk. The yellow man reasons that the god of the storm has decided to destroy a certain number of boats, and if he can fool him into destroying paper ones he will thereby save his real junk.

I visited the world-renowned Examination Hall which has 11,616 cells, each five and a half feet long, three and two-thirds feet wide, and about eight feet high. Speaking of this institution, an ex-consul general of the United States to Hong-Kong said: "Next to Peking this is the greatest university in the world. More students meet within its courts and stone cells than in the halls and corridors of Harvard, Yale, Oxford, and all the big universities of America and England put together."

I never read of a people endowed with patience equal to the Chinese. To be as patient as the Chinese means more than to be simply as patient as Job. No American will continue his studies and contest in the triennial examinations for sixty or seventy years in order to secure his bachelor degree, but the Chinese do this under circum-

stances that would drive a less patient and persistent people crazy. The Cantonese takes a piece of ivory, works it until it is globular, the size of a base ball. He next drills four holes through it, then carves it with sharp instruments until it becomes twelve concentric globes. Each of these concentric globes is beautifully carved, and as they are turned like a wheel within a wheel, they appear to have required such remarkable patience, skill, and ingenuity in their construction that I am forced to rank them and their carvers in a category to themselves. This work is useless except to show what can be done, yet each production finds ready sale at \$16 (Mex.), forty-five days being required to complete each ball. Give the Yankee the same quality of genius, and he will whittle out something that will startle the world.

I visited the execution ground, where more men have become victims to the executioner's sword than were slain in all the wars waged by Napoleon. The ground was crimson from the blood of a batch of victims of a few days previous. I went to the prison, where hundreds of criminals were chained. Had I waited I could have seen the long-nosed, brazen-faced executioner slash off a few heads with his ugly sword; but I was nervous enough from exciting scenes galore, and did not care to run the risk of withstanding additional shocks. One of the instruments used in executing a certain class of criminals is called the "Ling Chi," and slashes its victim into a thousand pieces.

The next object of interest visited was the renowned water-clock, built in 1324 A. D. It is a splendid time-piece, so constructed that a drop of water falls every second and causes a slide to rise through an opening, indicating the exact time from one to twelve. The water must be transferred from the lower to the higher receptacle at

the expiration of the twelfth hour. It indicated twelve o'clock when it was one minute of twelve by my watch. Neither was much in error, for about this time the twelve o'clock gun thundered across the city from its position on the banks of the Pearl.

Canton has its quota of temples. At the Confucian temple dwells the God of Medicine, where prescriptions are sold for the healing of the people's ills. After the data regarding the institution were thoroughly explained to me by an English-speaking native guide, I boldly approached the keeper of the Medicine God, offered him a Mexican penny, which is the price charged for each prescription, received my prescription, chosen by the Confucian priest by lot, and handed it to my guide for translation into English. After reading it, the guide said, "You headache got; must medicine takee in alee small jar," pointing to it at the same time. Since I never have the headache, I gave the jar a wide berth, preferring to let that juggler know that his trickery had not deceived me.

The Chinese are fanatics in the use of firecrackers, their Fourth of July lasting through the year. Firecrackers are a part of every program. Funerals, weddings, and functions of every description are incomplete without that particular kind of noise. When he goes to the temple to worship his god of brass or stone, a bunch of firecrackers accompanies him, and the last cracker is fired inside the temple doors. When a whole bunch is touched off at one time, a wire inclosure is used to prevent them from jumping all over the interior and setting fire to anything of a combustible nature. In reply to my question as to why firecrackers were used when consulting the God of Medicine, the guide replied, "So sick man get well." In the temple is the Enemy God, where every one worships that has an enemy. A

representation of the person is cut out of paper and hung on the wall by the man who desires to get rid of his enemy. The guide said it was done "so enemy not get well."

At the Temple of Five Hundred Genii, built in 503 A. D., gods of every description were on exhibition numbering five hundred, as the name indicates, no two being alike. Canton has a Baby Tower, otherwise it would be out of fashion.

If I had Carnegie's millions, I would cease building costly libraries, which react against the poor by raising the rent on adjacent property and at the same time provide the rich with books almost gratis. I would pour out that money for the rescue of China. The rich can buy their own books, and, besides, nearly every city that is financially able to comply with the Carnegie conditions in order to get a slice of his wealth, already has a public library with thousands of volumes, which the working poor never have time or strength to read. The cash being given away by Mr. Carnegie would, if wisely used, become the entering wedge for cleaving asunder the chains forged through centuries of darkness binding the Orient to the old sunken hulk of the past. With that money teachers could be posted all over the empire, whose labors would bring forth a hundred-fold greater results for the world's civilization than alcoves of costly-bound books, the majority of which will never be read. I do not discount books in the least, but I do not believe in giving stones when the demand is greater for the real bread of life.

An item of unusual interest occupies the public mind on this side of the Pacific. The crew of the battleship *Glory*, the flagship of the British Asiatic squadron, boasted that it possessed the banner rowing-team of the world,

having won every race with the navies of the Mediterranean Sea; the Indian and Pacific Oceans. When she came plowing into Hong-Kong Harbor, her officers spied the battleship *Kentucky*, the American flagship of the Asiatic squadron, commanded by "fighting Bob" Evans. Not having contested with American muscle, the world's honors were in the balance until the Stars and Stripes should be left trailing in the rear. Consequently a challenge was immediately dispatched by a special detail to the *Kentucky* to determine whether our "Bob" thought it worth while to contest for the championship. It was duly accepted in a business-like way, without any boasting or apparent manifestation that success was even expected; whereupon the British bragged that they not only expected to win easily, but also had big money to stake on the race, and desired to know whether the Americans wished to cover it.

After a short consultation, report was made that the *Kentucky* was ready to cover \$25,000. This fairly astonished the Britons, who were unprepared for such an immense proposition. A smaller amount was agreed upon, and the time for the contest was set. The boats were to have four men each, and the race was to begin four miles out from Hong-Kong, and end at the battleship *Glory* in the Hong-Kong Harbor, where all the city could witness the American defeat and the British triumph. Newspaper reporters were present to chronicle the event. Everybody was present that could get leave of absence. The race began. The Americans used the long, slow stroke, twenty-two to the minute, while the British quartet employed the short, rapid stroke, thirty-two to the minute. American muscle and training had not been in vain, for before the harbor was reached the most splendid flag on earth was far in the lead, and the

faces of the British spectators began to lengthen like the shadow of the maple as the sun speeds down its course towards its western couch. Soon the *Kentucky* braves were sufficiently in advance to safely draw in their oars, rise in their places, doff their caps, and, waving them at arm's length, give three shouts for the land of the free and the home of the brave. This was done three times before the goal was reached, and the boys did not stop there, but rowed around under the bow of the British flagship, turned on the backward course, crossed under the stern, and again passed the goal ahead of the boasted British team, who had been victors on the Mediterranean, the Indian and Pacific Oceans heretofore, but now were vanquished completely by American athletes, such as are proud to offer their services to their country and secure the enviable opportunity of riding the ocean under the waving Stars and Stripes.

Not one word was printed in the English newspapers of Hong-Kong regarding this all-absorbing event, while columns were devoted to insignificant games of golf and cricket, which were witnessed by a handful of people. The defeat was so overwhelming that the typos either refused to set it up or the editors were ashamed to chronicle their loss of money and boasted position. I was informed that the Americans won more than \$10,000 on the event, which I think is to be deplored. Betting is neither more nor less than gambling, and is stigmatized by every nation of importance in that no action can be brought in court to collect a wager.

Invited by Chaplain Hall, I visited the mammoth battle-ship of the British, and was simply amazed as I was shown her man-killing devices and equipment; such as guns thirty-four feet in length, mechanism for loading and firing, range-finding appliances, electric and hydraulic ap-

paratus, twelve-inch steel armor, powerful searchlights, and rigging for protection against torpedoes. I was informed that this battle-ship holds the championship of the British navy for marksmanship, the target having been struck nineteen times in twenty-five shots with the twelve-inch, thirty-four feet guns at long range. Since our superiority in certain particulars is admitted, I assure you that there will be something "doing" if these monsters of the British and American navies ever lock horns, and it is hoped that they will never have occasion to test each other on the high seas in real earnest.

IX.

HONG-KONG TO CEYLON.

INTERESTING SEA VOYAGE—FLYING FISH—HUGE SEABIRD
CAPTURED—SHARKS ON THE EQUATOR—SINGAPORE
AND PENANG—CAPTIVATING DURIAN FRUIT—ELEPHANT
HUNT—IN THE HEART OF CEYLON.

MANY a chapter descriptive of Canton might be written without exhausting the almost limitless characteristics of that metropolis of the Chinese empire. However, I shall not weary you with additional Chinese data, but shall hasten to the Southward where winter's freezing blasts have never penetrated. Having descended the Pearl River from Canton to Hong-Kong, I booked for the 1440-mile voyage to Singapore by the steamship *Sado Maru* built at Belfast and registered at Tokio at six thousand tons. With ideal weather and consequently a smooth sea, the ship steamed out into deep water with her bow toward the equator. Prior to my trip to Manila I had entertained many doubts as to the existence of flying fish but those doubts vanished as flying fish unnumbered arose from those tropical waters and hastened away in their aerial flight. I am told they often fly on board ships when pursued by larger fish, though I have seen none arise to such a height, nor have I seen any of them cover many rods at one flight, descent into the water being made as soon as their fins become dry through contact with the air.

The shark is the scavenger of the sea. He fears neither man nor ship, although the native of Malaysia often proves the better of the two in a fight to the finish. Many a native makes a business of visiting the ships as they arrive and diving after pieces of shining money cast into the sea by passengers. If attacked by a shark, the diver plunges under his assailant and drives a knife into a vital spot. The shark must turn to one side before he can snap his victim, thereby giving the diver a chance. The bravery manifested by these divers indicates that not all the world's heroism is displayed upon historic battle-fields. The appearance of a huge, angry shark alongside the ship makes the cold chills creep over one who is not used to seeing such sights.

As the ship is almost ready to dip her prow under the equator in rounding the peninsula of Malaysia, or the Straits Settlements, as they are called officially, it is not unusual to hear the expression, "I did not imagine it would be so hot here in the winter time." People forget that the temperature is the same the year around on the equator, presenting one eternal summer. This land of changeless climate and vegetation reminds one of the painful sameness referred to by Tennyson in his allusion to the land of the lotus-eaters:

"We came unto a land that seemed always afternoon,
A land where all things always seemed the same."

In presenting the direct opposition to such a lazy clime and sleepy people, the poet strikes fire as he displays the points of excellence observed in the energetic and unyielding Ulysses, who resolved—

"To follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Singapore is a city of two hundred and twenty-seven thousand people, one hundred and fifty thousand of whom are Chinese, the remaining seventy-seven thousand being Indians, Cingalese, English, Bornese, Japanese, Javanese, and Siamese. The Federated States of Malaysia, subjects of Great Britain, produce an annual revenue of \$7,000,000. One man pays the government \$287,000 per year for the privilege of selling opium. It is a pity, as well as a shame, that a great nation will disgrace her name by fostering the opium trade, one of the curses of the Orient.

Every visitor to Singapore visits the botanical gardens, located two miles from the city. Here vegetation holds high carnival, presenting nearly every variety of botanical life known to the tropics. My home for nearly three days was at the college located in the center of the city. Looking in any direction, a vast forest greeted the eye as if no city of nearly a quarter of a million were nearer than a thousand miles. Anywhere and everywhere breadfruit, cocoanut, banana, and stately palm trees held their heads aloft, each vying with the other for precedence in height and beauty. Flowering plants of every conceivable color and combination of colors fill the air with fragrance as they display themselves in one perpetual fairy-like bower. Add to this luxuriant display the aromatic-laden winds that hie hither from the spice-fields of Java, and you have a diminutive conception of this paradise of perfumery.

The richness of the land may be guessed when I assert that some of the jungle near Singapore is so dense that nearly every square inch of ground is covered with a conglomerate mass of trees and vines, a veritable tangle. That a python or boa-constrictor succeeds in penetrating that jungle is a mystery, not considering the monkeys and tigers that infest it. Within fifteen miles of the city tigers are said to be plentiful, and I am told that those

wild animals have been killed in that part of the jungle which I visited. Sometimes they swim across the narrow strait to the island on which Singapore is located. Only a few days ago a royal Bengal tiger was killed at the Raffels Hotel in Singapore and in the very room where I dined on Thursday. The hotel is situated on the bund facing the sea. The tiger was prowling about the streets at night, and, drawn probably by the scent of beef as well as by the desire to stop at the European hostelry, which is better than any native inn, marched through the front court into the dining-room, which is always open. In the tropics, the houses consist of a roof and four upright corner supports with the sides all open to the elements. The roof protrudes to prevent the entrance of rain and the sun's scorching rays. Slats for the sides are usually provided among the well-to-do classes. On entering the hotel the tiger neither registered nor consulted the management about being assigned a room, but, according to tiger custom, deliberately helped himself to everything in sight, and then cautiously hid himself behind a billiard-table. The remainder of the night was evidently spent without incident; but on being discovered the following morning, he was granted full possession of the dining-room. His title to possession was undisputed until an expert marksman and tiger-hunter was secured, whose second shot went crashing through the skull between the feline's snapping eyes. When all possibility of danger was past, the gathered crowd applied the tape-line and learned that his excellency measured eight feet and six inches from tip to tip.

My friend, Dr. B. F. West, a college professor in Singapore, visited Borneo recently, and tells Bornese tales that almost surpass belief. They are true, I assure you, for no one who knows him can doubt his veracity in the

least items. Some things which I know to be true I refrain from presenting, on the ground that they might provoke the reader to question their credibility. One item incident to life as found in neighboring Borneo is, that no young man is eligible to marry, nor will any young lady consider a proposal from a youth who has not taken at least one scalp. The lady must first visit the home of the young man and see the scalp hanging over his door, and have good evidence to believe that it was taken by him, and not faked for the occasion before her promise is given. It may be news to some to learn that those head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo are becoming Christians, renouncing their barbarism and becoming firm supporters of higher civilization. Where heathenism prevails, Cannibalism is practiced, and the one who would aspire to be head man or mayor of a village must previously have taken at least one hundred scalps.

Snake lore and stories of wild adventure are epidemic, not only in Borneo, but also here in Singapore. Scarcely a trip can be made anywhere hereabouts without having the nerves severely tried. While three of us were visiting the zoological and botanical gardens a serpent fell from a tree and struck a man on the shoulder. All escaped without any loss of life, each person, however, being willing to surrender the field unconditionally.

The sultan of Johore lives fourteen miles north of Singapore and is credited with almost incredible deeds of daring. No one is permitted to hunt tigers on his reservations without his permission. It is said in praise of him that he invariably waits until the tiger springs at him, and then shoots it "on the wing." Having slain many in this way he is regarded as the champion dead-shot of the Far East, if not of the entire world. The reckless

daring exhibited by him has no parallel even among *Youth's Companion* stories.

A fruit flourishes here called the durian, or technically the *durio zebithinus*, whose odor is as repulsive as its flavor is appetizing. Were this country deprived of its fragrant flora, the durian fruit would cause the people to long for the opportunity to live near a bone yard or a soap factory, where the stench might be more easily endured. That such a malodorous fruit should be so pleasant to the taste is a standing enigma.

After three days at Singapore, we passed through the Straits of Malacca, and anchored at Penang, three hundred and ninety-five miles to the Northward. In this city—population nearly two hundred thousand—I found only ten Americans, chiefly teachers and missionaries. Here two days were profitably spent. Immediately upon landing, I secured an Asiatic who knew only about two words of English, which were “yes” and “no.” Of the many who gabbled at me in a foreign tongue, only one could say a word that was any relation to English. Desiring to mail a letter to the one who rescued me from the possibility of bachelordom, I questioned the entire line to learn whether any one could take me to the post-office. The one I chose kept saying “Yes, yes,” to my question; therefore I leaped into his jinriksha, and away he sped through the city. We went far out until the city was left in the rear. I was confident that the post-office was not our goal, but let him go wherever it pleased him, as I wanted to see the country. After the street had changed into a road, and the road had changed into a path, and the path was about to be transformed into a squirrel-track and run up a tree, I halted my man. The towering trees formed a jungle above my head, and on every side

excellent hiding-places for wild beasts greeted the eye as I surveyed the scene, expecting almost any moment to see a screaming varmint plunge out from almost anywhere. I met a Malay with a brown bear fastened with a chain. He had captured it when it was a cub, and managed to inform me that he now wanted twenty dollars in silver for it, which is less than eight dollars gold. Learning that my jinriksha man could not manage English, I pointed down the backward track, whereupon we returned to the city. Noticing a large sign bearing the inscription, "American goods for sale here," I entered and found an American lady in charge of the store, who informed me that I was one mile from the post-office, and that I had been out in the country where some of the tales of wildest adventure have their setting. Pythons, boa-constrictors, and tigers there keep each other company, but are most numerous three miles away to the eastward, I was told. After a pleasant visit at this social place, I visited the Anglo-Chinese school. I mailed that letter, however, on finding the post-office less than half a block from the landing place. My jinriksha man had doubtless taken me to be an adventurer desiring to get acquainted with the wilds of jungle life, and therefore made a bee-line for the hunter's paradise.

Here and at Singapore shipping is abundant. Among the exports are pepper, india-rubber, sugar, rice, sago, tapioca, spices, dyestuff, coffee, tea, tobacco, and tin.

In every city from Yokohama to Penang, the Chinese are the proprietors, with multiplied millions of capital, and live in palatial residences. The Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank with branches in nearly every Oriental city of the Far East, is owned and operated principally by the Chinese, and it is reputed to be second in rank to

the Bank of England among the world's financial institutions.

After seeing so much of the Chinese at their best, as well as the Chinese at their worst, I recognize the ground upon which my Shanghai informant based his opinion, which I questioned, when he asserted that the best of the Chinese were at par with the best of any other nation, and that the lowest of the Chinese are no lower than the lowest of the low to be found elsewhere among the world's multitudes. While I do not thus rank the Chinese, I am willing to record my conviction that no more commendable or praiseworthy undertaking was ever launched than when the missionary societies undertook the evangelizing and Christianizing of China, Japan, and Borneo. I had studiously read volume after volume on missions; but when my eyes beheld the tremendous work accomplished, I was actually ashamed of myself that I had ever entertained a doubt as to the utility and necessity of the work and the unspeakable transformations so signally wrought by the Power Divine and I am forced to confess in the words of the queen of Sheba on visiting Jerusalem, "The one-half was not told me." I have stocked myself with facts observed upon the battlefields of missions, armed with which I am ready to cross the Rubicon on the missionary proposition without fearing either man or devil. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is an unalterable dictum, and I am glad that the Churches and the nations of earth are obedient to that command.

I was shown a tract of land in the heart of Singapore worth \$25,000, which the government offered to present to the Mission Board if the latter would agree to erect a building thereon to be used in Christian work. Recogn-

nizing the importance of the Christian work now being done in Singapore, the government pays \$3,000 per year to assist in maintaining that work, as the help that comes from America is not sufficient. I, at first, thought it strange that a government subject to Great Britain should be paying cash to an American board, but it is all plain when I remember that religion is not circumscribed or measured by national boundary lines. Right is right the world round; right is always right, and wrong is always wrong; right is never wrong, and wrong is never right, regardless of whether it is hot or cold, clear or cloudy, either on this or on that side of the globe.

My next venture will be upon the Indian Ocean to Ceylon, a distance of nearly one thousand three hundred miles. As the smoke rolls from yonder huge black funnel, I am reminded that preparation is being made for another battle with the waves. Coal has been stored till the bunkers are full. The iron giants in the vessel's hold have been carefully groomed. Provisions have been stacked to the ceilings of the storerooms, and all is ready for the sea.

“The sea, the sea, the gray old sea,
What a merry and brave old heart has he!
A fellow of infinite jest and whim,
And nothing can come amiss to him.

If the winds are hushed he cares not; he
Can sleep till they wake—whensoever that be—
With his head on the grand piled clouds of dawn,
And his feet where the evening veils are drawn.”

After a voyage of thirty hours from Malaysia the ship rounded the northern point of Sumatra, and entered the Indian Ocean. A few lonely islands to our right wandered eastward as we sped westward. The second night out a ship was sighted south of us. The hull and lower

half of her mast were invisible, her strong lights perched upon her highest masts alone being visible, and they appeared just above the water level. They frequently disappeared from view entirely as large waves arose between us and them. He who does not believe that this earth is globular will suffer a change of faith if he keeps his eyes open on a sea voyage.

One night about ten o'clock, as I was sitting alone upon the promenade deck, hearing only the moaning waters and the steady pulse-beat of the machinery, my mind was twelve thousand miles ahead of the ship on a visit among friends and loved ones, when suddenly there dropped upon the deck before my eyes a huge sea-bird of the tireless wing. Dazed by electric lights, it plunged against the steel cabin, making assault after assault as if endeavoring to smash what the powerful waves had not been able to overcome. Regardless of its size, I at once put into practice my football tactics and made a flying tackle, planting my right hand around its serpentine neck and the left hand upon its back, which pinned it to the floor. In an instant its sharp bill was testing the quality of my index finger while its extensive wings were surpassing all the electric fans aboard the ship in circulating the otherwise quiet air. Soon help came, and the visitor was made a prisoner and unable to move while the crowd inspected. No one had seen such a zoological specimen before; not even the captain and crew, nor the officers of another vessel who were aboard, deadheading their way back to London from Yokohama, having sold their ship to the Japanese. It was probably four feet across the wings, was white-breasted, and had webbed feet. As hero of the occasion it was my bird, and when I decided to give it its liberty, and not kill it, every one was agreed. Sea-

men as a rule are superstitious. The poet Coleridge, in his masterpiece, "The Ancient Mariner," relates the story of the woe visited upon a ship and its passengers because a visiting albatross was shot with a crossbow. I quote the following selections:

"At length did cross an albatross;
Through the fog it came;
As if it had a been Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

'God save thee, ancient mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?'—'With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.'

The sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind.
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing.
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!'

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down.
 'T was sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody sun at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the moon.

Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink;
 Water, water, everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot; O Christ!
 That ever thus should be!
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea."

Thus it is seen that hypersensitive minds have no business upon the sea.

Scarcely a day passes without its events of interest. About the middle of the voyage I was surprised to see a school of whales enjoying themselves at their play as if perfectly happy and contented so far from humanity's reach. Nearly all animals on land have been harnessed to do the work and bidding of man, but not so the huge animals of the sea. The nations continue to wait for some genius to come forth to tame a pair of whales, harness them with powerful tugs, hitch them to an ocean liner, and, like a victorious Ben Hur, drive them at full speed with cracking whip. Is it not in the realm of the

possible that the poet will, some day, be forced to revise the following lines in order to be up-to-date?

“I’ve crossed the line full fifteen times;
And down in the southern sea
I’ve seen the whales, like bounding lambs,
Leap up—the strong, the free,—
Leap up, the creatures that God hath made
To people the isless main;
*They have no bridle in their jaws,
And on their necks no rein.”*

When one has been buffeted by the waves for a week, the sight of land is of even greater interest than the appearance of whales, sharks, flying-fish, and everything else of interest in the deep.

Ceylon was in sight a half-day before we reached Colombo, as we coasted around on the south, then up the west side to the city. Here we anchored alongside battleships and large ocean craft, this harbor being a junction point between Europe and Asia and Australia for all the large British, French, German, and Japanese ships.

The island of Ceylon lies between five degrees and nine degrees north of the equator, its greatest length being 267 miles, and its breadth 140 miles, having an area of 24,700 square miles. Its highest point is 8,000 feet above the sea-level. Ceylonese history may be traced back to 543 B. C., prior to which tradition is alone available. Recorded history shows one hundred and sixty kings occupied the throne prior to the coming of the Portuguese in 1505. In 1552 a shipload of Europeans anchored near Colombo, and a report was quickly carried to the king on the throne at Kandy, the capital, that “ships had arrived containing a race of men surpassingly white and beautiful, wearing boots and hats of iron, eating a white stone and drinking blood, and having guns which could

break a castle of marble." Such a report was enough to scare even a weaker race of people.

The Portuguese were victors until 1658, when the Dutch came into complete control. They were ousted in 1796 by the British, who swept the island, drove the reigning sovereign from his throne at Kandy, sent him as prisoner of war to Madras, where he died, and George III was proclaimed sovereign of the island on March 2, 1815. The islanders are now very peaceable and are under a governor appointed by the crown of England, who receives a salary of 80,000 rupees, almost \$27,000 gold, having residences provided at Colombo, Kandy, and Nuwara Eliya. A commission, acting with the governor, makes the laws and exercises general control. A civil service of seventy appointments is maintained, admission being obtained in England only, with salaries ranging from \$1,000 to \$8,000 gold each per annum. The population of Ceylon is three and a half million, Colombo being listed at one hundred twenty thousand. Only one-third of the island is under cultivation—700,000 acres in rice; 150,000 under other small grains; 450,000 under cocoanuts; other palms 130,000; 100,000 under coffee; 35,000 under cinchona; 35,000 under cinnamon; more than a million acres are under fruit, vegetable, and garden produce.

If Ceylon is noted for one thing more than for another, it is for its elephants, which are exported to India, Europe, and America. I was disappointed on my arrival to learn that there were no elephants in Colombo. Having read Ceylonese elephant stories since my early boyhood, I had learned to regard Ceylon as the spot of all the earth that would be fascinating to me, and I can now assert that I shall look back to no other land with greater delight. Here I have had a taste of the wild, even romantic. Being assured that no elephants were to be found without mak-

ing a trip to the interior, I planned a campaign, not simply to see an elephant—because I had seen nearly all that had been brought to America during the past fifteen years—but I had my head set upon seeing them in their native haunts. Therefore I set out upon a trip of one hundred and fifty miles. Before I reached Kandy—a city of twenty-two thousand people, mostly Cingalese, situated at an elevation of about one thousand seven hundred feet above sea-level in the mountains—I saw one elephant as he was being ridden to market; but that was too tame to suit my longing for the sight of the giants who go crashing through jungle and forest, masters of the wild woodland.

At Kandy I was informed that the objects of my search were far beyond the city. Having secured two natives, who knew the country and could talk some English, I engaged them to accompany me. They said they might be able to show me fifty elephants, and there might be only a few in that part of the frontier into which they proposed to lead me. Out we went. Everywhere palm-trees of many kinds lifted their lofty heads. Tropical fruits and spices of various kinds filled the air with aromatic fragrance. Cinnamon, pepper, clove, nutmeg, gum, iron, the deadly upas, candle, and camphor trees clustered with date, durian, cocoanut, breadfruit, jackfruit, and banana trees. Vines, like great serpents, crawled along the ground, and then stretched from tree to tree as if desiring to drag them to the earth. Flowers of every hue, color and perfume beautified the pathway, thereby drowning the thoughts of meeting the deadly cobra or boa-constrictor as we pursued our course. In such a flower-bed one is entranced, and wishes that such surroundings might endure forever.

But it was not to last. I, becoming slightly suspicious,

inquired, "Are there any poisonous snakes through here?" In a twinkling of an eye came the reply, "Yes, big cobra a plenty." This sudden information reduced my temperature as the cool chills crept over me, anticipatory to a surprise. This was not a condition conducive to the recalling of poetry, unless it should be the following from a masterpiece:

"One impulse from the vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

The impulse I had from that vernal wood was reactionary. Surrounded by all the luxuriance of tropical beauty, one does not forget self when the least inkling of danger threatens. The rustling of the leaves makes one halt by the involuntary process long before the thinker has time to act. A disturbance was caused by what I considered to be a squirrel. Finding a piece of wood resembling a bench, I sat upon it to rest. I had not been there long before something happened not on the program.

Right in front of me a deadly cobra took his position. With uplifted head, hissing mouth, and flashing eyes, he swayed back and forth as if angry, like a giant who would whip everything in sight. With unspeakable swiftness I drew my feet up to keep them from becoming the victims of a possible thrust from his swelling and sweeping head. At every raising of his unsightly head his neck grew larger until it was as large as a pie plate and as flat as a pancake "like your mother used to make." Perched where I was, I had ample time to study him, and never did I think of getting down to argue the question with him on the ground of previous possession. He had the ground and I was perfectly willing to give him all the ground he needed as I sat on my perch with the master of

ceremonies before me and America ten thousand miles away. You may laugh, but you would not have laughed if you had been here; neither would you have said your prayers, for under such circumstances you would have been in a condition similar to that of the woman with whom a little girl once staid all night. On retiring, the little tot undertook to say its prayer, and being accustomed to being prompted by its mamma, a halt was made when memory failed. As the lady could not help it out of its difficulty, it almost instinctively closed by saying, "Please, Dod, forgive me 'cause I's fordoot, and this lady what I's staying with do n't know any prayers."

My readers will be more surprised than ever when I assert that the man who was talking to me when the cobra appeared, captured him by getting his head into a basket. His head once in the basket, the cobra crawled in of his own accord. Knowing how to do things is worth all the theory in the world. When I saw this Cingalese last, he asked twenty dollars for the cobra, and it is quite likely that he will get that sum, as the purchasing agents of zoological gardens and shows are always scouring Ceylon for specimens, and may be glad to secure such a valuable curiosity. I think I would recognize the fellow if I should meet him on the Midway at the World's Fair in 1904. I hope, however, that I will never meet him again, as he is no friend of mine.

I was with this man and his prize no farther, but went over to the river in company with an Englishman who has been surveying in Ceylon for several years. We had not gone far when he said, "See there! elephants in the river!" I was all eyes, for I had endured much for the purpose of seeing such a spectacle, and was despairing lest my efforts should be doomed to final failure. But now volumes flashed anew through the corridors of mem-

ory as my eyes feasted on the sight of a lifetime. Not three hundred yards away were the giants, standing in three feet of water, playing in their daily bath. To state that they were enjoying it is to put it mildly. In questioning my surveyor friend as to whether they were dangerous, he replied: "They will not molest a person unless you chance to meet a rogue elephant. A rogue elephant is one that is mad." Among other items of elephant lore, I was told that at the last coral, or "krall," eighty-six elephants were secured, and were sold at from 200 to 5,000 rupees, according to size and training. The most popular place for the hunters desiring to shoot such big game is in Hambantota District of the Southern province.

Elk-hunting is regarded as quite tempting in the vicinity of Nuwara, while wild buffalo, bear, and leopards are found farther north. Crocodiles are numerous, along with no less than thirty species of serpents. My friend said, "Snakes are plentiful, but we do not hear of Europeans being killed by them very often." Not having the feline possession of nine lives I decided that my security was assured if I could only avoid being killed once.

Elephants are used here for all kinds of heavy work. Trees are felled, and the lower end is securely fastened to the giants back. In this way he drags his burden wherever desired by the owner or operator of the big trust. If the tree is not too large, it is managed by his powerful trunk without resorting to chains. The giant is trained to wrap his trunk about a huge rock at the quarry and act as a ponderous dray. If the rock is too large for his serpentine trunk, the load is encased by means of a harness of chain so arranged that it can be easily grasped and carried.

If I had been asked about a week ago in what city of the Orient I would prefer to make my home if left to

a choice, I would have selected Yokohama, Shanghai, or Manila; but now my choice would fall to Kandy, seventy-six miles inland from Colombo. Nuwara is much higher than Kandy, frosts being frequent visitors there, while Kandy is much cooler than Colombo. With a home anywhere along the lake at Kandy, surrounded with scenery that entrances, one could bid defiance to cares as he enjoyed life in that beautiful vale nearly two thousand feet above sea-level. With a population of twenty-two thousand, it nestles among the foothills of a veritable Eden. In fact the Garden of Eden has been located there by some visionary enthusiast. The scenery from Colombo to Kandy is pronounced the finest in the world. Celebrated botanists from every quarter of the globe come to this bower of beauty to study their favorite department of science. The Paradenia botanical gardens contain the finest specimens of tropical plants and trees known to exist. Those approaching them the nearest are in Java.

The Dalada temple was built for the express purpose of holding Buddha's tooth, and is better known as the Temple of the Tooth. On visiting this ancient temple I was permitted to step behind the veil and grasp the handles by which the heavy iron doors are swung open leading to the tooth. The doors were locked, however. Upon the wall are frescoes illustrating the punishment to be visited upon those committing the various kinds of sins according to the teachings of Buddha. Speaking of this temple and its association, the historian writes: "Proceeding southward for a short distance down the Sacred Road, the track along which the pilgrims come, and have come for two thousand years, to offer their devotions to the most venerated symbols of their religion, the visitor reaches the inclosure which surrounds the celebrated Bo-

tree. This tree (*Ficus religiosa*) is the oldest historical tree in the world. It was planted two hundred and forty-five years before Christ, and is therefore now two thousand one hundred and thirty years old."

Kandy contains many specimens excavated from the ruins of the buried cities of Ceylon. Beyond Kandy there are ruins of cities that rose, flourished, and fell uncounted years before written Ceylonese history began. Hundreds of years before Christ, China had diplomatic relations with the Cingalese. The ancient cities of Anurhapura, Polonaruwa, Dambula, Kalavewa, Mihintale, and Sigiri have been victims of awful judgments. Destruction has been completed and ages have swept by until towering temples, once piercing the azure sky at an altitude of four hundred feet above the foundations, are covered with the dust and the accumulation sent by an avenging destroyer.

Is it not possible that those people and cities have had a revelation which they refused to obey, and have suffered as did the cities of the plains that disobeyed the warnings of their God? Speaking of the ruins of the buried cities of Ceylon, one author has said that New York and Paris are pigmies in comparison with these centers of ancient civilization.

X.

COLOMBO TO CALCUTTA.

TWO SALOON PASSENGERS—TUTICORIN TO MADJURA, THE
ATHENS OF ASIA—CHASED BY AN ELEPHANT—HINDU
SUPERSTITIONS—INDIAN RELIGIONS—CALCUTTA.

CEYLON the beautiful, Ceylon, the charming isle of the Indian Ocean, lingers in the memory as ever-present company. Nature has been partial to its mountain scenery, and prodigal in lavishing upon it a wealth of beauty. Besides embracing the typical features of both the Rockies and Sierras, an additional strain of exquisite beauty is added by giving the entire jewel a setting of tropical luxuriance. He who stops at Colombo sees nothing but the museum in the Cinnamon Gardens, Kelani Temple, and a display of diamonds and other precious stones in the bazaars, while he who pushes into the interior is a thousand-fold repaid for his every effort.

At no point have I been as impatient with beggars of baksheesh as in Ceylon and Southern India. If the natives can speak any other language besides their own, it is usually English. Consequently when they see a person who wears European or American dress, they consider him to be a never-failing victim of their pleading. They have almost enough patience to outdo Job at his best. They follow one along the street from block to block, bowing and making themselves generally obnoxious. As long as I answered them in English, my pathway was

strewn with thorns; but it was not to last. After escaping from the last one to whom I had betrayed myself by the use of English, I undertook to answer all others in German, which they did not understand. Before that kind of a torrent of language my pests went down like cornstalks before a young cyclone. If, however, a braver one withstood the German, I hurled at him philippics from Latin masterpieces; and if these failed, I poured forth a blast from some Greek classic that I happened to remember. Greek as a last resort was a perfect antidote. I remember having held a crowd at bay in Kandy by resorting to such tactics. The best part of it all was to know that I had evaded their tactics, and could enjoy myself as I listened to their conversation as they undertook to decipher my nationality.

I entered India at Tuticorin, the southernmost port of the empire, the voyage from Colombo having been made by the steamship *Africa* of the British India Steam Navigation Company. This line maintains a daily mail service (Sundays excepted) from Colombo to Tuticorin, leaving Colombo at four o'clock P. M. and arriving in Tuticorin at eight o'clock the following morning. The trip across was unique, there being two saloon passengers, a lady of twenty summers and myself. She was on her way to Rangoon, and was compelled to go via Madras as there is no service between Colombo and Rangoon. I must give that lady credit for being the most plucky lady sailor I ever saw aboard a ship, and at the same time the most miserable on account of seasickness. After a sojourn of two or three minutes at the table her general direction would be on a beeline for the banister, where she would gaze for divers reasons towards the leaping fish. Conquered, but not overcome completely, back to the table she would hasten, and prepare for another trib-

ute to the salty sea. The captain gave her brandy only to make more vexing her trying condition. If Eli Perkins had been in my place, he would have sympathized with her by repeating the following statement made by him on a similar occasion: "I never till now knew there was so much in woman."

The water being shallow, a ship can not safely approach near the wharf at Tuticorin; consequently we anchored seven miles away, where a light steam-launch met us and conveyed us over a very choppy sea to the jetty. The mail-train of the South Indian Railway was waiting our arrival. At the customs office I paid the duty of five per cent on my kodak, and was cleared for the trip northward. As no dining-car is carried on this road, and there being no time for breakfast at the railroad dining-room, those who desire breakfast are served as the train proceeds. Imagine the situation in that railroad carriage when I inform you that my breakfast was brought and scattered all over the car in plates, each having a cover. The plates had been heated and everything was served hot. An Indian was sent along to serve the courses in order. Breakfast over, he left the train when the first stop was made, taking the breakfast equipment with him to return to Tuticorin on the first train. The entire expense to me was one rupee and four annas (forty cents gold).

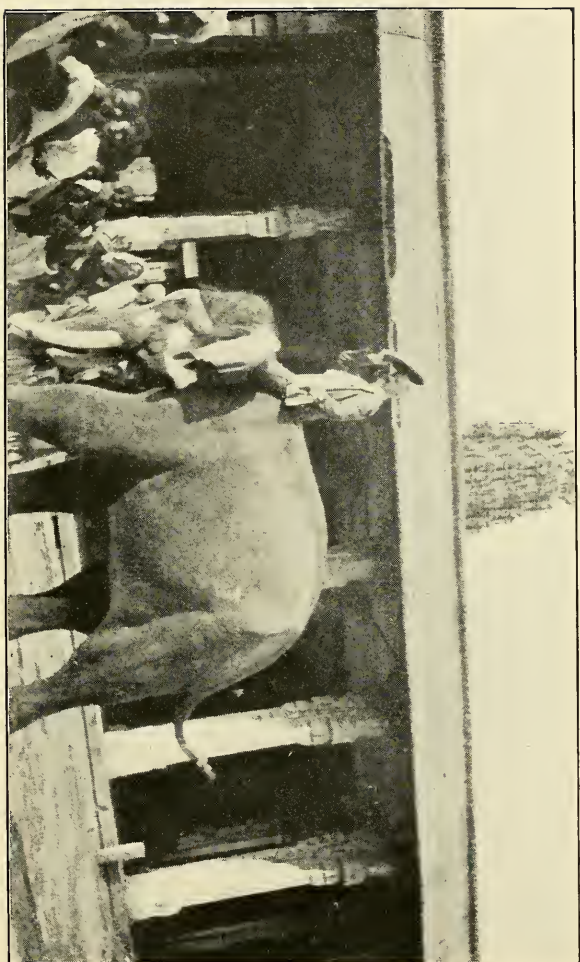
It is needless to state at each departure the entire process of exchanging the money of the country which I am leaving for that of the country for which I am bound. Such exchange is necessary as the money of one government is not current in another with few exceptions, gold, however being good and acceptable everywhere. The man that makes the fact known that he has gold has a passport almost anywhere. As I came very

near experiencing discomfiture on account of having silver and paper money not current where I was, I profited by my experience, and now demand gold sovereigns whenever I make a requisition on London with my letter of credit. Such money being in demand, I can get sufficient premium on it to pay the expense incurred when I purchased the letter of credit in Denver; and, besides, the weight of fifteen or twenty sovereigns in your belt is not noticed, not considering their convenience when one is out on the veldt and must either buy, beg, or bleach from starvation.

For years I had been told that the Hooghly River, one of the mouths of the Ganges, on which Calcutta is situated, is the most dangerous water to navigate with which the pilot is forced to contend. Calcutta is about one hundred miles from the sea. Counter currents caused by the tides, the river current, and intersecting currents from what seamen call the "bear," have destroyed many ships attempting to reach this "City of Palaces." Notwithstanding these dangers, ships come and go daily, frequently experiencing hair-breadth escapes. Being warned again and again since I reached Asia, I decided to avoid it by crossing to Tuticorin and risking the rail journey of more than one thousand four hundred miles to Calcutta, and at the same time visit Southern India. On reaching Calcutta I was indeed surprised to be informed that, by doing this, I had jumped from the frying pan into the fire, as the South Indian Railroad is the most dangerous piece of road imaginable, a disastrous wreck having occurred only a few days ago on account of a washout. It has several bridges more than a mile in length and in bad condition. I noticed that there were very few passengers for such a long train, at least twelve cars, and now learn that it is preferable to risk the dangers

of the mad Hooghly than to committ one's self to that road at present. The passengers from Colombo to North India were doubtless acquainted with conditions, and had gone by steamer. Yesterday the steamer *Olympia* arrived in Calcutta with a distressed lot of passengers, who were detained at the mouth of the Hooghly an entire day, and thought they would never reach land again, while I, coming by the boycotted railroad, had arrived safely without the thought of danger, and I had also visited Madura, the "Athens of Asia," besides seeing Madras and getting a taste of Tanjore and Trichinopoly, the railroad ticket permitting stop-over at every point of interest.

Madura is indescribably interesting. From time immemorial it has been the political and religious capital of Southern India. Its temple sacred to Siva is a magnificent structure, with a profusion of ornamentation and decoration not found in Japan or China. The carving and statuary of the gallery is said to have cost five million dollars gold, but the cost of the entire structure hovers somewhere toward the billion-dollar mark. It is 730 by 850 feet in size, with thirteen towers covered with statuary to the highest pinnacle, the tallest tower rising one hundred and fifty feet, and serves as a gateway. One tower is covered with gold, and has the least elevation of all. As I entered this temple, I observed five elephants busily engaged at their dinner. When one of the keepers noticed me, he quickly unchained an elephant and it came in a beeline for me. I stepped to one side to give him the road, as I do not care to measure strength with one of those giants in this warm climate or elsewhere. Instead of marching on, he faced me and I again hastened to clear the track, supposing that I had gotten into his



ABOARD THE BEGGING ELEPHANT, MADIRA, INDIA.

way by mistake. As quickly as it takes me to write it, he changed front and faced me again. I then was aware that I was the object of his movements. At this point my Kashmir guide informed me that the elephant was begging, and desired me to throw some money to the floor. Glad enough to extricate myself from the unpleasant situation so easily, I threw four quarter annas (two cents) upon the floor, and was amazed to see the elephant pick them up and turn them over to his keeper, and both were satisfied. Before I understood that the beast was begging, he became impatient at my inability to comprehend his desire, and made a hideous noise as an evidence of his displeasure, requiring a stroke from the keeper's rod to put him to rights, and restore my self-possession. I afterwards hired the elephant at an expenditure of sixteen cents (half a rupee) and secured two snapshots of myself astride the beggar by having my guide operate the kodak. A large crowd gathered to see me mount the elephant, as it is quite a task when no ladder is provided for that purpose. An elephant is a huge bundle of flesh and bone even when kneeling. After he was made to kneel, I placed my right foot upon his knee, grasped his enormous ear with my right hand, and placed my left hand upon his neck, in which position I managed to leap to his back to the surprise of every beholder. When he arose to have our picture taken I was out of reach of every beggar; but when I slid down to terra firma the number of beggars multiplied, as they doubtless thought I was some rich baron, and had purchased the monster, which I managed at my pleasure. To make matters worse, another elephant keeper turned his beast loose, and with it pursued me all about the temple, desiring me to be as good to his elephant by having a similar picture and earning

the coin. My superior speed and ability to dodge about the piers and columns and colonnades enabled me to evade him and his swiftly-moving giant from the jungle. One of the compartments is called the "Room of a Thousand Pillars" because it is supported by that number of columns.

Hinduism has multitudinous gods, the three chief gods being Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the nourisher; and Siva, the destroyer. Brahma has no shrines or temples erected to his memory, as most Hindus have long ago fallen out with that god for having created the world and everything contained therein. Untold riches have been utilized in building shrines to Vishnu and Siva. I have no data, nor do I understand that any data exists stating the numerical strength of the worshipers of Vishnu or Siva. Some worship one, and others the other god, while many worship both. It is my opinion that the followers of Vishnu are far in the majority, as Buddha was one incarnation of Vishnu, and the Buddhists are numerous, not only in India, but also in China and Japan. Among the costly temples sacred to Siva, some are devoted to the worship of the sky, others to fire, and still others to water, the earth, and the air.

Among the Hindus there are four castes, the highest being the Brahmans, or priests, including what is known as the high caste; the second are the warriors; the third are the merchants and tillers of the land; the fourth, and lowest, are the sudras, or coolies. These four castes are subdivided into probably four thousand more. I am told that every person is named after some god or goddess, and that every child is named after its grandfather or grandmother.

During my stay in the cities of Southern India, I noticed many a home in city and country almost sur-

rounded with costly statuary in the shape of animals, of nearly every kind, size, and description. Some evidently cost as much as the farm or home was worth. The reply to my question as to the reason for such a display was: "The statuary is constructed and placed in position about the premises in order to appease the wrath of the god Siva. Where there are no children in a home, that home is considered disgraced and under the condemnation of the gods, and such wrath must be overcome by making such a display before the home can be blessed with tiny feet and prattling lips." I saw several pieces of statuary that were higher than the houses, having been constructed at enormous cost.

I saw hundreds, if not thousands, bathing in the sacred river of the Hindus for the purpose of having their sins washed away.

I have been in India one week, and expect to spend two additional weeks in the Dark Empire, but I have seen enough of Hinduism thus far to disgust an iron man. On the other hand I have seen enough of the transforming influences accompanying the work of Christian missions to make a person shout, "Glory, hallelujah!" As I addressed the girls of the Bengali mission through an interpreter, I was lifted heavenward. The interest manifested was remarkable. I learned that, as Christians, many of them were Bible teachers, native missionaries, and masters of several languages, and, best of all, they were a credit to womankind in all that constitutes true womanhood. Formerly they were heartless, hopeless, downcast worshipers of gods of stone, wood, brass, the earth, sky, fire, and water. Formerly they were taught licentiousness, but now they are the pride of the nation as examples of what Christianity can do for a people. In short, there is so

much difference between a Christian home and a pagan home that words can not be summoned of sufficient descriptive power to bridge the chasm between them. And yet, in an interview with one of the teachers of Hinduism, I was told that the Hindu representative at the World's Congress of Religions at Chicago lived in Calcutta, and that the president of that Congress and the various delegates representing the Christian religion, acknowledged publicly the superiority of Hinduism, and that they flocked about him in order simply to touch the hem of his garment. I was perfectly familiar with the World's Congress at Chicago (but I did not tell him so), and I knew that every statement he made was absolutely false. The most lamentable part of the matter is, that they tell the natives such a concoction of untruths, causing them to cling to their idols, child marriages, and every other abomination under the sun.

I visited the block where on June 20, 1756, the most ghoulish tragedy of history occurred. It is known as the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta, into which one hundred and twenty-three persons were thrown, men piled upon fellow-men by brutes incarnate, until the devils of hell must have trembled lest they were being outdone by fiends in human form. But Lord Clive avenged this iniquitous outrage, and set on foot the establishment of the Indian Empire. A towering shaft now stands in the middle of the street immediately in front of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta. Upon this shaft are inscribed the names of those who perished in the living tomb.

Calcutta, with its population of more than a million, is called the City of Palaces, a very deserving name. Here is Fort William, built in 1773; and the palace of the viceroy, the seat of government for India, built in 1804 at a

cost of 13 lacs of rupees (\$433,000 gold). The post-office building is the finest building I ever saw used for that purpose.

I was delighted to meet Rev. C. C. McCown, an old college mate, recently assigned to his post as a teacher in the boys' school, and maintained by the students of Garrett Biblical Institute. Memories were refreshed as the days of not so long ago were made to pass in grand review before us. A very delightful conversational visit to the Buckeye State was made in company with Miss Elizabeth Maxey, formerly of Madison County, Ohio, where I spent my first eighteen years. She has resided in India the past twelve years, being in charge of the Deaconess Home of Calcutta. Space will not permit individual mention of all who have been tireless in acquainting me with India. However, I can not pass without mentioning the names of Rev. D. H. Lee and wife, in charge of the Bengali mission, who have been as father and mother to me. Their children were the victims of that horrid Darjeeling disaster that shocked the world two years ago.

I can not recall a time when I have been as weary as I am to-day. I have been bounced about day and night for weeks upon an angry ocean; have been jolted for three days and nights on an Indian railway train; have been frightened by one cobra and several elephants; have been surrounded by robbers, whom I evaded by leaping into a carriage and being driven out of their reach; have had the company of rats and lizards in my room over night; have made one address after another to the Europeans, as well as to the natives through interpreters; have been interviewed by officials and newspaper men as to my investigations in each country or empire previously vis-

ited; and have received only one letter from any one in America. Nevertheless, I have not ceased to remember the home friends, and in the language of the poet I take pleasure in stating that—

“ I pray for them when sunset
Is gilding every hill,
And darkness steals the twilight,
And all around is still;

When I am tired and weary,
And all my work is o'er,
'Tis sweet to pray at close of day
For those I see no more.”

XI.

INDIA.

THE LAND OF THE VEDAS—THREE HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE SPEAKING SEVENTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES—PURCHASE OF A WIFE—KING GIVES IN EXCHANGE THEREFOR FIVE HUNDRED ELEPHANTS—RELIGION IN INDIA.

FOR the benefit of those who may not be conversant with Indian history, I shall make a few historical allusions as a preface to my tour northward and westward, in order that each reader may take renewed interest in this most interesting quarter of the cradle of civilization.

India, the large peninsula in the south of Asia, is limited on the north by the Himalaya Mountains; on the east by Burma and the Bay of Bengal; on the south by the Indian Ocean; on the west by Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and the Arabian Sea; and is divided into two parts, Hindustan and Deccan, the former being north of the Nerbudda River, and the latter to the south. The province of Burma is a part of the Indian Empire, but not so geographically. India has a population of about three hundred million and an area of about one million seven hundred thousand square miles. Seventy-eight languages are spoken, which act as a check against any sudden uprising of the people. Like the Chinese, they are divided on account of a multitude of tongues. These empires, if united, could overturn a nation that might become their object of vengeance.

About 1000 B. C. the Aryans set out from their home near the Caspian and Black Seas, and settled on the banks of the Indus River, which is in the west of India. Having made their home on the Indus, they put an H before the name of the river and called themselves Hindus, a name that follows them and their religion to this day. Their numbers having multiplied, they moved to the Ganges, pushing the aborigines before them, believing that to the victors belong the spoils, a system that obtains to this hour. From this point onward the history of India is one never-ceasing chapter of bloodshed, war, rapine, and destruction.

The early history of India is found chiefly in the four ancient religious books called the Vedas, written originally in Sanskrit. Around their heroes, tales of heroism cluster similar to those in Virgil and Homer. Forced to worship something, and seeing, in their spiritual blindness, nothing more worthy of worship than material things, they deified the sun, moon, sky, fire, and water, which were worshiped according to the choice of each person. I will present one story from their early history.

Sita, the beautiful queen of Rama, was captured by Ravana, king of Ceylon. Rama thereupon raised a large army from the tribes of the south, called monkeys and bears, with the monkey general, Hanuman, in charge. Hanuman leaped across the straits between India and Ceylon (sixteen hours' journey by steamer), and found Sita a prisoner in Ceylon, and then leaped back with the news to Rama, her husband. The monkey troops then built a bridge across to Ceylon, killed Ravana, and returned upon the same bridge with Sita, after which the former disconsolate king reigned gloriously. Gautama, afterwards called Buddha, was born near Agra in the early

part of the fifth century. He introduced new thought, which took form in the shape of Buddhism, an antagonist of Brahmanism; but the opposition of the latter was so great that Buddhism dwindled to an insignificant position by the tenth century, where it still remains, while Brahmanism flourishes. Hinduism is all-comprehensive or pantheistic, and ought not to be considered as a religion. Hinduism primarily provides for the worship of Vishnu and Siva, but Buddha was the ninth incarnation of Vishnu; hence the worshiper of Buddha is acceptable to Hinduism. The Hindu also regards Brahma as the creator; but since Brahmanism and Buddhism are antagonistic it is evident that Hinduism is in itself contradictory. The importance of India as early as 518 B. C. may be conjectured when it is known that, at that early date, Darius, king of Persia, invaded the North, helped himself to the riches about Agra and Delhi, and sailed down the Indus to the sea. Having annexed several provinces to his realm, he reported that the revenue therefrom equaled one-third of all the revenue of Persia.

The reports of the fabulous wealth of North India reached Greece, causing Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, to lead his victorious Grecian army to the far East. Crossing the Indus, he entered the Punjab, and fought his way inch by inch until victory perched upon his banners. Afterwards one of Alexander's generals, Seleucus, led an army as far as the Ganges, made a treaty with the reigning king, to whom he gave his daughter in marriage, and received as pay therefor five hundred elephants. How weary that Grecian girl must have become, spending her life in this Indian country, far away from the loved ones at home! How often amid her unsightly surroundings and painful isolation from the land

of her nativity she must have become heart-broken and longed for "the peace of home again," sighing—

"It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low;
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of the long ago,—

Always with a throb of heartache,
That thrills each pulsing vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again."

After Buddhism had been partly swallowed by Hinduism, a new competitor appeared upon the field in Mohammedanism, founded by Mohammed, who was born at Mecca, in Arabia, 570 A. D. Twelve crusades or expeditions were made by the Mohammedans, leading to the planting of their religion in India. The decisive undertaking was against Gujerat, in West India, which was taken, no less than twenty thousand camels being required as a means of transportation. The scene of action then shifted to Delhi, where wars followed each other in rapid succession. Several dynasties of the Muhammads occupied the throne at Delhi. Desiring to expand his domain, the king sent one hundred thousand soldiers through the Himalayas to overrun China. Failing to subdue that vast empire of millions, only a few returned, who were put to death because they failed to accomplish the task assigned.

In 1399 Tamerlane invaded India at the head of the Mogul or Mohammedan army, plundered the cities, took multitudes of prisoners, and, finding so many prisoners were a burden, put one hundred thousand of them to death, marched to Delhi, captured the city, and, it is said, put every person to death. The city of Agra also figured prominently in the various wars waged. Barbar, Humayun, Akbar, and Shah Jahan, through numerous battles,

made every square mile about Delhi and Agra historic. The famous Shah Jahan is known as "the world's greatest builder." The Jumma Musjid, the Peacock throne at Delhi, and the Taj Mahal at Agra, are regarded as the finest pieces of architecture known to man. These I shall visit and describe *en route* to Bombay.

The magnificence of Orientalism became known in Western Europe in the fifteenth century. Attempts were made to reach this land of splendor by an all-sea route. Some sailed toward Labrador, others towards the West Indies, one Christopher Columbus in particular. Vasco de Gama shipped around the Cape of Good Hope, and landed on the west coast of India in 1498. Portugal and Spain occupied the field till 1588, when the so-called Invincible Spanish Armada went down before the British, giving Britain a leverage on the Far East.

A royal charter was signed by Queen Elizabeth in 1600 providing for the establishment of the English East India Company. Under it occurred the misrule of Warren Hastings in 1772-1785; the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta in 1756; the siege of Delhi; the massacre of Cawnpore; and the relief of Lucknow in 1857, which administered a death-blow to the East India Company, and the entire authority and administration of India was assumed by the crown of England. English rule has faced a series of wars, famines, plagues, earthquakes, and financial embarrassments, but thrives in spite of a thousand difficulties.

The first Burmese war cost England twenty thousand lives and \$72,000,000, and as late as 1898 she was forced to use sixty thousand troops in quelling an uprising among the discontented. At present England has seventy-five thousand of her soldiers in India, and, in addition thereto, keeps one hundred and fifty thousand native

troops under arms. Hence it is seen that peace in India is now purchased at the point of the bayonet, requiring a vast army of two hundred and twenty-five thousand, nearly a quarter of a million drilled men. In an interview with a major of the British army I was informed that the total expense of maintaining this horde of men is saddled upon the Colonial Government and is provided for by taxes, etc.; hence, it is seen that these poor, degraded, struggling, famine-stricken, naked natives foot the bill just as "Jones pays the freight." The splendid results that have come to India through British occupation are immeasurable, yet it is my conviction that the American Government will make the mistake of its history if it assumes a lordship over the Filipinos with the iron hand so noticeable in Britain's dealings with the Indians.

While Edward VII, king of England, is emperor of India, he is represented here by Lord Curzon, the viceroy or governor-general who resides at the palace in Calcutta. His wife is an American woman, captured by Lord Curzon at Chicago.

I am disgusted with the way natives do things. They are thousands of years behind time. The people, even among the highest castes, use neither knife, fork, nor spoon, but dash their hands into the one dish observed at meal-time, and feed themselves in a way that makes one wish for a club. They think chairs and tables a nuisance, and beds are of no more use to them than boots to snakes. Some of them seem to think it impolite to put any clothes whatever about their children until they become ever so old, say eight to ten years, and then the clothing, in many instances, is often abbreviated to an encircling twine string or thread, upon which is suspended a small, dangling, metal heart.



A BENGALI CHILD-MOTHER, INDIA.

Child marriage is enough to make one sick of the human race. It, next to caste, is the curse of India. If the husband dies, the widow becomes an outcast. Kicked out into the streets or jungles, she must starve, beg, steal, sell herself as a slave, or be driven to suicide, as multitudes are.

On the streets of Calcutta I saw a young widow aged probably fourteen to sixteen years, though compared with Americans, her age would be guessed at ten or twelve years. Her little child, old enough to walk, was standing by her side, naked, its face upturned towards its mamma's face; tears were creeping down its face as it showed evidence of begging for something to stay its craving hunger. The little child's mother, nine-tenths naked, was looking down, half weeping, at the little one, which she was unable to help. No one could look upon that scene, observe that girl with features that would grace the world's best specimens of girlhood, see the unquestioned evidence of motherhood, together with the intense grief that had possession of both mother and child, without longing for the strength of the world's navies and armies and to be clothed with power to use them as a gallant knight for the overthrow of women slavery in India.

Britain sent two hundred thousand troops to South Africa to redress a reported wrong or to grasp territory, while here, almost under the governor-general's palace, the most stupendous outrage in the world's history thrives on the ground that this monster must be dealt with conservatively. I am of the opinion that this outrage of centuries' standing would have been throttled long ago by the use of belching battery and bristling bayonet, if the possession of some surf-beaten island and additional revenue were to be gained.

It has not been so long ago since the living widow was

burned on the funeral pyre of her deceased husband. The first reform step was taken when the widow was allowed to decide whether she was to be burned alive. But, then, the treatment of a widow was so inhuman that many chose to be burned alive rather than to remain and be kicked and cuffed about by heartless men. To-day the rules of caste are that rigid that any person is driven from home, friends, and kindred if he should take a cup of cold water from the hand of a person belonging to a lower caste. If a neighbor is dying, no help can be offered or received if not between those of the same caste. Strange to relate, however, that in ordinary life the lower castes must assist the upper as servants, which is not breaking caste.

The other day two persons lay on the roadside, dying. They had lain all the previous day, unable to move out of the burning rays of the sun. None of their caste came by, and those who did see them were prevented on account of caste from giving a cup of cold water which they so much desired, a tank of thirty-six thousand gallons being only thirty yards away. When my missionary friend found them, one was dead, his face being eaten away by the razor-backed dogs that infest that section. The other was able to keep the hungry dogs away; but he soon passed to his reward, thankful for the coming of the missionary who knows no caste. When thoughtless people drive poisoned shafts of criticism at the missionary, I am tempted to take up arms and become a fighting parson.

XII.

CALCUTTA TO BENARES AND LUCKNOW.

BENARES, THE SACRED CITY OF THE HINDUS—TRIP ON THE GANGES, THE SACRED RIVER—THE MONKEY TEMPLE—THE GHASTLY SIEGE OF LUCKNOW—CONDITIONS INCIDENT TO DARKEST HEATHENDOM—A PEOPLE WORSHIPING FOUR THOUSAND GODS—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

HAVING spent three eventful days in Calcutta, I began my tour to the north and west, leaving Howrah Station, Calcutta, at 9 o'clock P. M., on the Punjab mail-train for Benares, four hundred and seventy-nine miles away, requiring fourteen hours for the trip, arriving in this City of Temples at 11 o'clock the forenoon of the day following.

Benares, the holy city of the Hindus, is situated on the north bank of the Ganges River, the sacred river that once flowed in heaven, if Hinduism be true. Vishnu, the nourishing God, needing assistance in producing good crops, saw to it that this river, thirty-six hundred feet wide here, not only took up its present position, but also saw to it that this river should remain on earth. Only one side of it, the north side, is sacred. The Hindu firmly believes that all who die on the north side become monkeys, and those who die on the other side become donkeys; hence the popularity of the north side, as these people regard the outlook as better in the monkey state than in donkeydom.

A magnificent temple has been erected at enormous

cost to the monkey god, and the temple is peopled with live monkeys of every size and age. The purchase of two anna's worth of popcorn, nuts, etc., for the monkeys is the only condition precedent to admission to this temple, with which condition I gladly complied, and entered only to be surrounded by thieving monkey villains. And still they came, clambering down walls, over beams, up steps, sliding down ropes, from every direction. Like Leonidas at Thermopylae, I held my ground for a time, as the verminths were very civil after the supply department was exhausted.

The most interesting features of Benares are the ghauts (stone steps), where the bathing for the washing away of sins takes place from morning till night, every day of the year. Several ghauts are reserved for burning the remains of Hindus. They are stacked alongside the water, cordwood is piled upon them; the torch is applied; the fire rages, and the last vestige is destroyed as men, standing with poles, prod the unconsumed parts back into the flames. Some take great pains to have the feet of the corpse in the water of the Ganges as the remainder of the body is burned, so that the goddess of the Ganges might be sure to secure the deceased. Finally the feet are thrown into the flames and the cremation ends. I saw them in all processes; some being carried in on the shoulders of men, like cordwood; others being covered with wood; and still others wrapped in flames.

Here I chartered a boat with four rowers, and made a trip up and down the Ganges among the multitude of worshippers and bathers and in front of the burning ghauts. I noticed a merry company of people stretching a garland of flowers across the river. On questioning my English-speaking guide as to what it meant, he replied: "That is a necklace of flowers offered to the Ganges because of a vow made by a man several years ago. It is an old cus-

tom among those who have no children to make a vow to the goddess of the Ganges, promising to give to the sacred river a necklace of flowers if a son might be born to the household. This offering is to be made when the son is ten years old. A great holiday is made of the occasion of the boy reaching the age of ten years, a genuine picnic, to which all the relatives are supposed to come and make merry." It was thus in this case. A jolly party was on the bank as the boat crossed the river, stretching the two ropes upon which flowers were fastened about six inches or less apart. No two adjoining flowers were alike, and all were beautiful, costing a considerable sum to prepare. The occasion was further celebrated by the launching of a paper boat containing sweetmeats as an additional offering to the river goddess. Those belonging to the higher castes, and therefore not wanting to be seen, had tents held over them during their plunge into the river for the remission of sins.

Bathing in the Ganges is necessary to salvation, is their teaching; and it must be on the north side, as the south side does not count. Across the river I saw vultures busily engaged picking the bones of some poor fellow who had not bathed daily in the river, and did not have money or friends to prepare his funeral pyre; hence he must become food for the birds of the air, which also are sacred. I saw a few skulls bleaching in the sun. I asked the guide why those worshipers dip up that filthy Ganges water and put it into their mouth, and he answered: "To worship Ganges that way. Hindus got plenty gods."

Going down one of the streets of Benares, I noticed a procession of people accompanied with much music, each person adorned in gorgeous apparel, and I asked what that meant. The guide responded: "Some one got a chil-

dren, and they rejoice and go take it a present." Further down the street I saw an old, very old man being dragged through the street by what appeared to be a ten-year-old child. The aged man, being unable to walk, was helped to the Ganges, so that he might perform the rites of Hinduism before going to his long home. When I state that that man was too scantily clad for me to use my kodak you will get some idea of the every-day scenes in a vast city, known as the sacred city of the Hindus, with its quarter of a million of people.

For eight hundred years Benares was the headquarters of Buddhism; but in 4 A. D. Buddhism failed. The Mohammedans took Benares in 1194 A. D., and held it for nearly six hundred years, or until 1775, when it was ceded to the British.

Desiring to avoid the backsheesh extractors at the hotel at Benares, I took carriage quite unexpectedly to them; but those horses, doubtless trained for the purpose, balked at the hotel door and left me at the mercy of the crew, composed of begging employees ranging in position all the way from the grand providers of the toothpicks down to the imperial pancake-turners. Not willing to be out-done by a balking team, I sprang into another carriage and was off for the depot.

My next stop was at Lucknow, a city of three hundred thousand, situated one hundred and eighty-seven miles from Benares. Lucknow is the fourth city of India, being surpassed only by Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. It is the capital of the province, and is noted for the splendor of its palace, built as a relief work during the famine of 1780, costing \$5,000,000. The British have a first-class garrison here consisting of two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, two batteries of artillery, one native infantry regiment, and one of native cavalry.

Writing of Lucknow, Rudyard Kipling said: "There is no city, except Bombay the queen of all, more beautiful in her garish style than Lucknow, whether you see her from the bridge over the river, or from the top of the Imambora, looking down on the gilt umbrellas of the Chutter Muzil and the trees in which the town is bedded. Kings have adorned her with fantastic buildings, endowed her with charities, crammed her with pensioners, and drenched her with blood. She is the center of all idleness, intrigue, and luxury."

Probably no other event in Indian history is more noteworthy than the memorable siege of Lucknow. Early in 1857 discontent spread throughout India. The natives unwisely objected to the spread of education and the introduction of railways and the telegraph. Disgruntled people went from regiment to regiment, endeavoring to persuade the Sepoy troops to mutiny. A new kind of rifle was issued to the troops in place of the old, and for these rifles greased cartridges were supplied. The Sepoys were made to believe that these cartridges were issued for the purpose of abolishing their caste, and also as a direct slap at the Mohammedans, who regard pork as food for the devils only. Many regiments refused to accept the greased cartridges, and the British authorities then recalled the order, but it was too late. The fire had started, and no amount of persuasion could extinguish it without bloodshed.

The British had two hundred thousand Sepoys in the army and only a few home troops, as all that could be spared had been used in the Crimean war, and had not returned to their stations. Sir Henry Lawrence was in command of the British garrison at Lucknow. Fearing that the mutiny might reach Lucknow, he purchased provisions for a siege, and stored them away in the residency.

His wisdom was in evidence, for on July 4, 1857, the residency was besieged and Lawrence was killed by a shell from the batteries of the Sepoys planted in front of his headquarters. The mutineers to the number of fifty thousand appeared on the scene on June 30th, but did not begin the work of destruction till July 2d.

Within the residency were 2,633 persons of whom only 730 were European soldiers, 479 were loyal native soldiers, 237 were women, 260 children, and about 800 natives. Of this number less than half, including sick and wounded, were left to tell the awful tale of suffering endured during the one hundred and forty-six days of siege. In company with the Rev. D. L. Thoburn, who has spent many years in Lucknow, I visited the residency and various points of interest connected with the siege of Lucknow. The residency, once a palatial structure, is now in ruins; its roof gone; its walls covered with the marks of pounding cannon. The housetop is pointed out which "Bobs," now known as the hero of the British in South Africa, climbed as Lieutenant Roberts to signal his arrival with re-enforcements. A walled garden is visited where two thousand Sepoys were shot and bayoneted to a man by the Highlanders and Lowlanders of Scotland, maddened by the cruelty of the Sepoys in murdering innocent women and children.

As I descended the steps at the residency to visit the underground rooms where the European women and children were packed away for safety, I was shocked as I thought of what those four hundred and ninety-seven women and children must have endured during the one hundred and forty-six days of siege. Hidden away in the dark, having little ventilation and less light, with cannon booming, dropping shells into their midst, musketry rattling against the walls, the cries of the wounded

and moans of the dying,—all must have combined to make death preferable to living. Many a time had I read Tennyson's "Defense of Lucknow," but it now has tenfold more meaning to me than ever before.

"Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
 Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle cry;
 Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high,
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow,
Shot through the staff or halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."

A glimpse of the untold suffering of the siege may be caught from the following lines:

"Heat like the mouth of hell, or a deluge of cataract skies;
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies;
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field;
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that would not be healed;
Lapping away the limb by the pitiful, pitiless knife;
Torture and trouble in vain, for it never could save a life;
Valor of delicate women who attended the hospital bed;
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead;
Grief of our perishing children, and never a moment for grief;
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief;
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butchered for all that we knew;
 Then, day and night, coming down on the still shattered walls,
 Millions of musket balls, thousands of cannon balls,—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."

A few survivors of that siege having been retired on account of years of active service, pensioners of the British Empire, prefer to live here and act as guides to show visitors the points of interest. Some return to England to spend their last days, but, becoming tired of a Northern clime, hasten back to India where they sacrificed—where they are more at home.

When I mentioned to British officers that some of their treatment of the natives is harsh, too severe, they invariably suggest that rigid discipline is the only safeguard to any government whatever. While there is ample ground for criticising British management and rule in India, I am ready to compliment the Briton for what he has done for India, and to hurrah for the Union Jack whenever I see it floating at a masthead, though my love for the Stars and Stripes is not lessened. When I see wrongs that need to be righted, practices that ought to be abolished, a thousand and one things that need to be adjusted when little apparent effort appears to be put forth to correct them, I am reminded that this is a great undertaking, the management of these multitudinous millions. Their wrong ideas and practices were rooted and grounded centuries before England was born. Centuries of error can not be overcome in a day.

The mission work in Lucknow is advancing by leaps and bounds. Publishing-houses, churches, colleges, famine-relief works, shops, and technic schools are working wonders, whose splendid results point to the salvation of India, and happy ought he to be who has a part in this work by labor bestowed or by assisting in sustaining those on the field.

The missionaries are a brave lot of people. Always in danger, they are fearless. In America I have heard people say, "They do not want them in mission lands." I now rise to ask who are meant by that indefinite "they?"

Because a people rise, as did certain Chinese, and kill a number of missionaries, some one hurries to the conclusion that the gospel-bearers are not wanted. In America one might just as safely say that no police are wanted in any city because a few policemen and marshals are killed every year in America. Yes, a dozen have been

known to be killed in one day. Why not pull down all the churches in America and put the ministers back into the profession from which they came—where many of them received a larger salary—why not do this because some ministers have been killed for telling the truth? I am convinced that that celebrated European scholar told the truth when he said: “The world’s greatest and best men are her missionaries.”

About Benares and Lucknow camels are in abundance. They are used as a means of transportation instead of street cars. I am informed that they travel seventy to eighty miles per day, and can travel fifteen days and require only one drink of water. If a man has produce to bring to the city, he transports it upon the back of his camel or on carts. Importers of goods from California have a unique way of advertising their goods. Along with certain advertising data on the back of a hotel menu card I noticed the following concerning California:

“In this far distant Western paradise, the scenery is picturesque and grand, and there is probably no country in the world to compare with it.”

Not only has the fame of delightful California made an impression upon the inhabitants of this side of the globe, but, strange to relate, the fame of Carrie Nation has marched around the globe until she is known within the jungles of Asia. I clip the following from a paper printed at Singapore, down on the equator:

“NATIONAL PERIL.

“[Mrs. Carrie Nation, the saloon-smasher, has started a crusade against tobacco.]

Mrs. Nation, when you hankered
To administer a blow
To the alcoholic tankard
And to crush the bowls that flow,

I approved the happy notion,
Watched your efforts with delight.
My affection for 'the lotion'
(As they call it) is but slight.

But O, dear! your latest movement
Fills my soul with keen dismay;
In your passion for improvement
You would take our pipes away.
But unless you simply hate us,
Can you ponder undismayed
On the horrors that await us
At the end of this crusade?

Take your enterprising hatchet
To some more deserving curse;
Our tobacco, if you snatch it,
Must give place to something worse.
While you war against the 'soakers'
I applaud; but O, refrain
From reducing honest smokers
To an after-dinner cane!"

Having often wondered why the Asiatic carries his burdens on his head, I now think I have the solution, and it is this: The wife, being a beast of burden, or even worse in many places, is forced to carry from one to four baskets on her head at one time and a child in her arms, while her lazy scoundrel of a husband can trot along behind to see that she does not stop to rest before the hovel of a home is reached.

Women of America! do you appreciate the leavening and equalizing influences of Christianity? Or would you prefer to live in a country where a non-Christian religion is in the ascendancy? When I arrive in America after seeing the position of women in Japan, China, Malaysia, and India, it will be difficult for me to have any patience with the woman who asserts that she has no sympathy for Christianity. British officers tell me that they favor

missions, as heathen religions are stronger in India than the British Government itself. Missionaries can do more for the amelioration of India than the army. When such admissions are made, I wax optimistic in extolling the virtues of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

“They may tell you that hate is rampant,
That love is now dying out,
That the devil will conquer the sons of men,
And put all their plans to rout.

But do n't you believe it, daughter,
And do n't you believe it, son ;
For the good that exceeds the evil deeds
In life's battle is ten to one.

Then let the grumblers grumble,
And let the croakers croak ;
The world is what we make it, dear,
And love is the master-stroke.

It will kill the wrath of nations,
It will soften the chastening rod ;
It will even abide and lead and guide
The love that was born of God.”

I have been puzzled to know what terms to use in describing these natives who have not been reached by civilizing or Western influences. Filth, squalor, vermin—in short, everything unsightly and hideous—is the object of their choice. Their houses; smaller than street cars and as presentable as cesspools, are dark as cellars, there being no windows and only one door, and usually one roof, for a dozen or more so-called houses. Such buildings cluster about a central hog-wallow, no two houses being built on the same lines, but all apparently striving for the honor of facing said disgusting swine paradise. The only exit for the smoke is the door, and it is always full of questionable-eyed youngsters, clad in—I'll not say what.

Their parlor, sitting-room, and kitchen is composed of a few square feet of well-beaten, grassless earth directly in front of the door and within half a jump of swinedom, a reeking, germ-ridden, pestilential, ill-smelling bog. At any time of the day from one to thirteen persons of all ages and sexes may be seen stretched out full length with the dogs, cats, and goats upon the ground before the hovel. When the good wife announces dinner, the entire posse stretches twice, sits up, and the thirteen, more or less, immerse their hands in the food served in one cheese-box of a dish, and the process of feeding begins. I forgot to state that the last one to get his hand in the swim is too unutterably late for any use, and finds employment in holding the howling dog and cat by the tail while the others get the platter in shape to be turned over to the dog and cat to lick to save the bother of washing dish—not dishes, as we are used to hearing it referred to by the American ladies who enjoy such sport, never. Early in the morning these people may be seen upon the house-tops waiting for the sun to give them a warming, as they are out of coal and clothes too. I have prowled about at all hours of both day and night, bent on seeing India, and if the word of the missionaries is worthy evidence, I am seeing India as few others have, excepting the bishops who are notorious for having traveled multitudinous miles.

These Indian guides are schemers. I have avoided them in most places by having Americans to smooth the way. Tell the guide just where you want to go, and in nine cases out of ten he will run you into some bazaar where he has been previously offered a per centum on all goods purchased by customers steered hither by his diplomacy.

From the number of girls and women seen carrying water in large earthen pitchers on their head, one would

infer that water is in common use. One glance inside the average household drives this idea into hiding, for dirt is omnipresent, a hundred generations having doubtless lived in the same dwelling and added to the original a generation of dirt each. If the Hercules, who turned a river out of its course to cleanse the Augean stables, were here, he would need a pair of Mississippis in addition to the Ganges and Indus in order to get through the outermost coating so painfully evident.

Many native stores display all their goods on the ground in front. If a drove of sheep or hogs appears, the entire stock is quickly carried inside by the lady in charge, or, if she happens to be out gossiping with the neighbors when any calamity is pending, the little six-year-old saddles the heavy articles upon the back of his younger sisters, and no harm is done. In one place I noticed a drove of hungry sheep in the act of eating a merchant out of house and home. Such of his produce as they did not eat in the raid was trampled upon and rendered unfit for dogs; yet I have no doubt that his customers found no fault, as "every one is destined to eat his peck of dirt."

Would you be pleased to see some of these non-Christian natives in their choice costume? One description will not suffice, as they dress in about as many costumes as they have gods—namely, four thousand or more. I will waste no time with those under eight or ten years of age; for they, and many others much older, usually wear little more than the sheen of perennial Indian sunshine. There are exceptions to this, however. But let us turn to those more presentable. Many an Indian belle have I seen with from six to fifteen bone, nickel, silver, and brass rings about her ankles; that many, or more, about her wrists and arms; a half dozen about her neck; large rings in her

ears; one to three very large rings in her nose; at least four fingers literally covered with rings; huge claws on her toes, resembling claws of a dragon; bareheaded; shoeless and stockingless, with a loose gown folded about her body. As she walks the street, her jewelry sounds like the rattle of tin pans, cymbals, and a rattlebox combined.

One native told me that women wear rings on their toes to indicate that they are married. Some women not only wear large rings in the nose—which I judge must be raised by a derrick when they eat—but also wear side clamps on the nose; for what reason I have no knowledge. Many are to be seen at their work, wearing only a short waist and a pair of men's overalls, with most of the lower part cut away to be used as dish-towels; but they use no dishes, knives, forks, spoons, tables, or chairs, as a rule; hence why those overalls are thus abbreviated remains to me a mystery awaiting solution. Many of the high-caste Parsee women wear a silk coat or a blouse and men's pantaloons of silk, and in this way appear on the streets. Among the men a very few wear European clothes. The remainder either wear a turban, or go bareheaded. Nearly all are barefooted. A captain of the British army just said, "State that the men wear a rag around them." This is a rough-and-easy way of describing what baffles description. The question of clothing varies with the latitude, the time of the year, the caste, and the purse. Many among the coolie class wear the one small regulation band, while others are more lavish in their wardrobe and appear in an entire pair of trousers, or cloth answering the purpose, and still others add to this a shirt that has been constructed without either scissors or needle and thread.

XIII.

LUCKNOW TO DELHI.

VIA CAWNPORE AND AGRA—HISTORIC MEMORIAL WELL—
THE TAJ MAHAL, THE WORLD'S MASTERPIECE IN
ARCHITECTURE—KING AKBAR, THE NAPOLEON OF THE
EAST—ORIENTAL, SPLENDOR—A LAND OF RUINS.

ANXIOUS to see the historical Memorial Well at Cawnpore, I visited that city, situated on the south bank of the Ganges, forty-six miles from Lucknow. At Cawnpore the mutineers were led by Nana Punt, who became angry at the English because they refused to give him the pension formerly paid to his father. For three weeks the Europeans held out; but numbers surrendered on the promise that they would be conducted safely to Allahabad. Boats were provided to conduct the four hundred and fifty soldiers down the Ganges. But no sooner had the men started than they were fired upon by the treacherous Sepoys who were on the bank to see them off. Those who were not killed outright leaped into the river, and made an attempt to escape, only to be shot like dogs in the water. Four of the number dived a sufficient distance down stream to escape, but were unable to leave the water until they reached the city of Allahabad, the City of God. What their sufferings were can hardly be imagined. The women and children were imprisoned at Cawnpore to await the worst treatment that ever became the lot of any people. Hearing of the

horrible tragedy on the river, English troops came pouring in from all over India in order to save the women and children, if possible. General Havelock was in command of the relief forces, and easily defeated Nana Punt, who, vexed at his own defeat, hurried into Cawnpore, ordered all the women and children, numbering nearly two hundred, to be brought out and butchered as if they had been rats instead of the wives and children of British officers and merchants. To hide his ghoulis work, he ordered the dead, the dying, and a few who were untouched, to be thrown head first into a well, from which not a person was rescued alive. The British arrived too late. However, the ringleaders were caught, and each was made to lick up a square foot of the blood and gore deposited upon the large circular rock surrounding the well. After this performance, the culprits were hanged upon a tree, pointed out by the soldier on duty at the Memorial Church and Well.

The Memorial Church was erected at a cost of \$100,000 to the memory of the men and women of England who fell in that dreadful massacre. Over the Memorial Well, on a raised mound, stands a figure representing the "Angel of the Resurrection," with outspread wings, arms crossed, and in each hand is a palm-leaf draped and bending over the center of that once living tomb. This piece of statuary was executed from white marble, and was designed by the noted Baron Marochetti. A large octagonal gothic screen of marble surrounds the statuary. Over the arch are these words: "These are they which came out of great tribulation." Around the circle of the well, carved in marble are these words: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who, near this spot, were cruelly murdered by the followers of the

rebel, Nana Dhandu Punt, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on 15th July, 1857."

On my arrival at Cawnpore I was met by Rev. Dr. R. Hoskins, who knew of my coming from having seen an announcement of my itinerary in a Calcutta paper, the editor having invited me to dine with him, and then commented quite favorably upon the wisdom of my taking such complete itinerary in the great Indian Empire, the land of the Vedas. Dr. Hoskins, having been a resident of India forty years, and possessing such ripe scholarship, proved very helpful to me during my stay in Cawnpore, and prepared me somewhat for the wonders of Agra and Delhi yet to be visited.

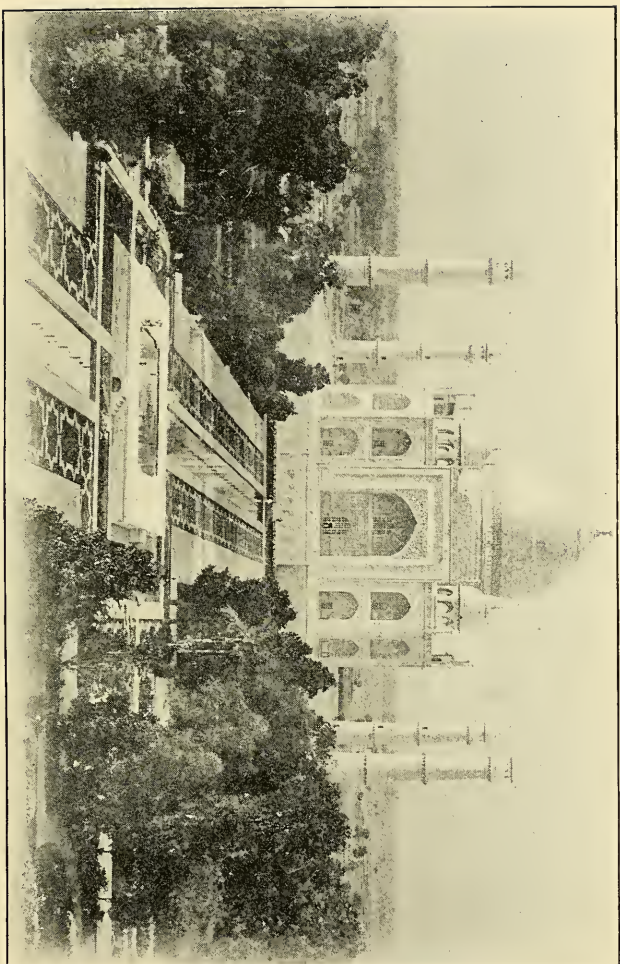
Here I saw the great Ganges canal, built at a cost of ten million dollars, representing only a part of the irrigation system of India. Cawnpore has five railroads and a population of more than two hundred thousand. Here, as well as in the large cities of India, are a number of woolen and cotton factories, tanneries, flourmills, boot and harness works, and sugarmills. Famine relief work is quite extensive also.

It was interesting to note that the natives had made a god of General Smith of the British army because he had been very favorable to them by a grant of a piece of land. So pleased were they on account of his donation that an equestrian statue of him was made and placed in their temple along with their gods for everyday worship. If men of money would like to be worshiped as gods, they might secure the coveted honor by sending photos with their checks, and live for untold years in Hindu history. This freak further illustrates what the guide meant when he said, "Hindus got plenty gods."

After a very interesting sojourn at Cawnpore, I booked for Agra, a city of one hundred and seventy-five

thousand, located one hundred and fifty-eight miles to the northwest of Cawnpore, on the bank of the Jumna River. Agra was founded by Akbar in 1566, and continued the magnificent court of the kings down to the time of Shah Jehan, the great builder. The ruins of old Agra across the river are easily traced, showing where the Afghan kings of Hindustan reigned until overthrown at the battle of Paniphat by Barbar, the founder of the Mogul dynasty. Akbar built as a protection to the city the most imposing fortification I have seen in India. It is seventy feet high and two miles long, forming a complete circle about his palace. It is faced with red sandstone throughout and is surrounded by a moat in places twenty feet deep. Beyond the moat are traces of old fortifications, and another moat though much smaller than the main one. On entering the fort, one crosses a bridge, which is drawn up at night when the huge doors are closed. A regiment of British soldiers occupies the fort where a large quantity of war equipment is stored. Akbar is called the Napoleon of the East, but it is evident that a battery of modern heavy artillery could level that towering fort in a few hours.

Inside the fort are the gorgeous Halls of Public and Private Audience, the Palace of Glass, and what is called the Pearl Mosque, a perfect masterpiece of art. The Pearl Mosque is lined with marble throughout, and is acknowledged by critics to be without equal in the entire world as a building for worship on account of the chaste and uplifting character of its design. The Private Hall of Audience is famous on account of its jasmine tower and golden pavilion, and affords a splendid view of the Taj, which thus far has so completely baffled description that I have not developed sufficient courage to undertake it. Connected with the Hall of



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, INDIA.

Audience is the grape garden, around which are the residences of the ladies of the harem, fronted by a marble pavilion, adjoining which are the baths called the Marble Palace. The baths are three in number—one for the children, one for the ladies of the harem, and one for the king—all of which are made of marble, and so far surpassed anything that I had seen or even imagined skilled workmen could contrive that I have nothing in mind with which to compare them. I have visited the White House at Washington, D. C., yet there is a vast gap between the best observed heretofore and the splendor seen within the walls of the fort at Agra, built by and for King Akbar and his successors. With a people shackled with poverty, the kings and their favorite women thrived in indescribable luxury or in extravagance run mad.

The large court upon which all this building luxuriance faced, is laid off in squares of white and black marble and red sandstone, like a chess-board, and was used by Akbar on which to play all sorts of games, using girls clad in perennial sunshine as living pieces, who moved from square to square as the game proceeded before his kingly gaze. As I walked from square to square and imagined the scene which enlivened this historic court centuries ago, I was impressed that the God of vengeance had decreed the destruction of such an extravagant and licentious court. The marble courts, palaces, and pavilions endure untarnished, while Akbar and his successors have long ago ceased to operate on the checker-board of history, their marble works inlaid with turquoises, garnets, amethysts, sapphires, crystals, and diamonds being the home of bats.

Having delayed as long as I dare, my pen and weary brain yearn to be done with the Taj Mahal, that mauso-

leum called a "dream in marble," erected by that most magnificent of all the royal builders, Shah Jehan, as a tomb for his wife.

From the East Indian Railway time-table I clip the following brief note of description:

"The exquisite beauty of this wonder of the world stands unrivaled, and affords an illustration of the saying that 'The Moguls designed like Titans, and finished like jewelers.' Built of the purest Jeypore marble, the mausoleum stands on a raised platform, at each corner of which is a tall and graceful minaret. Beneath the large dome, and within an inclosure of most delicately-carved marble fretwork, are the richly inlaid tombs of the princess and her husband, Shah Jehan. The Taj, which was commenced in 1630 and completed in 1648, is described as representing 'the most highly-elaborated stage of ornamentation, the stage at which the architect ends and the jeweler begins.' In regard to color and design, its interior may rank first in the world for purely decorative workmanship; while the perfect symmetry of its exterior, and the aerial grace of its domes and minarets, impress the mind of the beholder in a manner never to be forgotten."

As one approaches this marvel from the city its towering dome seems to be suspended from heaven. Coming still closer it fades away behind the wall of red sandstone, causing one to prepare for a disappointment. I expected to be disappointed, as I had no idea that any work of men could deserve the eulogies lavished upon the Taj by its every visitor for nearly three hundred years. I had read of the Taj until I had concluded that, possibly, travelers had paid their respects to it in the most lavish terms because it was fashionable to do so. Approaching it half-prejudiced against it, my surprise

was all the more marked when, upon entering the grand archway, I was completely captured and surrendered at once without the slightest evidence of resistance. In other words, that sight of a lifetime spiked my cannon, seized my powder and threw it into the Jumna River, and put me in irons, figuratively speaking. But why be captor to a mass of marble? It is more than marble. It is the embodiment of thought.

Speaking of the scene Ferguson said: "Full of the dome and mausoleum, we were not prepared for the splendor of the approach, the magnificently-ornamented gateway of red sandstone, filled in with inscriptions from the Koran in white marble, and surmounted by twenty-six cupolas. Then there is the exquisite setting of Taj structure in a garden of greenery, fountains, and expanses of water, bounded by marble walls and terraces, with an avenue of cypress trees, beyond which are flower-beds and lawns surrounded by great palms and a variety of flowering trees, shrubs, and pot-plants, displaying many varieties of chrysanthemums and beds of violets. All are kept in the best of order by the government. The whole quadrangle is inclosed by lofty sandstone walls on three sides, the Jumna River forming the fourth. The contrast between dull red sandstone, the abounding greenery, the glistening waters, and the pearly gray or creamy white of the mausoleum has to be seen and felt rather than described."

Advancing beyond this garden of beauty to the marble terrace more than three hundred feet square, the marble pile is reached. Decorations abound, inlaid with precious stones, such as jasper, carnelian, turquoise, garnets, crystal, agate, coral, sapphires, onyx, and diamonds. The guide grows eloquent as he describes the wealth observable on all sides. The marble tombs are literally

ablaze with costly jewels. The walls, domes, minarets, halls, arcades—in fact, everything, bristles with inlaid work costing untold sums. I am told that twenty thousand workmen were employed seventeen years in building. An old manuscript states that the head master-builder was secured in Persia, and the master mason came from Babylon, each receiving a salary of 1,000 rupees a month. Expert workmen came from the uttermost parts of the known world. The white marble came from Jeypore; the yellow from alongside the river Nerbudda, costing forty rupees per square yard; the black marble came from Charkot; crystal from China; turquoise from Tibet; agate from Yemen; lapis-lazuli from Ceylon, costing 1,156 rupees per square yard; coral from the Red Sea; garnets and diamonds from Bundelkund; onyx and amethyst from Persia; sapphires from Ceylon; and one hundred and fourteen thousand cart-loads of red sandstone from Fatehpur Sikri. Many other precious stones were also used in the inlaying of the flowers, which have no name in our language. The cost is estimated at 32,000,000 rupees, not counting the labor of the thousands of workmen, whose labor was not paid for or even computed. When the Taj was completed, its builder, Shah Jehan, proposed to build another one of black marble across the river for himself and connect the two by bridge; but he had so impoverished his vast kingdom in completing this one that he was deemed unfit to govern, and was deposed.

Space forbids further Agra data; hence I hasten to this city, Delhi, whose history dates back to the time of Joshua. It is also on the Jumna River, one hundred and thirteen miles north from Agra, and nearly one thousand miles north and west of Calcutta. This city has been the foot-ball of kings, having been built and destroyed about

as many times as Jerusalem. The city now numbers over two hundred thousand, but is only a remnant of its former glory. Once it covered an additional forty-five square miles, a fact evidenced by the ruins scattered for eighteen miles out into the country. The city has occupied five sites during the past five thousand years. Two miles out I visited one of the old sites dating 320 years B. C. I climbed to the top of an old palace or citadel, upon whose summit still stands a huge monolith (solid rock) rising forty-two feet in the air and extending thirteen feet into the building. The shaft is imbedded in the building at least fifty feet above the level of the ground, and being fifty-five feet in length (forty-two feet above and thirteen feet in the building), its summit reaches ninety-two feet above the level. How that solid piece of rock was transported from the Himalaya Mountains and erected in its present position is an enigma of history. It is a question whether there is any machinery of this advanced day sufficiently powerful to even lift that shaft, not bringing into account its transportation from the mountains of eternal snow and its erection where it now bids defiance to the ravages of time.

When I contemplate the scenes presented by Delhi and its environs, I feel like throwing my pen into the Jumna and my articles into the wastebasket, as no words can do justice to the situation. Here the inlaid work in the Hall of Private Audience surpasses that of Agra's palace within the fort. The "baths" here surpass those of Agra to which I paid particular compliments. To relieve myself somewhat of being accused of using extravagant language, I clip the following pointed extract from the guide in an attempt to pay tribute to Delhi:

"The walls, which are between five and six miles in extent, inclose the palace or fort, the Juma Musjid, the

railway station, the military cantonments and the famous Chaudni Chauk. The palace is on the east of the city, and is in the form of a parallelogram, one thousand six hundred feet east and west, and three thousand two hundred feet north and south. The Diwani-Kas, or Private Hall of Audience, sometimes called Privy Council Chamber, is a long hall supported by exquisitely decorated pillars. It stands on the east of the fort, overhanging the river, and is unique in the perception of its rich and artistic design, which renders it the most elegant hall in the world. The splendid tomb of the Emperor Humayun, the father of Akbar, which is two miles from the town; the stately Juma Musjid, opposite the fort; the Kutab mosque, ten miles south of the city, with its graceful colonnade of beautifully-sculptured Hindu pillars; and the adjoining Kutab Minor, the tallest minaret or pillar in the world, being two hundred and thirty-eight feet in height, rising from a base having a diameter of forty-seven to forty-nine feet at its summit, are among what have been fitly termed 'the many architectural glories of Delhi.' "

In the mutiny of 1857 more British soldiers were killed at Delhi than in the campaigns about Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Agra. One mile northwest of the Mori gate is the historic ridge where the most severe fighting occurred. It was a case of nine thousand British against forty thousand armed Sepoys, who had one hundred and fourteen heavy cannon, besides an abundance of stores. No other soldiers under the Union Jack ever fought against greater odds or achieved for England a greater victory.

Within the fort are the palace halls and Pearl Mosque. Referring to this scene in her book, "On the Face of the Waters," Mrs. Steele speaks of four "rose-red fortress

walls hemming in a few acres of earth, where the last of the Mogul emperors, in 1857, still dreamed a dream of power among the golden domes, marble colonnades, and green gardens with which his ancestors had crowned the eastern wall." Further mention is made of "a cool, breezy world of white and gold and blue, clasping a garden set with flowers and fruit, with blue sky, white marble colonnades, and golden domes, vaulting and zoning the burnished leaves of the orange-trees, where the green fruit hung like emeralds above a tangle of roses and marigolds, chrysanthemums and crimson amaranth." A noted poet, visiting this scene, could command only eleven words in describing it:

"If on earth be an Eden of bliss,
It is this, it is this, it is this."

The peacock throne which once graced this building was removed to Persia by its king when he invaded India in 1739 and captured Delhi. That throne is said to have cost \$30,000,000. The stand upon which it rested is still in its old place, and was used as a tea-table during the festivities attending the Durbar. I ascended the throne where the ancient kings were accustomed to hold court and receive the diplomats of foreign powers. The throne is of marble, having birds, animals, and flowers inlaid with precious jewels, rare and costly. Milton had in mind a scene less gorgeous than this when he wrote:

High on a throne of royalty which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her king barbaric pearl and gold."

It was at Delhi that the Durbar was held formally proclaiming Edward VII Emperor of India. Lord Curzon and the colonial secretary planned the big fair and

are now receiving the plaudits of the world for the success of the undertaking. Arriving after the Durbar was over, I had a better opportunity to see many of the exhibits than if I had been present while the unwieldy crowd was in the city. Rents soared beyond all reason. A cottage that formerly rented at thirty rupees a month brought 1,600 rupees a month during the Durbar season. Some were forced to pay from thirty to sixty rupees a day to stay in a tent. The places of interest were so far apart that many were unable to get about on account of the scarcity of carriages, which, when available, cost five rupees an hour. At least forty-five thousand British troops were present, some having marched from such a distance that they were almost five months in coming, and will require the same time to return, utilizing nearly a year to make a show at the event of a century. In the parade were six hundred elephants, besides camels and horses by the thousand. The Indian museum and art exhibit remains, and is visited by thousands who were unable to see it during the rush. To catalogue or describe it would require a volume. I saw one elephant tusk carved throughout with Indian history scenes, that sold for 1,000 rupees (\$320.)

XIV.

DELHI TO BOMBAY.

JEYPORE, THE MOST INTERESTING CITY IN INDIA—A RAJAH WITH FOUR THOUSAND AND FIVE WIVES—THE FINEST DEPOT IN THE WORLD—TOWER OF SILENCE—MARRIAGE CUSTOMS—ASIATIC BARBERS—THE MISSION PROBLEM.

HAVING spent two days at Delhi, I next visited Jeypore, one hundred and ninety-one miles to the southwest. This city, often spelled Jaipur or Jeypur, is mentioned by the guide as "the most interesting city in India," but it did not appear thus to me. Immediately after arriving I sent application to the resident requesting the privilege of visiting the palace of the rajah and the old deserted city of Amber, seven miles away, which was granted, the rajah, or native prince, providing an elephant from his stable for the trip up the hill to the old city gate. The resident is a British appointed official, who acts conjointly with the rajah.

Amber was the capital up to 1728, but was then abandoned for the new city, Jeypore, which now boasts of one hundred and fifty thousand people, surrounded by a wall of red sandstone, entered by seven gates. On the streets a motley crowd is everywhere to be seen. The visitor is shown the school of art, carpet-weavers, brass-workers, and the palace of the rajah, where his five wives keep each other company, and keep his buttons firmly sewed

by calling the assistance of as many of his four thousand extra wives or women slaves as occasion may demand. How slighted the ordinary batchelor must feel when he learns that one man in India can boast of four thousand and five wives! The Wind Palace at Jeypore, over which many visitors go wild with delight, was rather tame, to my notion, after seeing the beauties of Delhi and Agra. A glimpse at the embattlements of the old, ruined, deserted city of Amber was sufficient for me. but the large collection of tigers in that city interested me. My passing the bars in front of the largest one, which is said to have killed ten men, caused him as well as others to leap against the large iron bars with screams that reminded me of the North Pacific storm and my thousand wildcats in a fight to the finish as they were molested by a dozen rattling runaway freight-trains accompanied by as many cyclones in collision.

Street life in Jeypore as well as in any other Indian city finds a counterpart in these words of Sir Edwin Arnold:

“Forth fared they by common way afoot,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town:—
The painted streets alive with hum of noon;
The traders cross-legged mid their spice and grain;
The buyers with their money in their cloth;
The war of words to cheapen this or that;
The shout to clear the roads, the huge stone wheels;
The strong slow oxen and their rusting loads;
The singing bearers with their palanquins;
The broad-necked camels sweating in the sun;
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shop;
The weaver at his loom, the cotton bow
Twanging, the mill stones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for orts. . . .

Here a throng
Gathered to watch some chattering snaketamer
Wind around his wrist the living jewelry
Of asp and nag, or charm the hooded death
To angry dance to drone of beaded gourd;
There a long time of drums and gourds, which went,
With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
To bring the young bride home; and here a wife
Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god,
To pray her husband's safe return from trade,
Or beg a boy next birth; hard by the booths,
Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
For lamps and lotas; then by temple walls
And gateways, to the river."

I was glad to leave Jeypore and begin the seven-hundred-mile trip to Bombay, where I could rest and do as I liked until the day of sailing for Port Said.

Bombay is a great city of about one million souls. Its depot is built like a palace, and my friends say that it is the finest depot in the world. Why men will stack up so much cash in such a structure is another wonder of the world.

The Parsees do not bury their dead, as the earth is sacred; they do not bury in the sea, for the water is sacred; they do not cremate, for fire is sacred; hence they expose their dead within stone walls, where the vultures of the air can easily find them. These stone inclosures are called "Towers of Silence." I visited them one morning, and saw hundreds, and probably thousands, of vultures wheeling about through the air, having filled themselves on human flesh, and were waiting until hungry again for another meal. Some visitors standing by a tree said they saw a vulture drop a little child's arm near them, and others assert that fingers and other bits of flesh are often found on the streets of Bombay. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that the plague abounds, tak-

ing off from one hundred and fifty to two hundred daily in this city alone.

A large brick building is being erected on one of the principal streets, and all the hodcarriers are women. But all the women have to do is to carry the brick and mortar to the top of the building, and the men up there *do the work*.

I think it would be wise to keep the lepers off the streets. They are everywhere, with toes and fingers gone—a horrid sight. One grabbed a man by the hands on the street the other day, and he hastened home for a bath, and was so excited that he took three baths before quiet prevailed in his accelerated heart.

A trip to the Bombay markets is not without interest. Parrots and monkeys are for sale at from one to three rupees (32 cents to 96 cents) each.

I think I am safe in stating that I saw thousands of monkeys of all ages in the trees near Jeypore and along the railroad from Jeypore to Bombay. Camel ranches were noticed, where those ugly brutes appeared to be as plentiful as sheep or cattle on the Western prairies. Camels sell for \$50 to \$150. It was not a rare sight to see a man riding an elephant to town, doubtless to bring home a needle or some thread for his wife in name, but slave in fact. Deer and antelope were seen frequently. Some were very tame, and were not frightened by the rapidly-approaching train, while others stood for a time, then bounded away like bouncing bullets, as if on their way around the world and wanted to finish the tour by day after to-morrow.

The barbers of Asia are a fright. A few of them have shops with modern equipment, but they are scarce. The average barber goes about from house to house, from hotel to hotel, soliciting as many merchants do in America.

I arrived in Agra at night, went to the Great Northern Hotel, and was awakened in the morning by a rap at the door. I opened the door to learn the cause of the alarm. A man stood without who pronounced, in gentle tones, the word, "barber." Recognizing by past experience that he desired to perform an operation on my face, I replied, "Can you give me a good shave?" He answered, "Yes, I shave all the gentlemen." I explained to him that the barbers thus far around this terrestrial ball considered that it was no vacation or picnic to shave me, yet he argued that he was an expert at the craft, and desired to undertake the operation for four annas (eight cents), the regulation price. I bade him enter. He had a coolie outside with a small stove to provide hot water. Bringing in a supply, he was ready. In my pajamas, I sat upright in an ordinary chair, such as may be found in any sleeping-room of any hotel. He lathered for about a minute, then pulled from a bag of razors suspended under his left arm an old saw of a knife that might have been through the massacre of 1857, and began butchering. The first stroke impressed me that he had doubtless dressed many a hog, notwithstanding the fact that he was either a Hindu or a Mohammedan. He wore a long black coat in Prince Albert style, a white sash about his waist and shoulder, a pair of spectacles, and a turban. His left sleeve was rolled back so he could use his naked arm and wrist as a depot for the lather knifed from my face. After enduring agony untold, I was relieved in a condition approaching that of the slaughter-block observed in the monkey temple in Benares, where one goat is slain each week as an offering to the monkey god. I judged that he ought to be fairly good in order to get work at such a hotel, but was sadly disappointed. He used no towel, nothing except his razors and lather

brush. As I showed evidences of mutiny, he sent the razor to its little home in the sack, and drew forth another even more ancient. As he left the door he said, "Come back to-morrow morning?" I replied, "You could not give me another shave," and I am sure he could not, for another such a grubbing and I would not have enough face left to make it worth while entering or asking credit at a barber-shop. As I sat, with gritting teeth and nerves as unsettled as the clicking telegraph, I saw or seemed to see every American barber with whom I had enjoyed pleasant moments during the past five years. Before the mirror of memory they marched with their splendid equipment, each one repeating the oft-heard and pleasant-sounding word, "next," while I was next only to distraction. Taking a look into the glass, I discovered patches untouched as large as silver rupees. I was able to recognize myself, however, after recalling the name under which I had registered at the hotel the evening before. Barbers may be seen shaving their customers under trees on the sidewalk (where there are any), in the middle of the street, on ox-carts, and, in fact, everywhere.

The marriage customs of India are no less freakish than those of Japan and China. I shall be brief, as there would not be space to describe them in every province. In one province to the northwest of Bombay, marriages occur only on one day in every eleven years. On that day every single person must get married who is between eleven days and eleven years old. If there are more girls than boys, the parents are forced to go into other provinces in order to secure the compulsory husbands, and *vice versa* in the case of an excess of boys. It is an awful disgrace not to be married in India, as it is taught in some sections that an unmarried lady is intelligible to the Hindu

heaven. Some teach that every man is lost who has no son to build his funeral pyre and preside at the cremation. This accounts, in a great measure, for the demand for sons. Official reports show that one province has four hundred widows less than one year old.

My friend, the Rev. L. E. Linzell, a college mate in the Ohio Wesleyan University, now pastor at Bombay, attended a Hindu wedding last week. The young people were blindfolded until the ceremony was over, they having never seen each other until they became man and wife. A part of the ceremony consists of bringing them face to face and of tying their hands together with a silk thread. The covering was then removed, and they looked each other in the face for the first time; and what a shock it must have been to both, as it meant love at first sight! Love at first sight may not be so bad after all. Robert Burns wrote:

“But to see her were to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.”

Shakespeare is of a different opinion, for he suggests that one ought to be so well pleased with the one of his choice that, for love's sake only, he should heartily say:

“She is mine own.
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearls,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.”

Tennyson believed that love ought to be the underlying motive, even if one does not gain the object of his love, for,

“’T is better to have loved and lost
Than not to have loved at all.”

I can safely venture the assertion that love plays no part in the Indian marriage, because the system in

vogue would require one to love a person who had never been seen.

My Indian tour as first planned embraced three thousand miles, but I have kept adding to it until the actual distance covered by train aggregates three thousand four hundred and eighty miles, a distance that, if applied to America, would reach not only from New York to San Francisco, but would also extend to a point farther out in the Pacific Ocean than the fastest ocean greyhound could reach in a day's travel.

I entered India three weeks ago at its southernmost port, dressed according to the custom of equatorial cities, and traveled so far northward that I was compelled to do what I had never done before—draft into use two suits of heavy underclothing and a "Frost King" chamois vest, besides a light suit of underwear and the heaviest suit of clothes that I had ever worn, together with a heavy overcoat and three pairs of stockings, and still I shivered with the biting cold that seemed to sweep down from the eternal snows of the Himalayas.

One can scarcely imagine the extent of this country, supporting a quarter of a billion of people, without giving it a personal encounter as I have done. A country that requires Great Britain to maintain two hundred and twenty-five thousand soldiers, in order to control it, is no small concern on the back alley of nations. If some chieftan should come forth with sufficient organizing power to unify India and China, with their more than half a billion people, against the world, the kingdoms of earth would be reduced to a scrap-heap. He who asserts that the Indians can not fight is talking against time. The British officers say, and I have interviewed a dozen of them, that the natives as they are now trained fight like demons.

Among the many surprises that have come to my notice is that of the American commercial invasion of Asia. As I wrote the last sentence, the afternoon tea, served at four o'clock throughout Asia, was brought to my desk, and with it were crackers bearing the American stamp in large letters. Every conceivable kind of American goods is on sale almost everywhere. The American Trading Company, the North American Trading Company, and the Chinese-American Trading Company are the largest concerns, supplying the local dealers in Asia with offices and storerooms in the larger cities. They are so firmly intrenched in Shanghai and Hong-Kong that the British firms are wondering what the result of the invasion will be. I have interviewed and been interviewed by many a subject of His Majesty, King Edward, and every one is absolutely amazed at the almost limitless resources of America, and all prophesy tremendous development in the future if we keep level-headed men in power. I have been in company with a British major who was in the campaign against Peking. He spent his leisure time among the American soldiers, and is verbose in his compliments upon the American government, because he says it pays its soldiers better and also gives them a much more liberal allowance and greater variety of food than the British government allows its warriors. The more I see ourselves as others see us, the prouder I become that I am an American.

Great Britain deserves commendation for the interest she manifests in providing for the famine sufferers, having at present six hundred thousand pounds toward a permanent fund for their relief, and at present only twenty-two thousand five hundred people needing help from the fund on account of famine. I saw several of

the rescued who had been eating mud and roots and leaves.

At Agra I addressed the students of the Female Medical College, where the same course is pursued as in America, using the same English text-books.

As men are not allowed to enter the homes of the high-caste Hindus, lady physicians are an absolute necessity, though they are a modern God-send to those hermit women. One glimpse at my audience at Agra would knock all objections to the mission problem higher than Gilroy's kite.

The steamship *Britannia*, of the Anchor Line, is almost ready to sail for Liverpool, and I am ready to leave India; but I leave with the argosy of memory laden deck-deep with scenes that can never be eradicated, and I insist upon leaving as a parting salute the testimony that, if I had all the gold of all the world at my command, I would gladly offer it as a sacrifice for the emancipation of India's millions.

XV.

BOMBAY TO PORT SAID.

THE OCEAN VOYAGE—RED SEA—HEAVY SEAS—PREACHING
ABOARD A ROLLING AND PITCHING SHIP—THE HOLY
MOUNTAIN—TRADITIONAL CROSSING OF ISRAELITES—
THREADING THE SUEZ CANAL—QUARANTINED—PORT
SAID.

HAVING spent three eventful weeks in India, I walked the gangplank from the pier to the British steamship *Britannia*, of the Anchor Line, glad that a much-needed rest awaited me. The measles, cholera, and plague had been decimating the ranks of India's population by leaps and bounds. In Bombay, the day previous to my departure, more than two hundred persons fell before the plague's onslaught. They fell in the streets, in the shops, everywhere. More than one hundred thousand died of the plague in India during my visit. A medical examination was required before I was allowed to board the vessel. The doctor simply felt my pulse and wrote out the pass. The ship's crew was lined up like a regiment of soldiers and examined, as the management of the vessel did not desire plague symptoms aboard ship. But the plague is often sudden in its work, striking down its victims with little or no warning. When a few miles out, our special pilot left us to make the journey the best we could, and, tiffin being over, I stretched out upon the couch in my cabin and rested my weary bones. To go

back to a time when I was more tired, weary, and worthless in body and spirit baffled recollection. In such a condition no sleeping-powder was necessary to drive away the thoughts usually uppermost when beginning a long sea voyage, but to sleep I went like a flash. All cares vanished; my troubles were over. The sea might roll to mountain heights, but for me the sea and the world were as dead. At 3.30 I was awakened by the cabin boy, who announced that the afternoon tea was ready. Welcome words were they, though I had to be disturbed while recuperating at a marvelous rate.

Of all the beautiful sunsets observed on the sea, the most remarkable occurred the first evening out from Bombay. As the beam in the bow of the ship was alternately pointing heavenward or evidently trying to harpoon sharks in the sea, my attention was arrested by the radiance tinting the sky by the descending sun as it was about to drop into the billowy deep. So firmly were my eyes fixed and so completely was I captured by the phenomena that I forgot for the time being where I was, when suddenly there was a crashing swish-swash on the opposite side of the ship. Forcing myself to abandon the sight of that enchanting sunset, I turned and saw the sea in a mad rush over the upper deck toward my station. Without taking a moment's time to think about what to do or to philosophize over the situation, my muscles acted half involuntarily and I found myself that moment climbing the railings—the very thing that one ought not to do. I was out of reach of the rush just in time to prevent a soaking and came out of it with only a few splashes. After that episode I withdrew to safer quarters, and concluded that life was worth more than all the Indian sunsets that ever gilded an Oriental sky. Whatever else you do, do n't climb the railing as I did, for one lurch of the

ship might jerk you from the rail and present you as dessert for the tiger-like, man-killing sharks. This ship was built to run low in the water, and, besides this natural tendency to hide herself in the waves, she is laden with four thousand tons of freight in excess of her registered capacity which sinks her to where

“Nothing but a speck we seem
In the waste of waters round,
Floating, floating like a dream.”

Six days pass. Aden is left to the right, and we are in the Red Sea. For weeks I had been told that the pleasantest kind of sailing would be experienced in this land-locked body of water. My hopes were high, but were brought down to the level the second day spent in this long, lean body of water. It is 1,308 miles from Aden to Suez, and if the weather keeps up its present gyrations, I judge that we will be thirteen days in making the voyage from Bombay to Port Said. You can not see land on either side—and this is the Red Sea. I would call it an angry, bloodthirsty, heartless ocean. But it is not the fault of the water. The wind is what creates the mischief. Far to the north and west, a lowering cloud, spreading in the shape of a crescent from Arabia to Africa's shore, bore down upon us. As it came it showed unquestioned signs of having an evil eye, or being on mischief bent. Soon the waves began to rise and to chase each other toward our innocent good ship, which could not escape either by turning back or by driving for the shore. We were in a bootleg or up a tree, so to speak, and there was nothing left to be done but to take our medicine and trust to Providence. In due time our ship was jumping the hurdles in true and ancient fashion. As the bow went under, and as the stern kicked high in air, the mind wandered back to those pictures I had often

seen hanging upon walls in many a home representing a ship on the ocean with decks level and the waves only a few feet in height. But when I return, if ever I do, I shall prepare specifications for a painting presenting a scene altogether different. It will present a steamship with her head or prow raised aloft on a mountain of water as if she were a gigantic mastodon climbing up an oceanic Pike's Peak. I would have her half covered with boiling, raging, booming water. I would have her bridge half out of vision's reach, and her officer lashed in his position with rope by the wheel. I would paint the elements in battle with the monster, driving her out-rolling smoke back upon the ship, and burying it in spray. I would place a light near the tops of the huge, sloping mast fore and aft. I would demand that the sea-gulls have a place as they wheel in a meandering, lost condition, fighting with all their strength against the boisterous, raging storm. I would paint the blackest sky in the background, and face the scene with rays of light breaking through a gently receding canopy, prophesying that daylight is approaching and the triumph of the king of day, the most welcome sight that ever greets a sailor after a storm-tossed night.

The storm began yesterday, and still rages. All night long it worried the crew; not mentioning the passengers. During breakfast this morning, the sea came on board without a ticket, ran five feet deep over the upper deck, lashed itself against the dining-saloon, and finding portholes open (portholes being five feet above the upper deck) jumped in upon the table and piano without making the semblance of an apology or begging any one's pardon. At another time the chief engineer and two other members of the crew, while crossing the upper deck, were given a free bath, but happily were not

washed overboard. A lifeboat hangs out, ready to be used at a moment's notice if any one should go overboard, but a person overboard would not have "a ghost of a chance" to say his prayers again. I crossed the bridge with the captain to-day (February 9th), and he clung to the railing all the way to keep from being jerked to where the boiling waters flow.

All the passengers excepting myself are British, several being British army officers. They are naturally pious, or, on account of the weather, appear so, as they spoke to me on Saturday about wanting me to preach on Sunday. It is the duty of the purser and captain to provide for the Sunday service, which they did. I never saw a lot of passengers so eager to have services before. But their solicitation was manifested before the storm, which is a redeeming feature. A lady returning home from Madras to Liverpool was pianist; a gentleman from Glasgow led the singing, and a more attentive audience I had scarcely met in any neck of the world's woods. No better place to preach can be imagined than on the sea, and especially the Red Sea. A splendid sea was rolling, and every sinner knew, from the way the water drove across the deck, that if the hatches should be open or crushed we would all quickly join Pharaoh's historic host, and soon be scattered among his old chariot-wheels on the bottom of the sea. As I came down on the home stretch at no less than one hundred and seven miles an hour, every eye was riveted upon me in a way that would make one vain if listened to as attentively in the States. My forty-five days' experience on the deep had given to me my sea-legs, which came quite handy on this occasion, as the physical qualifications demanded under these circumstances are not unlike those that would be required of one who would undertake to preach while riding a

pair of horses in a hippodrome, provided, however, that you run one horse about half a gallop ahead of the other in your imagination to secure the rolling effect, and both over hurdles at convenient distances for the pitching.

Another day and night pass. The sun rises to our right, and sees us still pitching, though the most of the rolling has ceased, and we are hopeful that the sea will begin to behave before nightfall, as it is not pleasant trying to sleep with one's feet pointing toward the constellation of Hercules one moment, and the next moment have them drive in a bee-line for the place towards which bad men are bound. While this seesaw continues for a few days, one wishes for some secluded spot where he can stand on his head for a while, have it over, then settle down to well-earned quiet; but such an opportunity is entirely out of the question here. And—just think of it—there is a lady on board just out of her teens, with a babe four months old. When its melodious voice has entertained me until I don't jump overboard, I stroll down to the forecastle, where the chickens, ducks, and sheep are penned awaiting slaughter, and observe their number gradually growing less each day; and I always feel especially sorry for the ducks, which might swim ashore if the ship should sink, but can not on account of being cooped securely. Poor ducks! Their fate is sealed against the least glimmer of hope, while the chickens and sheep knew their time was limited as soon as they stepped on board at Bombay. To diverge, I must say that boy has a right to his own opinions, however, and should be allowed to express them as he was not consulted about taking this voyage. Our stewardess occupies her entire time in an endeavor to amuse the boy while the mother longs for the sight of land.

Yesterday (February 10th) I passed my thirty-second

milestone, and feel much younger to-day as the weather is sobering; in fact, it is so much improved that one can step out on the promenade deck without taking an unexpected forced bath.

I admire this vessel. It never murmurs, even when pounded, cuffed, and beaten unmercifully. The captain is proud of her. He asserts that he once took her into New York with her bridge swept away and so disabled that total wreck could be fittingly used in his report. She was made over, refitted, and now asks no quarter in any storm, but drives bravely with brave officers into the thickest of the fight. Some day she will embark on her last trip, and it may be that her hulk will lie on the rocks, an object of pity such as is presented by the P. & O. ship that met her fate in the Red Sea some time ago, and now sleeps that long sleep that knows no waking, with her ribs protruding above water-level, a marine corpse.

The captain tells the story of this ship's collision with another ship in the Suez Canal that is quite laughable, even if it is at the expense of an American passenger. As soon as the crash came, this passenger, seeing that no efforts to lower the lifeboats were being made, rushed up to the captain, threw his arms around the captain's neck, and shouted: "Are you not going to get out the lifeboats? Are you going to let the ship go down and let us all drown here?" The captain could do no more than laugh, for the keel of the vessel was within one or two feet of the ground from one end of the canal to the other, and at that time was actually in the mud so that sinking was impossible. No vessel drawing more than twenty-six feet four inches can pass through the canal. If one presents itself sunk to a greater depth, a part of its cargo is removed and carried through on

lighters. It is very expensive to secure the privilege of steaming a ship through the Suez, and still not so expensive as to round the Cape of Good Hope. A vessel carrying ten thousand tons of cargo must pay canal dues aggregating \$6,400 for navigating this artificial channel eighty-eight nautical miles in length. The traffic being extensive, this great engineering project is a very paying investment, the British owning the greater part of the stock.

The British that I have met criticise the Panama Canal project of the Americans chiefly on the ground (I infer) that any great undertaking to be successful must have Great Britain back of it. A little starch is taken out of their braggadocio, pompous stateliness when a person reminds them of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and a few other kindred events. I have not met a British officer who has not raged and stormed over America's leniency and kindness manifested toward the Filipinos. They say we handle them with gloves when we ought to give them the bayonet. I think they could not pay America a higher compliment, and I can see that they are sore because we have treated our wards so much better than they have treated theirs.

The first officer came this morning to invite me on the bridge and show me peaks flanking Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai, which are often mentioned as one mountain. He also pointed out the point supposed to be the site of Pharaoh's disaster and the triumph of Moses. The sea is very narrow here, not over seven miles wide I judge, and the holy mountain region is in plain view, the rising sun giving it a clear outline. There are several reasons why this point is selected as the historical site of the crossing. The sea is very narrow and shallow here; it is just between the wilderness of Egypt and

Mount Horeb. Exodus iii, 1, reads: "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian, and he led the flock to the backside of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb." Since Moses was doubtless familiar with every nook and corner in the valleys about Horeb, and from Horeb to the east and north, it is reasonable to suppose that he, as a good guide, if permitted to choose the way, would lead his people over the route he knew best. It was here that the angel appeared to Moses "in a flame of fire, out of the midst of a bush," and here God gave him his commission to lead the oppressed children of Israel out of Egypt into the Promised Land. In Exodus xvii, 6, we are informed that here Moses smote the rock and thereby tapped a stream, providing water for the thirsty Israelites. In xxiii, 6, finding that some adornments were useless, Moses states that "the children of Israel stripped themselves of their ornaments by Mount Horeb." In Deuteronomy i, 6-8, information is on file that the Israelites loafed about this very section, which I now behold, quite long enough, for it reads: "The Lord our God spoke unto us in Horeb, saying, Ye have dwelt long enough in this mount. Behold, I have set the land before you. Go in and possess the land which the Lord swore unto your fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." But they loafed on for forty years when they should have done better. They have their followers to-day in those who are satisfied when the Red Sea is crossed, not caring to make progress for the better things God has in store for the persevering. Not only was this mountain made sacred by the giving of the law on its summit, but it takes further high ground in history also, because here Moses spent two terms of forty days each, and Elijah

went into hiding in one of Horeb's caves because the children of Israel had become anarchists.

Last night the lights of Suez rose above the water and made all feel glad. A medical examination being required before we were allowed to enter the canal, we cast anchor and awaited the morning. At six o'clock this morning we were surrounded with boats of every description. Over the sides of the ship the Egyptians poured like an avalanche, each with something to sell. There were cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, illustrated post-cards, views, fancy work, beads, shells, olive-wood said to have been carved in Jerusalem, ivory ware, eggs, tomatoes, money-changers, and many other things, some of which have no name in our language. The medical examination over and the necessary business with the canal authorities transacted, we steamed into the thoroughfare connecting the East and West. Buoys floated on both sides of the canal, and between them the ship drove, as the water is too shallow outside the buoys. A few miles out from Suez we passed several large ships laden with thousands of tons of cargo for the Far East. For some reason unknown to me the other ships were tied up—fastened close to the banks with ropes, so we could pass with unslackened speed. It is a strange sight to see a huge ship making her way across the prairie or desert upon a narrow ribbon of water, whereas we had formerly been used to comparing these ducks of the deep with the boundless ocean.

Suez is historic on account of the many nationalities who have, each in turn, here had a footing. First of all the Egyptians occupied the site; then the Israelites, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Arabians, Turks, Venetians, Portuguese, Italians, French, and English. Suez has about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is supplied

with fresh water by means of a canal from the Nile River.

Pharaoh Necho undertook to build a canal from the Nile about 610 B. C., but it was a failure. Trajan was more determined, his efforts being crowned with success. Doubtless he profited by Pharaoh's mistakes. One thing is sure, and that is that M. de Lesseps improved upon the ideas advanced by both Pharaoh and Trajan, and scored a triumph which places him among men of genius of the nineteenth century. His work was begun in 1856 and completed November 16, 1869, utilizing thirteen years—a number that forebode ill to the enterprise; but, in spite of that horrid thirteen, Suez stock is at a premium.

We have just passed five Russian battle-ships and first-class cruisers, several torpedo-destroyers, all steaming for Chinese and Japanese waters, it is supposed. The British officers aboard this ship prophesy that such an armament pushing into the Far East may mean war sooner or later, and expect to see a like number of British battle-ships and torpedo-destroyers on their way to the front before this ship passes Gibraltar. Having seen many of the world's battle-ships, armored cruisers, and torpedo-destroyers all the way from Yokohama to Port Said, I am almost ready to say I am sick of the whole display of man-killing machines. If we must spend billions on our army and navy because we have a sort of a fatherly relation over Cuba and the Philippines, the sooner we get rid of them the better. To send that fleet of war vessels through the canal cost Russia at least \$50,000. How does it appeal to you to see the Russian government pay \$50,000 out in cold cash to steam her engines of destruction less than a hundred miles, and then think about our having given flour and meat by the

shipload, besides considerable cash, in order to help Russia's starving, famine-stricken peasantry? To me it seems that such a record would invite another famine. Far-away possessions are questionable property, and the sooner the nations learn it the better. People who are managed at the point of a cannon, and are not in sympathy with their rulers, should be classed as convicts ruled by force. Where such conditions exist, rebellions may be hourly expected regardless of the nature of the mother country. No advanced Western nation can legislate and establish ideals for an Eastern people without friction in the application.

Port Said is reached. Newspapers are in great demand. We have been two weeks on the sea without news of the world. We are interested about the naval display. Reports are in the air that Russia has her eye on Korea, and proposes to bluff Japan.

I went ashore and was detained in the quarantine station till my clothes could be disinfected as I had come from a plague port. I faced a boiler about four and one-half by nine feet in size. The huge door was opened, and into it my clothing went, the engine was started, and I was nervous lest I would see them again as tattered carpet-rags. Before I had decided to send for a tailor and outfitter, the engine ceased its murmur, and my restlessness ceased when the door opened, and there lay my equipment none the worse for its siege.

Desiring to see Port Said, with a population estimated as high as thirty-seven thousand, I made a circuit of the city after passing the customs officials who charged me seventeen pence (34 cents) for the privilege of asking me a few questions.

While I admit that this city has a number of as good people as the world possesses, I must confess that I be-

lieve it is the most abominable, immoral, blasphemous, and unrighteous city in my knowledge. I am not belligerent, but twice I raised my cane (presented to me at Cawnpore, India, cut from the Himalayas), and twice the bluff worked. The Turks and Arabs are not so hard to manage as I had imagined. Had my prescription not worked, I might have been prepared to be sent home in sections. Being a six-footer, I was doubtless ranked as a fighter, having hailed from a nation that gave Spain's navy an everlasting ducking. My rule is to say something good about a person or keep mum, but Port Said is enough to drive rules into the jungles. If the people who lived here four thousand years ago were anything like these, I can easily muster a shade of sympathy for Moses who broke all the commandments at one time on account of being provoked by them.

XVI.

EGYPT.

PORT SAID TO CAIRO—NILE RIVER—THE PYRAMIDS—VISIT
TO HELIOPOLIS, THE CITY OF THE SUN—MEMPHIS THE
MOST ANCIENT CITY—CAMEL-TRIP TO PETRIFIED FOR-
EST — ARCHÆOLOGICAL SPECIMENS — SERPENT DWELL-
ING AMONG SARCOPHAGI.

HAVING escaped from Port Said without being killed or wounded, I felt like rejoicing. As Cairo was the objective point, I booked for that city, leaving Port Said at 9.20 A. M. As the train sped southward many a man was passed, each *en route* to the city of thugs, armed with an antiquated rifle or shotgun, which was swung from his shoulder by straps, or carried at shoulder arms as if ready for a fight. The track is alongside the great canal all the way to Ismailia, and is quite level, with few curves; in fact, a baseball twirler would be disappointed if he should come here in search of sample copy curves. One hour was taken at Ismailia for lunch, and the journey toward Cairo resumed. The scenes presented are a reproduction of India, except that there are sixteen camels and donkeys here to one in India. So numerous are those beautiful (?) animals that one can not open his eyes without one is in sight. After passing Zagazig and other cities whose names would give a person not familiar with them the lockjaw at every attempt to pronounce them, we reached Cairo, the Camel City, or City of Mosques, where the

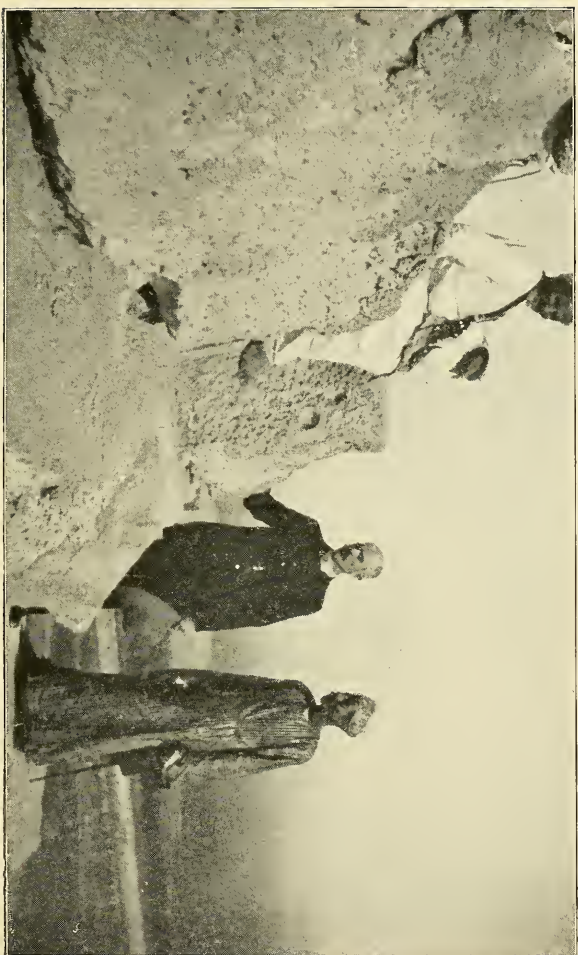
first foreign mail in two months awaited my arrival. I had traveled more than twenty-two thousand miles, and my disconsolate, weary self needed the refreshing that came as a mighty inundation in those letters.

Egypt has a population of about seven millions, the greater number of whom are descendants of the original inhabitants, who antedated the coming of Jacob (Israel) several thousand years. The Nomad Bedouins number about 300,000; Turks, about 16,000; Greeks, about 40,000; Italians, about 18,000; French, 16,000; and 16,000 English, Austrians, and Germans. Cotton is the chief article of export, though wheat and rice are also items in the export list. There are about twelve hundred miles of railroad, and canals are everywhere among the lowlands along the Nile. It was a surprise to me to note that the Nile has only a very narrow strip of land on each side that can be cultivated. The remainder is desert with the exception of a few small oases. I followed the Nile seven hundred and thirty miles south from Alexandria, and am safe in asserting that, below the Delta country, one can see across the green belt from the eastern sand dunes to the western sand-parched Saharas. This narrow belt of greenery follows the Nile, affording the food supply. So valuable is this narrow belt that much of it rents at from \$20 to \$30 per acre annually.

Having arrived in Cairo at five o'clock in the evening, I was impatient for the morrow's sun, as I had read and dreamed of the Pyramids until anxiety was at the climax. To think of being within seven miles of the greatest wonder of the world, and the only one of the original seven wonders that remains to this day, and be forced to wait till morning to behold it was trying to me. I managed to sleep a part of the night, though it was a battle, and hastened toward the Egyptian giants' head-

quarters soon after Aurora's horsemen drove in sight. Crossing the Nile bridge, I entered the tram which runs to the Pyramid hourly in the forenoon and every half hour in the afternoon, requiring about forty minutes in each direction, charge of three piasters (15 cents) for the round trip. The distance is said to be seven miles. Approaching the Pyramid, I was disappointed; but on my arrival, and walking up to the base, and casting my eyes toward its summit, I was astonished, bewildered with the proportions of the giant. The base-line is seven hundred and thirty-two and its perpendicular height is four hundred and sixty feet, and it is said to cover thirteen acres of ground. No picture can do the Pyramid justice. Its immensity, to be appreciated or even imagined, must be seen. History freely pronounces it the most stupendous structure erected by the hand of man in all the world. Its building antedates history. Herodotus, the father of history, came here and picked up every available thread of tradition lingering in the minds of the people, and stated that it was built by a prehistoric race, requiring one hundred thousand men ten years in getting the materials, and twenty additional years to erect this wonder of the world. Some assert that it was built uncounted years before the Flood. Herodotus assigned it to King Cheops, who, it is asserted, reigned over Egypt 4200 B. C. When Egyptologists differ at least twenty-two centuries in their chronological statements, one must be on his guard when any date whatever is even suggested. Other writers, such as Diodorus and Pliny, try to unravel the mystery, but failure perches upon their every attempt.

Bunsen claims that Egypt had enjoyed at least six thousand seven hundred years of prosperity before the pyramid building was begun. Piozzi Smith, a noted



HALF-WAY UP THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Egyptologist, thought that the great Pyramid was the first one reared of the family of Pyramids numbering over thirty, and that it was undertaken immediately after the migration into Egypt from the plains of Shinar under Divine guidance, and sets the date at 2170 B. C., when the Pleiades pointed exactly at the entrance passage. The Pyramid was built to be used as a tomb. About 820 A. D. an entrance was forced into the Pyramid, discovering to the world two large chambers. The entrance is about forty feet from the base of the northern side, and leads through a massive vaulted gallery to a subterranean chamber three hundred and forty-seven feet from the entrance, and about ninety feet below the base of the Pyramid. This large chamber is forty-six by twenty-seven feet and eleven feet in height. It is believed that this chamber was constructed to deceive people and cause them to think it the real resting-place of the king. But about sixty feet from the entrance an upward passage begins, leading towards the center of the Pyramid. After we followed this about 120 feet, we came to a place called the Great Gallery, where a well or shaft more than 100 feet deep leads down to the subterranean chamber. Just before reaching the Great Gallery we turned off on a passage 110 feet in length, leading into the Queen's Chamber, which is 20 feet high and 18 by 17 in length and breadth. Returning to the passage-way we entered the Great Gallery, which is 7 feet wide, 28 feet high, and 150 feet long, and leads upward to the King's Chamber, the largest, being 34 by 17 by 19 feet. In the King's Chamber is a sarcophagus cut out of red sandstone. The lid has been taken away by vandals if one ever existed. Many urge that this piece of red sandstone was not carved to be used as a sarcophagus, but as a

standard of measure which should be handed down to all time, being the exact size of the laver of the Hebrews. Above the King's Chamber are two smaller rooms, which I did not visit, as they afford no interest. The stone in the Great Gallery is so smoothly polished that one can stand upright only with great difficulty. It is really not safe to make the trip with shoes, so slippery is the footing, and in places to slip means severe bruises if not death; yet people continue to wear their shoes on that crawling, slippery, climbing, irksome trip. Wind Cave, Mammoth Cave, and the Cave of the Winds are easily visited compared with the interior of the Great Pyramid. Until those toe-holds in the smooth, steep rock are deepened, I shall pronounce it dangerous to make the tour of the interior, even if you do have two Arabs to help you, whose charge is two shillings.

But of all trips requiring strength, a level head, and endurance, that to the top of the Great Pyramid is easily pre-eminent. For two Arab helpers a charge of two shillings is made, and none but the strong should attempt the climb. Should one become dizzy *en route* to the summit, a fall and the smashing of every bone is certain. When about half way up I looked down to the ground, and it seemed that the earth was fading from view, and when I turned my eyes toward the summit it appeared that the ascent had only begun, so deceiving are the surroundings. The slant height, or hypotenuse, is said to be 610 feet. I had ascended the Washington Monument 500 feet in the elevator, and was almost afraid to look out of the portals at that dizzy height as the scene bewildered, but here I was 460 feet above the level of the ground, and 610 feet from the starting point and on the outside of the world's greatest wonder, which made the cold chills creep from the alpha to the omega of my frame-

work on account of the extreme danger incident to this aerial situation.

What if a treacherous Arab would push you off? What if you should slip or become dizzy or suffer sun-stroke? In either case a person would plunge downward from this Alpine height, leaving a pound of flesh on each craggy rock, so that when the base is reached a hungry vulture would probably turn away from the skinned, fleshless skeleton for a sight guaranteeing a more abundant repast.

There is no other site on earth that has seen more historic events than the summit of this Pyramid, unless it be Jerusalem itself. How unutterably impressive the scene becomes as I recall before the mind's eye the various chapters of history that have had their setting right here before me! Ancient greatness and power are here represented at their climax. Yonder is the Nile, stretching itself along like a mighty silvery serpent in a sinuous bed of luxuriant greenery. It is the Nile of history; the river in which Cleopatra was rowed in a vessel whose several parts were of beaten gold, and her coy lover lay at her feet captured by the irresistible power of her beauty. Yonder is the whole line of pyramids standing like colossal giants across the desert sands, each a secret unto itself. There is Cairo with its multitude of towering mosques, minarets, and steeples, and a motley people numbering nearly a quarter of a million.

Beyond this mysterious city, and to one side, is the site of Heliopolis, known as the "City of the Sun," called On by Moses in the forty-fifth verse of the forty-first chapter of Genesis. Its towering obelisk remains as a token of its former glory. Ages sweep by; Memphis rises and falls; temples, towers, palaces, obelisks fade from sight and are forgotten till dug from hiding by the

excavator's shovel. I can see mighty kings sweep along before this giant work of man, and swear by the Pyramids that they will conquer or die; they, too, fade away, and time crushes them with her revengeful hand.

Another vision flashes before the mind; it presents a band of Ishmaelitish traders; their camels bear "spices, balm, and myrrh," which they trade for corn. In the company I see a boy who had been ill-treated by his several brothers. That boy is to change a nation; he is to be the hero of Bible history. He is left, and the caravan returns laden with goods. Famine stalks forth, and a procession of donkeys with ten young men comes winding its circuitous way from yonder highlands. They exchange money for corn; they return home, and come again with their silvery gray father, whose heart is almost breaking. He settles here. The number increases until Israel waxes strong.

The people are slaves and suffer untold wrongs. Down yonder on the island of Rhodda a babe is found in the rushes who is destined to lead the downtrodden hosts on to victory. Bricks without straw is part of the thread that breaks the camel's back; the start is made; the king, whose heart is hardened, follows. The Red Sea divides, and Moses leads his people to the promised land, while the crushing of chariots in a complete overthrow closes the chapter.

A new era dawns. Persian hordes, Macedonian armies, Roman legions and turbaned Turks, sweep into sight with thundering tramp, and the roar of a thousand battles rises out of the dust of centuries till prophecy is fulfilled. Listen! "There shall be no more a prince in Egypt, neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations; for I will diminish them, that they shall no more

rule over the nations." From the summit of this monster, I have impressed upon me the solution of the world problem; I hear, or seem to hear, the reason for all this decay; I see what the trouble is with Egypt, with India, China, and Japan. It is this: The nation that forgets God is doomed.

Nations, write that sentence upon your banners. Hang it as frontlets between your eyes. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," is a commandment smashed by a multiplication of gods. I have seen acres of Egyptian gods during the past week, and can scarcely look about me without seeing evidences of Scripture's fulfillment.

Desiring to visit the site of Heliopolis, the Oxford of old Egypt, where once stood the great Temple of the Sun, I went by train to Matarieh, about seven miles from Cairo, where I hired a donkey for three piasters to ride to the site, scarcely a mile beyond. The donkey was named Pharaoh, and his untold stubbornness was *prima facie* evidence that he was really some relation to his namesake.

It was here at Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, that General Kleber defeated the Turks in 1800. But long before this a mighty city covered the plain. Here flourished the greatest college of which Egypt ever boasted; greater was it by far than the college now in full blast at Cairo with two thousand students, all sitting upon the floor, studying only the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible. At this city Plato and Herodotus studied logic, philosophy, and history; for at that time Egypt surpassed Greece in learning. Here lived the noted astronomer, Dionysius, who recorded having observed the darkness that covered the sacrifice on Calvary on that historic day.

Josephus states that On (or Heliopolis, its Greek name) was the city given to Jacob for his residence when he first came to Egypt.

Here is the Virgin's tree, a sycamore, under which, tradition declares, the Holy Family rested when driven into Egypt by a threatening king. The tree is inclosed to prevent visitors from hacking it to pieces. I entered, with the consent of the guard stationed at the gate, and was given a small piece of the sacred tree.

Here is what is called the miraculous fountain, because it is said to have been salty once, but has been perfect ever since the Virgin Mary bathed her infant in its waters. Here Cleopatra transplanted the balsams of Judea, which produced the celebrated balm of Gilead, and thereby became famous. In Genesis xli, 45, Joseph is mentioned as having been married here. In Jeremiah xliii, 13, Heliopolis is called the City of Bethshemish, whose images shall be broken. The twelfth verse states, "I will kindle a fire in the houses of the gods of Egypt," and it has been done. Nothing but the inclosure of the temple and an obelisk of Osertosen I remains to tell the story. This obelisk stands sixty-eight feet in height, and the city is plowed over. The story of the decadence of Heliopolis is unknown. When Strabo came, he declared that he found ruins only, and what caused its ruin he declareth not. If you read Ezekiel xxx, 17, and Jeremiah xliii, 13, you will learn why Heliopolis is no more.

These dead cities and nations show that destruction awaits men and nations that defy or attempt to outrun the living God.

Thebes, where are your hundred gates, horsemen, and cars, mentioned by the poet? What caused you to lose your grasp upon a thousand States, which Homer

suggests were once yours? Let the poet of the Greeks speak:

“Not all proud Thebes’ unrivaled walls contain
The world’s great empress on the Egyptian plain,
That spreads her conquests o’er a thousand States,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates;
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
From each wide portal issuing to the wars.”

The grandeur and splendor once evinced by proud, unrivaled Thebes, so entrancing to Homer that it indelibly frescoed itself upon his mind, has flown, and in its departure has left wreck, ruin, decay, and almost total annihilation as vestiges of its former greatness.

“The Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, saith: Behold, I will punish the multitude of No [Thebes] and their kings.” (Jeremiah xlvi, 25.) “No [Thebes] shall be rent asunder.” (Ezekiel xxx, 16.)

History follows as the narrator of prophecy fulfilled.

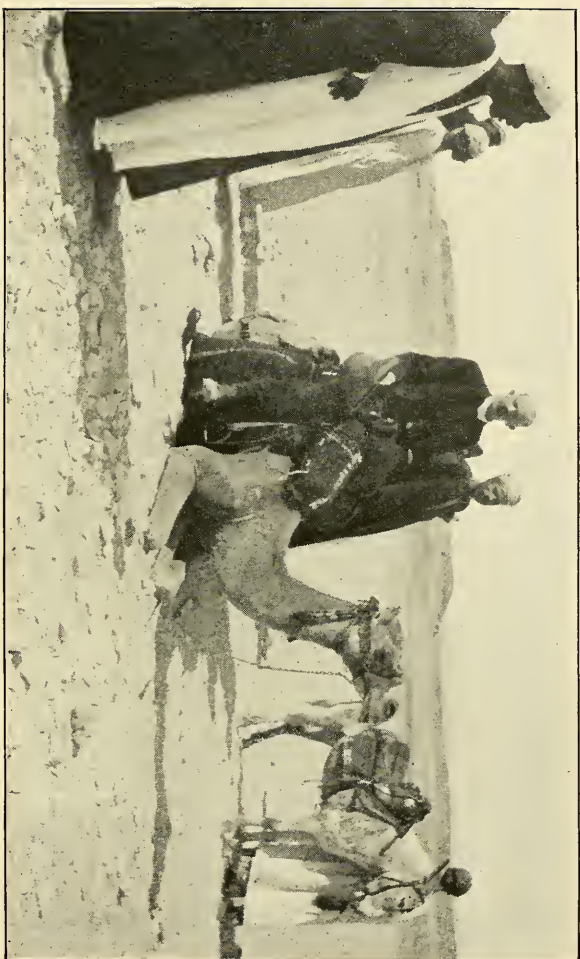
After scaling the Great Pyramid and finishing the trip through its interior, I completed arrangements for a camel at a charge of six shillings for a long trip out in the Sahara Desert to the petrified forest so called, but I would call it a petrified tree instead. Why dignify one tree, or at most half a dozen trees, with the name “forest?” I did not care so much for the petrification so apparent away out in the desert as for the trip itself. I had often wondered how it would be to ride a long-legged, crooked-necked camel over the scorching Sahara sands as a Bedouin, and if I ever had enough of any one thing in my life it was that riding. If I had consulted my own feelings I would have preferred to walk and carry the camel, and probably would if I had been strong enough; but since I was out for experience I decided to ride the entire journey or die in the attempt, even if

every bone in my anatomy ached. My camel was named Rameses, and if he was not in the ark, I rest assured that his ancestors were, his age being very much in evidence, though he could rise from the turtle posture almost as quickly as the upspring of a rabbit, thereby requiring a person to be very active or the lantern-jawed desert traveler would be off without his passenger. Of course we were wise enough to take our lunch along, as those desert wastes produce nothing.

A visit to old Cairo is not without interest, but old Cairo is a reproduction of the old cities of India. He who would see only the native quarters of old Indian cities might stop off here and save a few thousand miles of his journey.

Cairo's mosques are built on a small scale compared with those of India. Those of India are more beautiful, more costly, and much larger, the finest one here being at the citadel, built by Mohammed Ali in 1829, and patterned after those at Constantinople. The mosques of Cairo are the leading sights of the city. The Coptic church in old Cairo is interesting because it is the traditional site where the Virgin took refuge, for a while at least, when the innocent children were being massacred at Bethlehem. The crypt of the church, containing the identical spot, is twenty-nine hundred years old, the spot occupied by the sacred ones being marked with a cross. The citadel is much sought by visitors because of its high, commanding position affording a splendid view of the city, and also because four hundred and fifty Mamelukes were slain here; only one, Emin Bey, escaped by leaping his horse from the towering battlement, crushing his horse, but saving himself.

Among the objects of interest in and about Cairo which I shall not take the space to describe are: The



ON THE GREAT SAHARA.

Ezbekieh Gardens in the center of Cairo; the bazaars on Mousky Street; the university; hundreds of mosques; the tombs of the khalifs and Mamelukes; the great aqueduct in old Cairo; Rhodda Island, reached by train, where the Nilometer is located; and Moses' tree, where Moses is supposed to have been found in the rushes along the Nile. The museum, where are exhibited the mummies, sarcophagi, gods, and relics of ancient Egyptians, is opened daily except Mondays, an admission fee of five piasters being charged at present. It contains probably the finest collection of Egyptian antiquities extant, the building itself having cost \$1,000,000. The ostrich farm near Heliopolis contains about eight hundred birds, and is a favorite Mecca for the ladies.

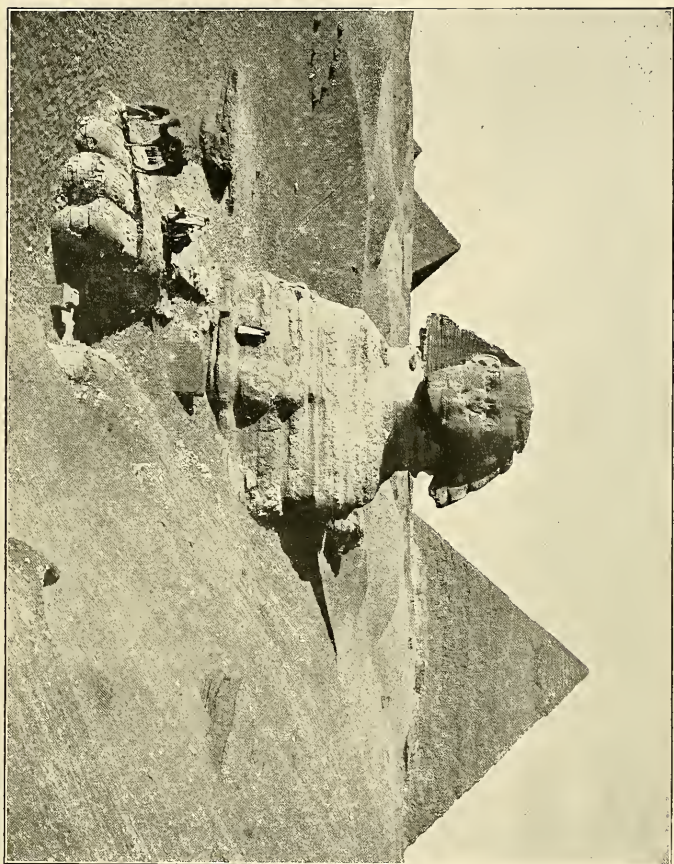
Next to the Pyramids the Sphinx attracts the attention of every traveler. It is the most lonesome, bachelor-like object you ever saw. All alone, it sits about five hundred yards from the Great Pyramid. It is called by the Arabs "the father of terror, or immensity." It is supposed to be older than the oldest Pyramid, and is carved from the adamantine rock. Its paws are fifty feet in length; its total length is given as one hundred and forty feet, but those feet seem short when the Sphinx is compared with the Pyramids. Some idea of the size of this fellow may be gathered when you imagine him to be thirty feet from brow to chin and fourteen feet across the brow. A stone discovered by Mariette Bey, now in the museum at Cairo, contains the proof that the Sphinx antedates the Pyramids.

Speaking of the Sphinx, Kinglake said: "Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangeableness in the midst of change—the same will and in-

tent, for ever and ever inexorable. Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings; upon Greek and Roman; upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors; upon Napoleon, dreaming of an Eastern Empire; upon battle and pestilence; upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race; upon keen-eyed travelers; upon Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day; upon all, and more, this unworldly Sphinx has watched like a providence, with the same earnest eyes and the same tranquil mien; and we shall die and Islam (Mohammedanism) shall wither away, and still that sleepless rock will be watching and watching the works of a new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx."

I was not impressed so much with the Sphinx. To me it is not so inspiring as Mr. Kinglake suggests; nor is it commanding, for it sits in a depression. While the earth's crust was forming, a colossal boulder, or rather a stupendous stratified rock, was upheaved. The ancients chose it as an object out of which to sculpture for themselves an unusually large god. So, to my mind, the Sphinx is easily accounted for; but the Great Pyramid staggers the mind in every attempt to account for it. The other Pyramids, which stretch out across the desert like huge haystacks, are smaller than the one considered, so I will not devote space to them.

Of unusual interest to every student of history is Memphis, one of the oldest cities of the world, a city that arose, flourished, and fell before history was born to record her glory. Much has been learned concerning the ancient city of Memphis through its necropolis known as Sakkarah. The Egyptologist Bey says: "The history of Memphis is to a great extent the history of Heliopolis. Already founded under the most ancient kings, flourishing



THE SPHINX, OR "FATHER OF TERRORS," WITH PYRAMIDS IN THE BACKGROUND

under the great pyramid-building fourth dynasty, neglected and abandoned under the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth dynasties, Memphis, like Egypt itself, arose to new life when the kings of the eighteenth dynasty succeeded in clearing the soil of Egypt of its invaders. Taken and retaken by turns, under Assyrian, Ethiopian, and Persian dynasties, Memphis still preserved, under the Greeks, a portion of its ancient splendor, although when Strabo came it was already deserted. But the time was coming when of Memphis nothing but ruins should remain, and when the somber menaces of Jeremiah should be fulfilled to the letter: 'O, daughter of Egypt, make ready that which can serve thee in thy captivity, because Memphis shall become a desert; she shall be forsaken and become uninhabitable.'” If ever prophecy was fulfilled, this is a genuine case of it.

I took a train fifteen miles out to Bedreshayn, where I hired a donkey and rode over to the ruins of Memphis, which lie scarcely three miles from the Bedreshayn station. I found mounds, fragments of buildings, walls, broken columns, and wreckage everywhere as the only vestiges of that historic city which for ages experienced such a tremendous influence over the affairs of the world. I rode my donkey through streets so narrow that no donkey could turn around; I rode into houses where once all was happiness, splendor, and magnificence; I rode up to a house on the accumulated dirt of centuries, dirt piled up until the ceiling was on a level with the surrounding country, and my steed walked over the wall and down into a parlor or kitchen with perfect ease. This sight shocked me more than the sight of the Great Pyramid. To have the experience of riding over a city so historic as Memphis, and at the same time to apply the words of Jeremiah to the scene as I went, was a lesson

that shall haunt me and make me tenfold more brave in hurling Biblical philippics wherever they are needed. Heretofore I had read of fulfilled prophecy, but here I see it. Not an inhabitant is here, though men are constantly employed in excavating for buried treasures. One snapshot at Memphis was at a bunch of trees that have grown fifty feet high, their roots in the dirt that has accumulated directly over a housetop. The picture ought to show the house, the dirt over it, and the tall trees growing still higher. Large statues of Rameses I and II, carved in the form of towering giants, are still to be seen. A charge to see the larger one is made.

I went out prepared to spend the day, taking lunch from Cairo. At the lunch hour a crowd of hungry, fly-eyed boys gathered about, waiting for the scraps; hence I ate very little. On finishing, my donkey-driver took charge of the remnants, and I supposed that he would give the boys what he did not care for; but, just think of it, he made a sort of an ugly growl as if calling dogs, then threw the ragged scraps into the dirt, and those boys flew after them, covering them with filth and slime from the excavations in their efforts to get the most. They wallowed and cuffed each other like football elevens, rooting in the mud. Whenever a scrap was secured, the happy possessor quickly plunged it into his mouth, dirt and all, lest another might wrest it from his grasp. Such a sight upon the ruins of the once proud capital of Egypt was enough to make one sick at heart and wonder why a nation will, through disobedience and the trampling of Divine jurisprudence, sow the seeds of its own disintegration and destruction.

Soon after my arrival in Cairo I met Mr. L. Dow Covington, an American, aged about forty years, who is superintending Egyptian antiquarian excavations, and

whose fame has spread around the world. Through his foresight, planning, and skill as an antiquarian many of the secrets of the interior of the Great Pyramid have been unlocked. On a wager, he slept six nights in the sarcophagi of the larger Pyramids, once in each sarcophagus or tomb, and on the seventh night slept upon the summit of the Great Pyramid. He took the American flag with him, and hoisted it so that at daybreak the people at the hotel sent the news broadcast that "America had taken Egypt and had planted the Stars and Stripes upon the Pyramid." It is said that no other flag has ever floated from that summit. He slept in the tomb of the king, wearing no clothing except a white sheet and the Stars and Stripes, and he declares that an apparition haunted him. A noted European accompanied him another night, and made a like report as to the visitor. Trying to sleep away back yonder in the heart of that Pyramid in a coffin, reached partly by crawling through a long, winding way, constructed so as to deceive any discoverer, the tomb inhabited by bats, it is no wonder that they saw apparitions, as one under such conditions would expect to see specters, ghosts, hobgoblins, and a thousand appearances a thousand-fold more uncanny than the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

As other people had made splendid "strikes" in discovering valuables, Mr. Covington began prospecting. A half mile south of the Great Pyramid his iron rod struck something solid, and, after probing in every direction, he found that a long wall ran due north and south. Keeping the knowledge of his find quietly to himself, he secured from the Egyptian government a permit to excavate for two years on a tract of land embracing the desired spot. His right being secured, he put a force of men to work, and in one day had unearthed the top of

a temple whose walls measure one hundred and eighty by ninety feet. Sinking a shaft in the center, the temple was found to average forty feet in height. From the work belonging to the ancient Egyptians found therein, experts pronounce it an edifice built during the first dynasty, which, according to all authorities, was 3600 B. C. at least, and some place it at 5005 B. C. It is pronounced the oldest temple unearthed in Egypt, and hence the oldest piece of architecture in the known world, and also the only one of the kind in the world. When I arrived on the scene, he said: "You are very fortunate. I have just struck the tomb. I have just descended into it and returned. You go down, and you will be the second person in thousands of years to see it." I quickly went to the shaft in the center of the temple, let myself down by use of a rope fastened above, and by utilizing little toe pockets on each side. In this way I descended forty feet, and entered the tomb, which I followed at least seventy-five feet, using candles to find the way. When I returned he said: "It is surely remarkable that two Americans were to be the first ones to come here and open this establishment to the world after centuries of silence." You see, he is thoroughly American.

I secured some alabaster fragments of dishes here, such as were then in use. I made a discovery here. Examining the ground at a point not touched by the spade, where it dipped over the walls and roof, I noticed several strata. The lower one consisted of clay; the next sand and gravel, shells, etc.; the next clay, then more sand and gravel, indicating that this building lay for years under the sea, and it is not hard to believe or postulate that that sea was the flood of the Bible. Geology teaches that those strata observable were formed under water; hence, if these postulates be true, we have the

most wonderful sight imaginable, an edifice that grew gray with age untold years before the great deluge. But how came it to be covered? Rushing waters flowing from a higher level carried dirt, mud, and rocks, and thus filled the entire interior, and also buried it completely, so that you can now walk upon its topmost wall from the level of the surrounding terra firma. Further interest is attached to this structure because it is found to be built directly in line with the Great Pyramid.

While Mr. Covington and I were prowling about in an adjacent subterranean tomb, each carrying candles, I dug the well-preserved head of a mummy out of the dirt. It is pronounced to be an excellent specimen. I brought it to my room, and kept it two days, receiving the congratulations of all to whom I showed my find. I learned that I would encounter serious difficulty in passing the custom-houses with it unless I should secure a special permit, and even then I was liable to have it stolen; so I turned it over to a representative of a leading American university, who is prepared to get it through safely. It will be given a prominent position in the department of archæology with my compliments. I have a section of the vertebræ, which I hope to get through safely. I also secured a small idol. At another point I secured some rare Egyptian coins, that circulated back yonder in the infancy of time. I have also a few coins direct from excavations about the Pyramid, bearing the inscriptions of Diocletian, Trajan, and Constantine, having circulated many centuries ago.

Upon the section of ground secured by Mr. Covington a number of mastabas have been excavated, some of which are very deep. His workmen (natives) are afraid of one in particular, which, besides containing a few sarcophagi, has an occupant, a live snake about seven feet in length

and of grayish color. He, having slept in the tombs as described, has the reputation of being fearless, and proposed that we pay this subterranean chamber a visit, to which I assented, not desiring to be outdone by him. He, with dare-devil spirit, led the way, and I, with throbbing heart, most reluctantly followed, expecting every moment to see the varmint as we crawled forward from chamber to chamber, carrying lighted candles and touching remnants of skeletons at each move that had doubtless done their part in erecting the Pyramids dreamy cycles ago; but no snake appeared, to accelerate the already rapid pulse-beats, although a circuitous track was visible in the sand, indicating that he had recently drawn his slimy length directly across our pathway. Since the cobra episode in Central Ceylon, I have not made it a business to thrust my cane into every tuft of grass or brush-heap in order to stir up a piece of living rope; but in this case I acted on the thought that "where he leads me I will follow." On my return from that ill-fated cavern, the scorching, parching, grassless desert partook of the nature of a paradise. The Bible story about the brazen serpent seems to have left its impress indelibly upon the Egyptian mind, so that an army of devils is preferable to the sight of one serpent.

XVII.

SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES UP THE NILE.

ALEXANDRIA TO THE FIRST CATARACT—ASSIOUT, ASSOUAN,
LUXOR, AND THE GREAT DAM VISITED—JOURNEY TO
THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS—COLOSSAL REMNANTS OF
ANCIENT THEBES.

FROM Cairo I made a side trip to Alexandria, which lies more than one hundred miles to the north of Cairo. From Alexandria, Paul embarked upon the voyage which ended in shipwreck. The principal points of interest in Alexandria are the catacombs, the baths of Cleopatra, the museum, and Pompey's Pillar. This pillar, made of three blocks of stone, stands almost one hundred feet in height, having been erected by Pompey, a Roman official, in honor of Diocletian. It rests upon the loftiest site in the city, where the renowned library stood and was burned, blotting out all record of the lost arts. The philosophies of Egypt and Greece mixed here, and scored their Waterloo.

Once Pompey's Pillar was surrounded with arches and a hundred steps, but now the pillar stands alone, while the stately halls and statues have allowed time to outrun them in the course of two thousand years. The pillar is the only memorial in the city which survives, having looked down upon Cæsar and Napoleon, upon Greek and Roman, infidel and Christian, Jew and Moslem, as they

struggled for possession. Near the railway station Cleopatra's Needles once stood, but they have been removed; one going to London, the other to Central Park, New York.

Tradition declares that Alexandria stands upon the spot where the ever-changing Proteus lived, about whom the poets have written so much.

In 332 B. C., Alexander the Great noticed the natural advantages here afforded, and ordered his architect to make plans for a city, to be the capital of the East. Alexandria soon became the chief city of the Macedonian dynasty, but under the reign of Cleopatra, who disgraced herself and Egypt also, Alexandria became the second city of the Roman Empire under the Cæsars, though she retained for years her celebrity for wealth, art, and learning. Saint Mark came here to preach the gospel. Here once stood the Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world—a lofty white marble edifice, up whose exterior winding stairway chariots, with prancing Arab horses, went to the very summit under cracking whip. Here Euclid wrote his Geometry, and Hipparchus, Origen, and Athanasius worked out their ideas which influence the world's thought of this day. When Amru took Alexandria in 640 A. D., he sent a message to his commander-in-chief, Omar, saying: "I have taken the great city of the West. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its richness and beauty, and I shall content myself with observing that it contains four thousand palaces." The city now has a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, and its sights can be seen in one day. Here, as at Cairo, one finds in the bazars a babel of tongues, curious costumes, a motley crowd, all ablaze with colors. If the proper place is chosen, one may see in a few minutes a congress of nations,—Syrian Jews wearing ring-

lets; reckless Turkish horsemen; high-capped Copts; Albanians in white dress; Nubians with rolling eyes; French and Italian so-called beauties; Hindus, Bedouins; women dressed like men, men dressed just like women; Parthians, Medes, Elamites; people from Mesopotamia, India, Cappadocia, Pontus, Upper Asia; everybody and everything strange to one who has not seen Asia.

In Egypt a person is pestered day and night by natives, who are forever trying to sell something or to get a person to ride their donkeys or camels or ride in their carriages. Nearly every other person you meet holds a few scarabs before your eyes, wanting you to buy. A scarab is an image of a bug, probably half an inch in length, which is found in mummies, tombs, and ruins of temples. The beetle or bug was worshiped by the ancient Egyptians as the father of the gods, the creator of all things in heaven and earth, having made himself out of something which he himself had made, and, being identified with the rising sun, was typical of the resurrection.

It is the same here as throughout the Orient about prices and bargaining. If you pay a man all he asks, he will regret that he did not ask more. Pay him more than he asks, as some do, and he will want still more. Offer him half he asks, and you usually have the articles on your hands, unless you manage to get away before he accepts your offer. Sometimes an offer of one-third the amount asked buys the articles in question.

At Benares or Lucknow a fellow came along wanting to sell me a knife at one rupee (32 cents). The knife was a combination, having nine blades, saws, picks, etc. I did not want such a complete, condensed carpenter-shop in my pocket, so I thought I would get rid of him by stating that I would give one rupee for three of them.

He waited until I was about to leave the depot, then came and accepted my offer. I gave him the solitary rupee and took the knives. What to do with them I did not know, but finally stowed them away in my already crowded suit cases. I happened to take one of the knives with me one day to the Pyramids, thinking I might need such a toolchest in tearing down a pyramid or for some other purpose, and happened to be using it when some Bedouins were near. They had never seen such a weapon, and were bent on securing it at any price. The first offer was much more than I had paid for the three in India, so the instrument and I immediately parted company.

The next day, when about to leave the hotel for a visit to Memphis, an Algerian who had heard of the deal of the previous day and of the uncounted excellencies of the article his friend had purchased from me, decided that he, too, would have one if I could be found and if I had another. So he came to the hotel in Cairo, a distance of seven miles from his headquarters. He made me the same offer as his friend, and knife No. 2 was quickly disposed of, making its new owner as happy as a lark.

The next day, when out near the Pyramids, I was noticed by a crowd of Bedouins, who, having heard of my wonderful combination, gathered about me. Among the number was one who had been present on the day that I had been discovered in possession of a wonder greater to them than the Sphinx, and this one informed the others. Not being able to supply the entire aggregation, I sold out to the first one who offered the regulation price, though prior to the sale some made higher bids. If all the inhabitants of the Saharas are similarly minded, it might pay some one to import a cargo of such ware from India's coral strand.

The Nile is one of the four most historic rivers of the

world, the other three being the Yangste-Kiang, the Ganges, and the Jordan. I have ridden upon the placid bosom of the four excepting the Jordan, and expect to test it within two weeks.

By the Romans this river was called the Nilus, and by the Greeks Neilos, from "*nea ilus*" (new mud). The Nile flows a distance of one thousand three hundred and fifty miles without a tributary, and is declared by Humboldt to be without parallel in the physical geography of the world. The greatest breadth of the Nile is about two thousand feet, and its current averages about three miles. The Nile figures extensively in Scripture, particularly when its waters are mentioned as having been turned to blood. "This river formerly had seven mouths," says the historian, "and of these five are dried up, and the only exit now for the waters of the river is by the artificially-constructed openings by Damietta and Rosetti. Most literally, then, is the prophecy of Isaiah fulfilled: "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea, and with His mighty wind shall He shake His hand over the river, and shall smite it in the seven streams, and make men go over dry-shod." History again bears record to the fulfillment of prophecy, but I shall not multiply instances.

The trip to Luxor is through the cradle of that which is most ancient. Tombs, palaces, towers, and ruins mark the centers of activity throughout the journey.

At Assiout, a city of over thirty thousand, more than three hundred miles south of Alexandria, is located the largest and most successful plant of the American mission of the United Presbyterian Church. Through Rev. Dr. Griffin, of Cairo, I was shown some of their work, and further by the Rev. J. Campbell White, who has just arrived on the field from Calcutta. Nearly every

person in Assiout who can talk English was trained in the schools of this mission.

From Luxor I continued my tour into the boundary of Khartoum. Six miles south of Assouan I visited the great dam, pronounced to be the greatest triumph of engineering and construction in the world since the building of the Great Pyramid. Recently completed, it is one and one-fourth miles long; one hundred and fifty feet deep; extends seventy-five feet above the level of the river and seventy-five feet in the ground for a foundation; was four years in building, requiring fifteen thousand men at a cost of \$15,000,000. A syndicate took the contract, to be paid by the government of Egypt in annual installments of \$800,000 per year for forty years. Hence it will cost \$32,000,000, affording the contracting syndicate a profit of \$17,000,000 for interest, etc. The dam reaches from mountain-side to mountain-side, thus forming a great reservoir for the storing of water, to be let loose at the proper time by means of one hundred and eighty sluiceways located at the bottom of the dam, and operated, raised, and lowered by powerful winches, making it possible to secure two or more inundations of the Nile instead of one annually. By a system of locks, vessels ascend and descend; no other locks of the kind are in existence, I am told by the officials, who were very kind, and took pains to show me the great monster that bids defiance to the river. The material for its construction was secured in the granite quarries near by, from which the granite for the great temples, obelisks, and Pyramids was quarried. One giant obelisk eighty feet in length remains in the quarry, one end being in the living rock, the race of giant builders having been swept from earth before they had time to transport it to its intended home. When I am reminded that Pompey's

Pillar, that towers almost one hundred feet at Alexandria, was brought from these quarries, a distance of more than seven hundred miles, I am amazed at the difficulty of the project, and wonder how such a herculean undertaking was ever accomplished.

I was surprised to learn that there were no canals or conduits leading from the reservoir above the dam for irrigation purposes, for I had formed that idea of the purpose of the dam. The sluiceways are at the bottom of the dam, so that the rushing water will carry the soil below and not fill up the reservoir above. The soil carried down by each inundation is as necessary as the water itself. Five or seven thousand years of uninterrupted cultivation would impoverish any soil if not refreshed or renewed. The dam was built upon the cataract, the noise of which ancient travelers and geographers described as being "so prodigious as to deafen those within earshot." The water is near the top of the dam now, and will be let out in about three weeks, as the crops along the Nile below will then need a drink.

The famous island of Philæ is almost covered with water, being situated just above the dam only a few thousand yards. This inundation of the ruins of ancient Philæ was not anticipated when the dam was being planned and built, but it is too late now; what time has not done, the water will accomplish in a short time.

Upon the walls of the temples at Philæ are sculptures dating from the reigns of Roman emperors, Augustus, Tiberius, Domitian, and Trajan.

Philæ is ruined. Its Gothic arches, courts, colonnades, and gods will soon be overturned by the cruel, undermining waters. The elephantine island at Luxor is of interest.

But of all the ruins on the Upper Nile, none can be ranked with those of Luxor and Karnak, the remnants of ancient Thebes. Turning to history I read, "The exact origin of Thebes, like that of Memphis, is involved in obscurity, and its fall is as obscure as its origin." If you would know why Thebes bit the dust read Ezekiel xxx, verses 13 to 19 inclusive, remembering that Noph was the Hebrew name for Memphis, No was Thebes, and Aven was Heliopolis. Thebes, once so proud, haughty, and vile as to call forth the denunciation of the sacred writer, is no more. She is in ruins. "Thebes has always marvelously impressed the mind and imagination of travelers by its extent and the vastness of its monuments. There are temples whose front elevation was nearly a mile in length, fragments of colossal statues truly enormous, colonnades that rose to over seventy feet in height. Not only do these ruins extend over the whole breadth of the Nile valley, but on the sides of the surrounding mountains ancient remains lie in heaps, whilst tombs, still in good preservation, cover the western plain and stretch far out into the desert. It appeared like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict had been all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their vast temples as the only proofs of their existence. The plain on which Thebes was built, though limited in extent, was yet sufficient to contain one of the largest cities of the earth. According to Strabo, there is no doubt but that the ancient city covered the whole plain. The wide acres of Theban ruin prove alike the greatness of the city and the force with which it was overthrown. The ruined temples still stand to call forth the wonder of the traveler. They have seen the whole portion of time, of which history keeps the reckoning, roll before them; they have seen kingdoms and nations rise and fall—the Babylonians, Jews, Persians, Greeks,

and Romans. They have seen the childhood of all that we call ancient, and they seem likely to stand to tell their tale to those who will hereafter call us the ancients.*

This ought to be enough to convince any one that no amount of word-painting in which I might have indulged would have overdrawn Thebes. I shall not take time or space to describe the great temple now in ruins at Luxor; suffice it to state that it is a ponderous pile of mammoth pillars, colonnades, obelisks, statues, and colosses, seemingly erected by giants who have long since passed away. The Persians once sacked this temple. But let us hurry over by donkey to Karnak, where stand the most colossal ruins on earth, erected by a people who as giants must have been the most gigantic of which the mind can conceive. But since their kings, whom I have seen as mummies, were only ordinary men physically, their greatness must have consisted of superlative genius as massive builders.

Excavators were at work among these Titanic ruins the day I visited them. Fifty men were using modern devices for moving a huge fragment of rock that had been broken from a larger piece. They were half an hour moving that fragment half an inch. The appliances employed and the time required to transport the original here centuries ago remain among the many mysteries which are relegated to eternity for solution.

Here I observed the harshness of the Egyptian taskmaster, a relic of ancient times. While attempting to move that rock, an accident occurred, one man having his leg severely hurt. I saw that he was in great pain, and saw the bruised part. He begged to be allowed to quit or rest till relief came, but that horrid, hard-hearted

*Cook's Egypt, p. 198.

overseer standing by with a wild-looking leather whip in his hand, gave him a terrible stroke, wrapping the lash several times about the limb exactly on the spot of the injury, causing the blood to flow in rivulets to the ground. How I would have enjoyed clubbing that villain with my cane! But two wrongs never make a right.

The ruins of the temple at Karnak are outside the realm of description for massiveness, just as the Taj Mahal and Jumma Musjid of Agra and Delhi, India, stand alone for exquisite beauty and perfection of decoration and proportion. Each has the reputation of outstripping the world in their respective spheres. A lady laden with sparkling diamonds and costly ornaments, on turning from her own spectacle to the Taj or Jumma would say, "How sublimely beautiful!" while the harsh, shrill-voiced builder of cantilever bridges, destroyer of a Hell Gate, or manufacturer of the heaviest lifting cranes known to man to-day, would look up at these Himalayan columns, obelisks, pillars, pylons, and elevated girders of the most colossal type, and shake his head, saying: "We are dwarfs; our hoisting machines are but child toys compared with the might required to do all that. Let us take off our hats and return thanks that we have lived to see what our eyes now behold." One obelisk here is the highest known, being ninety-two feet in height, consisting of one solid piece of granite. Having been quite brief, let me fire a parting shot at the ruins of the temple of Karnak by a quotation from the pen of Homer: "For many a day after I had seen it, and even to this hour, glimpses of Thebes mingle with my reveries and blend with my dreams, as if that vision had pictured itself upon the brain and left its impress there forever."

Seven Hundred and Fifty Miles Up the Nile. 247

A visit to the tombs of the kings occupied half a day. They are hidden away under a mountain of granite at the end of a cañon four miles beyond the Nile, where the words "dreary and forsaken" lose their meaning when used in description.

In Thebes, as in Memphis, I rode over the roofs. Her streets are filled with the dust of centuries. Prophecy has had its will, played its part well.

XVIII.

CAIRO TO JERUSALEM.

VIA PORT SAID, JAFFA, AND BEIRUT—ANOTHER QUARANTINE EXAMINATION—JAFFA TO JERUSALEM BY RAIL—SHARON, THE BEAUTIFUL—A CARPET OF FLOWERS—VALLEY OF AJALON.

AFTER an intensely interesting sojourn in the Upper Nile country among the typical Egyptians, forsaken Bedouins, and sable Nubians, I hastened northward many a weary, dusty, superheated mile to the more civilized but not less interesting region of the Sphinx and Pyramids. Devoting another day to fixing in my mind the scenes in and about Cairo, I retraced my steps via Ismailia to Port Said, where passage was taken for Beirut, Syria, on the steamship *Equateur* of the French mail line, known as the Messageries Maritimes Steam Navigation Co. My destination was Jerusalem via Jaffa; but the designing sultan of Turkey issued an order that all passengers for Palestine should proceed to Beirut for examination before entering the promised land. Hence we were not permitted to land at Jaffa, though the waters of that dangerous harbor were smooth as a floor. Hoisting anchor, the good ship sped away up the coast past Mount Carmel, and at five o'clock next morning we awakened to find her tugging at her anchor in the harbor at Beirut.

The officials of his long-nosed, many-wived majesty came aboard to give us the searching examination for

which we had traveled all night, and had paid for the round trip two pounds sterling each; but no examination was in evidence, and the only demand made was that each passenger pay one franc (twenty cents). We were then permitted to land. On reaching shore our passports were examined, a charge of one franc being made for permitting the sacred eyes of a Turk to fall upon our state papers. A visaed passport is not sufficient here. One must have a *tezkereh*, or local passport, in order to travel inland. Knowing this was required, I secured mine at Cairo through the recommendation of our consul general. At the consulate I was requested to have Thomas Cook & Son or some other tourist agency secure the paper for me, as I could not handle such a gobbler language. But having made the tour thus far without the aid or co-operation of any foreign power, I decided to face the Turkish legation alone, and not run or surrender till my last cannon was spiked. I informed the hotel clerks what I proposed to do single-handed, and they desired to send their interpreter along, whose charge was four shillings. I stated that I did not want help, even if it were free, as I was out for experience. Then only two shillings were asked, whereupon I set out alone, found the headquarters of the Turkish government, and entered one office of more than fifty in the building and began to make known my mission. After a pantomime covering several minutes I was conducted from office to office, up stairs and down, in and out of strange places, until I had gone thrice about the building, and secured the necessary *tezkereh* at an expense of only sixty-five cents, whereas tourist agents had asked me one dollar besides their messenger fees for securing the same article; and, besides, they would deprive me of the enviable experience of rubbing up against those women-dressed men myself.

After spending two days in Beirut the steamer was ready to return to Jaffa per schedule. In order to embark at Beirut for Jaffa I had to take this tezkereh to the city officials, have an indorsement made of the fact that I was leaving for Jaffa, and pay an extra franc. Such is the diplomacy of the indomitable Turk.

I understand that the sultan demands an annual tribute from the governor of Beirut as well as from all the governors, and they must raise this money in any way they can by using fair or foul means. Being taught by his sultanic majesty, they prove to be veritable chips from the old block in inordinate extortion.

For years the terminus of the Damascus railroad has been at a point a considerable distance from the Beirut harbor. The company secured a permit to extend the road to the harbor. When the work was completed, the company was ordered not to run any trains on the new track until a bonus of five hundred pounds sterling should be paid to the sultan. This the company refused to do, and the road remained unused until the sultan, or Satan of the East, gave up the struggle and telegraphed his consent to the use of the road. I am informed that the governor held this message for a week after its receipt, thinking the company might back down from its position and grant the backsheesh demanded. The company, knowing that the message had arrived, held out faithfully till the representative of the sultan was outdone. The road was opened the first day I spent in Beirut. All the people who could do so left their homes and shops to witness the festivities attending this noteworthy event. The streets about the harbor were thronged with a motley crowd dressed in all the colors of the rainbow. Banners were flying, horses were prancing, bands were playing, fezes, sashes, loose, baggy pantaloons, and the serpentine

nargilehs lent Turkish and Arabian dignity to the event, while the snowcapped Lebanons reminded me of the land I love best.

But let us hasten to the south. All night long the engine's thud and the sound of the twirling screws drove sleep into hiding. The engineer, obeying orders, gave the engine a few extra revolutions per minute so that we might arrive in Jaffa and land before the train should depart for Jerusalem.

In due time Jaffa was sighted. The ship soon dropped anchor in front of the historic city and here we are. What memories crowd upon one as recorded history swings into line and paints the past in living letters! This is the Jaffa to which Hiram, king of Tyre, sent the cedar-wood to be used in the building of Solomon's temple. Where the ship lies, a flotilla of cedar once lay, waiting to be transported to Jerusalem for the building of the most magnificent edifice ever constructed by man, its plan being a product of the eternal God. From this very port Jonah sailed away on that tempestuous voyage the details of which are set forth in Jonah. When the great temple was rebuilt by Zerubbabel the timbers were brought "from Lebanon to the sea of Joppa." (Ezra iii, 7.) Herod the Great once took Jaffa, and Josephus states that eighty thousand people were slain here by Cestius in the Jewish war. Pirates rebuilt the city, and Vespasian destroyed it. Napoleon took Jaffa, slew four thousand Albanians, and, when forced to evacuate the city, had five hundred of his sick soldiers poisoned so they would not fall into the hands of his enemy and be tortured.

Of all events connected with Jaffa none surpass that recorded in Acts ix, 36-43. Here it was that Dorcas

lived, who "was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did."

When visiting the traditional tomb of Dorcas, I could picture the scene that once was the topic of the city. Dorcas, or Tabitha, as she was sometimes called, had died. Doubtless every one knew her because of the good she had done. "And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he should not delay to come to them." He came, "kneeled down and prayed; and turning to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter she sat up. And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up, and when he had called the saints and widows, presented her alive. And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed on the Lord. And it came to pass that he tarried many days with one Simon a tanner."

I visited the traditional house of Simon the tanner and climbed upon its roof. (Acts x, 9-48.) Speaking of this site, Dean Stanley said: "The rude staircase to the roof of the modern house, flat now as of old, leads us to the view which gives all that is needed for the accompaniments of the hour. There is the wide noonday heaven above; in front is the long, bright sweep of the Mediterranean Sea, its near waves broken by the reefs famous in ancient Gentile legends as the Rocks of Andromeda. Fishermen are standing and wading amongst them—such as might have been there of old—recalling to the apostle his long-forgotten nets by the Lake of Gennesaret, the first promise of his future call to be a fisher of men."

Jaffa is a city of about thirty thousand, and is built mostly of stone, with tiled roofs. The city walls were taken down by order of the sultan. But the unexpected

should always be expected when dealing with Constantinople. For instance, when an English company proposed to spend a few million dollars in giving to Jaffa a safe harbor, an order preventing it was issued, whereas any progressive government would have strained every muscle in an attempt to assist the undertaking by granting a subsidy of cold cash.

It is now unofficially announced that England regrets having interfered when Russia was about to carve Turkey and swallow her, feathers and all.

Jaffa is known the world over for its large oranges. They are not only large, but cheap also. A basket containing more than half a peck can be purchased for sixpence.

Besides visiting the tomb of Dorcas and the house of Simon, nearly every visitor interested in education visits the school of Miss Arnott, who is building for herself an imperishable monument and doing untold good.

The hotel at Jaffa bears the inscription on its front, "Hotel Jerusalem," and is operated by Mr. Hardegg, who also acts as American vice-consul.

The train leaves Jaffa at 1.20 P. M. for Jerusalem, the Holy City, revered by Moslem, French, Greek, Russian, Roman, German, and the English; in short, it is the Holy City of all the great powers of earth.

The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem as the crow flies is about thirty-five, by road forty, and by rail fifty-three miles. Leaving Jaffa, one is impressed that he is really in a land flowing with milk and honey. Fruit-gardens greet the eye as one looks in either direction from the train. Lemons and oranges, clinging to the limbs in almost endless profusion, indicate that this old land still produces abundantly. Passing from the gardens, the plain of Sharon welcomes the pilgrim to its carpet of

flowers. Here the flowering narcissus flourishes to the delight of every beholder. At each station the passengers utilize every spare moment in gathering flowers of a variety of colors, returning quickly to the cars when the whistle from an American locomotive signals the time for starting. How do I know it was an American locomotive? I walked to the front of the train to see the brand, and am quite sure that "Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, U. S. A.," is a sufficient guarantee of American construction. I was agreeably surprised to see the same stamp on the front of our iron horse when seven hundred miles and more up the Nile.

Eleven miles from Jaffa is Lydda, one of the ancient cities of Palestine. The Benjaminites occupied it after the captivity. In Acts ix, 32-35, it is recorded that "It came to pass, as Peter passed throughout all quarters, he came down to the saints which dwelt at Lydda. And there he found a certain man named Æneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy. And Peter said unto him, Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord." What mighty events these! Greater than the building of a Pyramid, a Taj Mahal, or a Sphinx. Historic sites! A fine church dedicated to St. George, but now in possession of the Greeks, can be seen a considerable distance. A church was erected on the same spot by Justinian, but it was destroyed by the Saracens.

Three miles from Lydda is Ramleh, a flourishing little city of sixty-five hundred people, having, as most other Palestine cities, its quota of Bible associations. Passing Ramleh a good view of the Valley of Ajalon is obtained. Here Joshua routed the five kings of the Amorites by

calling to his aid the Grand Master Workman of the universe, who, at Joshua's request, held the sun and moon, and prolonged the day thereby, until victory was complete. "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the Valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies." (Josh. x, 12, 13.)

The dragoman points out Gezer, or rather what is left of its ruins. In 1 Kings ix, 16, we are told that "Pharaoh, king of Egypt, had gone up and taken Gezer, and burnt it with fire, and slain the Canaanites that dwelt in the city, and given it for a present unto his daughter, Solomon's wife." What use Solomon's wife would make of a ruined city I can not conjecture. In India I was presented a cane for which I thought I would have no use, but it has proven to be priceless in driving away backsheesh pests.

Among the more important traditional points pointed out is the brook from which David secured the pebbles used in his sling, the birthplace and tomb of Samson, and the place where Noah received the angel.

At a point five miles from Jerusalem is Bittir Station, where the Jews made their last hard fight against the Romans. The Talmud asserts that the blood of the Jews slain here reached to the breasts of the horses and flowed to the sea. I am of the opinion that the brook which then coursed through the valley was only crimsoned from many wounded horses and soldiers bathing in it. At Chickamauga the government has caused an iron plate to be set up bearing the words, "Bloody Pond." Because the water was made crimson, one is not justified in asserting that a horse led into it was breast-deep in blood.

After a ride of three and a half hours across flowering plains and through valleys sacredly historic, "down

brakes" is signaled, and the panting locomotive comes to a halt outside the most often destroyed and most often rebuilt as well as most sacred city in the world.

Within one hour I had reached my hotel, and had set out alone for a stroll in the city. Entering by the Jaffa gate, the most popular of the seven, I made my way through the throng of beggars, vendors, and donkeys down David Street. Near the center of the walled city I ascended two flights of stairs which I saw unused, and fed my anxious eyes upon a vision of which I had often read, studied, and dreamed. Just before me was the Pool of Hezekiah, an immense reservoir two hundred and fifty by one hundred and fifty feet, fed by a conduit from another pool outside the city. The entire city seemed to lie at my feet. Yonder stood the Mosque of Omar and Mosque El Aksa, proudly guarding the temple area where the unrivalled Temple of Solomon once stood in all its untold grandeur. To my left was the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the most sacred spot on earth to many a million. Looking to the east the Mount of Olives lifted itself high above the Valley of Jehoshaphat, while the Garden of Gethsemane nestled at the parting of the ways alongside the sacred mount.

From the summit of the Great Pyramid I had seen the march of history from its infancy, and had reached back beyond tradition's grasp; but here was spread out before me the old landmarks which witnessed the mighty scenes connected with the life of the Redeemer of men, from whose birth all history takes its bearings, whom most men revere as the peerless Man, the Son of God. What sacred memories crowd in an unbroken succession before the mind! In Genesis xiv, 18, this city was called Salem, the City of Melchizedek, until captured by King David, when it was called the City of David. Jerusalem was adorned

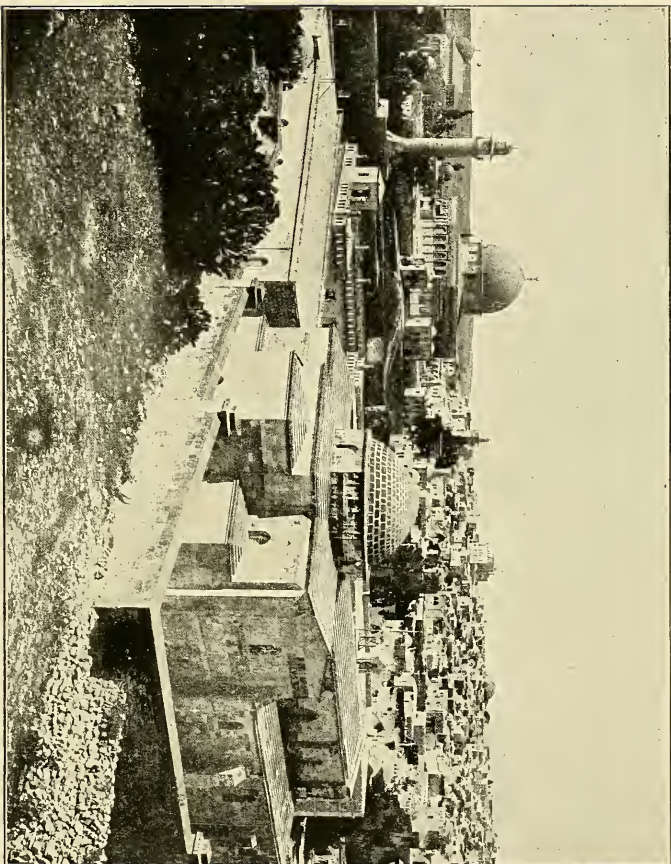
by Solomon until its fame spread throughout the earth and the queen of Sheba declared the half had not been told. But the glory of Jerusalem arose and fell like a barometer that experienced many a storm. During the reign of Rehoboam, when the ten tribes were in the state of mutiny, the city was besieged and plundered by the king of Egypt, Shishak. The city was pillaged by Syrians, Egyptians, Arabians, Assyrians, Babylonians, and Philistines. Josiah being slain at Megiddo in the plain of Esdraelon, Pharaoh Necho took Jerusalem, secured the tribute demanded, and compelled its king, Jehoahaz, to accompany him to Egypt for safe keeping and as a sort of assurance that the tribute would be paid annually.

Jerusalem had about settled down to business in 586 B. C., when Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, thought he would rather fight than eat, and brought his men of war, battering rams, etc., and captured the city, pillaged and burned the temple and palaces, leveled the walls to the ground, and, not satisfied with taking everything they had, went a step farther and carried all the people captive to Babylon.

With the walls down and everything else in utter wreck and ruin, this place must have presented a forsaken sight. The Jews, however, were not anxious to leave, for there is no place like home. After seventy years of captivity the Jews were permitted to return; the city and temple were rebuilt by Nehemiah, whose men could fight as well as work, for "they had a mind to work."

In 332 the Greeks under Alexander the Great, having conquered nearly every other part of the known world, decided to take Jerusalem. As Alexander the Great cared not for expense or the lives of men, he brought his conquering hosts there and captured the city. The defenders of the city doubtless thought it unwise to make a stand

against a chieftain who had proven victorious in every battle, and welcomed him to Jerusalem. Losing no men in taking the city, Alexander spared it. Eighteen years went by in comparative quiet. Then it was that Ptolemy I, king of Egypt, thought it about time to have something "doing" about Jerusalem; consequently he marched his hordes here in 314 B. C., and, taking advantage of the Jews' Sabbath, besieged it on that day, and took it without resistance, as the Jews were not disposed to fight on such a holy day. Brave people they who would be captured by a deadly foe rather than fight against conscience and what their law taught them was right. Many were carried into captivity, but Jerusalem was soon wrested from the Egyptians by the Syrians, who were indescribably cruel, causing a revolt of the Maccabees in 168 B. C., resulting in the restoration of the Jews to their rightful possession of the city under the guardianship of the Asmonæan princes. Thus it is seen that Jerusalem has been the football of the nations down through the centuries, kicked and destroyed by Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, and Arabian kings in rapid succession; but, like the phoenix, it seemed to rise anew from its own ashes as soon as the last battering-ram ceased its pounding. Jerusalem, like truth, rises again, though often crushed to earth. Though this Jerusalem be destroyed again, hope does not vanish, for we are promised a New Jerusalem, the Heavenly City, through whose portals the destroyer can not pass.



JERUSALEM.

(Church of St. Anne in the front, with Mosque of Omar to the left, and dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre rising like a turtle-back in the distance and to the right.)

XIX.

JERUSALEM—THE HOLY CITY.

THE MOST OFTEN DESTROYED AND REBUILT CITY IN THE
WORLD — THE CRUSADES — JEWS' WAILING PLACE —
CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER—MOSQUE OF OMAR
—GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

IN tracing the history of Jerusalem we have observed that she has already experienced sufficient vicissitudes for a dozen cities, but her record of ill usage seems to be without end. In 63 B. C. the Romans decided to mix their history with the Jews; consequently, Pompey set out with his legions, led them to the Holy City, captured it, and made it tributary to Rome. Afterward Cassus plundered the temple, and in 37 B. C. Herod headed a Roman army, took the city, and put his competitors to death. Herod was noted for his heartlessness. His son succeeded him on the throne, but was deposed, whereupon Judea became a Roman province in connection with Syria, the governor being called a procurator and resided at Cæsarea. The fifth procurator was Pontius Pilate, who needs no introduction. After Pilate was banished, other procurators were appointed, Felix and Festus of Bible history being among them. The Jews were dissatisfied, and revolted because of apparent injustices. To quell this revolt, Titus, who was in Egypt, set out in 70 A. D. with his warriors for the purpose of removing Jerusalem from the map.

"As Titus drew near, he stationed his tenth legion at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Taking up his station about a quarter of a mile from the wall, he cast a trench about the city, and compassed it around, and kept it in on every side. And soon famine began to do its work more effectually than the sword of the Romans. During the siege, it is said, one hundred and fifteen thousand bodies had been buried in the city at public expense, and the Roman general wept as he saw the misery. Titus, it was well known, was anxious to save the magnificent building (the temple), hallowed by the religious associations of so many centuries; and this may account for the slow progress of the victory. But on this fatal evening a soldier, against orders, cast a brand into a small gilded doorway on the north side, and in a few moments the whole temple was in a blaze. Wildly rose the uproar; blazing rafters lighted up the darkness, while all around the crackling of the flames and the crashing of the falling roofs mingled with the shouts of the victors and the death-cry of the Jews. Titus rushed forth, and in vain gave orders to stay the conflagration. His soldiers were in the holy of holies; they seized upon the treasures; not even Roman discipline could restrain them, and "the abomination of desolation" took possession of the holy place. When the flames subsided, nothing was left of the temple but a small portion of the outer cloister. The actual destruction of the temple—not one stone left upon another—was a death-blow. When the Romans burst, with shouts of triumph, into the last stronghold of their enemies, they found little but silent streets and houses full of dead bodies."*

Josephus says, "Those who lost their lives in the siege and the massacre which had preceded it in this war

*Cook's Palestine, pp. 75, 76.

exceeded one million three hundred thousand people." Such a fate should have been expected; for the prophet foresaw what was pending when he wrote, "How does the city sit solitary, that was full of people; how is she become a widow, she that was great among the nations!" And in Matthew xxiii, 37, 38, observe the words of the world's greatest Christmas Gift: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

After Titus had wrecked the city, a Roman garrison was left to guard the remains. In spite of the Roman lancers the Jews crept back and inhabited the ruins; for to the Jew no spot is home save Jerusalem, the Holy City. Bent on having things their own way, the Jews rebelled against Hadrian in 134 A. D., only to be expelled again. Hadrian then transformed what remained into a Roman city, and built magnificent temples and palaces, naming it *Ælia Capitolina*, one temple being erected to Jupiter Capitolinus, on Mount Moriah. In the time of Constantine the city was Christian, but in 614 the Jews poured into the transformed city in great numbers under the leadership of the Persian king Chosroes II, and endeavored to blot out every vestige of the Christian sway by destroying churches and putting the inhabitants to the sword. After a short interval of peace dearly bought, Heraclius captured this football city, but went down before the advance of Caliph Omar in 637, who transformed it into the sacred city of the Mohammedans. In the place of the Jewish and pagan temples on Mount Moriah, he built the Mosque of Omar, a splendid structure. In 688

the old mosque was demolished, and another more beautiful and imposing structure was erected in its stead by the caliph of Damascus. This mosque stands to this day, and is called the Dome of the Rock, though by some it is erroneously termed the Mosque of Omar.

O Jerusalem! why have the nations coveted you? When you were only a buried heap of rubbish, like Memphis and Thebes, why did not the powers of earth permit you to rest in your grave? Why build and rebuild, capture and recapture you? Why so much sought by the world's lancers, legions, and charioteers? Why so popular? Is it not because you occupy the spot of all spots on earth selected by the World Builder where the greatest events of all history were to be staged? Was it not here that the most momentous event of all ages was to occur—the tragedy of the crucifixion of the Son of God? In 969 A. D. thou didst fall into the hands of the Egyptians, who in 1077 lost thee to the Turks. From the bloodthirsty Turk thou didst suffer untold affliction until the Christian world was aroused and decided that such outrageous barbarism should continue no longer. Then, in 1098, from out the heart of Europe that first crusade poured itself as a mighty living stream bent on rescuing thee from the thralldom of the Crescent.

Commanded by Godfrey de Bouillon, the fearless crusaders from the North captured you, massacred the garrison and many of the inhabitants, and secured possession of the Holy Sepulcher, the object of their struggle. Godfrey was made your king, the first Christian king of Jerusalem. His successors maintained your banners on high until 1187, when the brave Guy de Lusignan was overcome by Saladin and the Mussulman or Moham-medan regained the much-coveted city. History weeps as it recounts the fearful losses resulting from the at-

tempts of courageous men to rescue thee from the withering hand of persecutors.

Though Peter the Hermit perished *en route* to thy sacred shrine; though men fought under Godfrey de Bouillon and Robert of Normandy until their horses waded in blood about the mosque, yet thou didst struggle under the oppressor's lash. Held by Saladin, the Christian hosts of Europe again mustered under Philip of France, Richard Cœur de Leon, and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in 1190, to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the infidel, but the emperor fell ere he reached the promised land, while Philip and Richard joined their forces in the capture of Acre, besieged Jaffa, and encamped at Lydda. A peace council, while permitting the Christians to hold the coast fortresses, left thee still in cruel hands, the only point gained by the Christians being the privilege of making pilgrimages to thee at intervals.

In 1197, behold the emperor of Germany organizing a crusade to see that the scales of justice might be used in thy management. His attempt proving fruitless, a new undertaking under the Germans and Hungarians sets out in 1217, but the force of its armament wears itself out in Egypt without getting sight of the objective point. The pendulum of history swings slowly on till 1228, when Frederick II, emperor of Germany, enthused with zeal unconquerable, leads an expedition which wrests thee from thy oppressors. Peace abides only for a season. In 1240 the Mohammedans again appear under the sultan of Damascus, and take everything in sight, to lose it again three years later to the Christians. But Christians and Moslems are overcome in 1244 by a Tartar horde that sweeps down from Central Asia.

Driven from their homes by Genghis Khan, they fall upon Christian and Turk, sparing no one in their wild

fury. These savage legions are driven back beyond the Caspian Sea by the Egyptians and Syrians, who unite for their own safety.

The Egyptians and Syrians remain victors for only a short time, when the Mohammedans, chiefly from Syria, organize and resolve to overcome or die, fall upon the city like enraged tigers, and take the holy place from which they had been driven many a time.

In 1517 the Ottoman sultan, Selim I, took Jerusalem and all Syria as well as Egypt. In 1542, Solomon the Magnificent rebuilt the walls of the city. Overtaxation producing a revolt from the Turkish yoke in 1825, the city was bombarded and brought back under the Turkish rule. Jerusalem, the historic, the beautiful, the Holy City—thy history is not all written. A conqueror will some day batter down the masonry of thy Golden Gate, and deliver thee from the scepter of the Crescent.

All Syria became subject to the pasha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, in 1832, and was lost to Turkey in 1840 through the interference of England, who cannonaded Acre and assisted the sultan in holding the territory. England ought to beg the pardon of the nations for such a caper as that.

To fully present Jerusalem would require volumes, as the city is mentioned eight hundred and eighteen times in the Bible. Many of the old sites mentioned in Biblical history are located with exactness, while others are pointed out as traditional only.

Being often destroyed, Jerusalem is not what it was. The valleys between the four hills upon which the city was originally built now contain the wreckage of many a former city. The shovel of the excavator has penetrated one hundred and thirty feet below the present surface of the ground, reaching through a series of buildings one

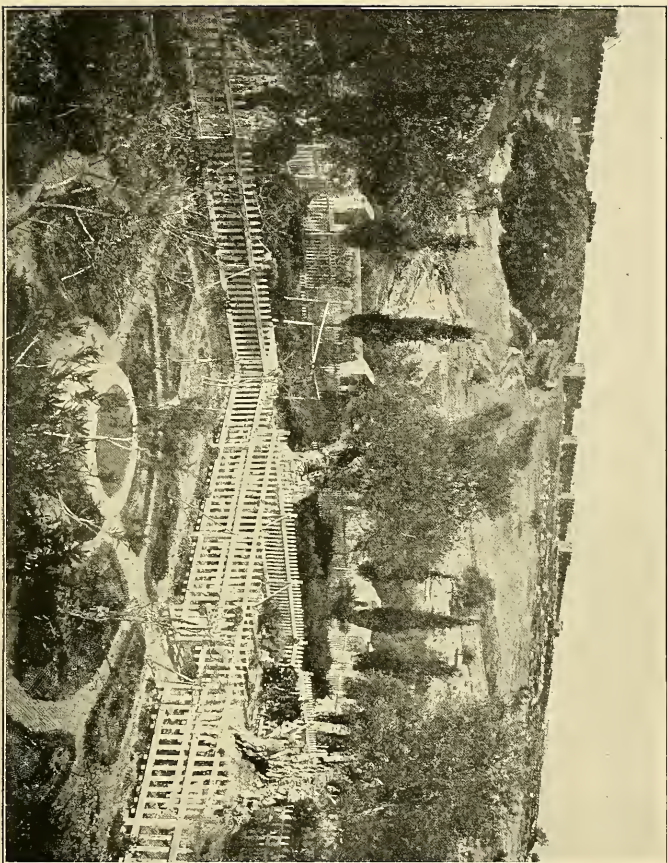
above another, proving that each later city has been located upon the ruins of its predecessor. Facts are worth more than theories. These facts almost stagger the mind. Were written history blotted out of existence, these facts would remain permanently imbedded in mother earth as undisputed testimony of the vicissitudes visited upon this "city that is compact together."

In Psalm xlviii, 12, 13, is the following exhortation: "Walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generations following." I made a complete circuit of the city alone on foot one morning before sunrise, and in the circuit I entered the city through each of its open gates. The Jaffa Gate is first, then the Zion Gate, the Dung Gate, the Golden Gate (closed), the St. Stephen's Gate, the Gate of Herod, the Damascus Gate, and the New Gate. When inside the Gate of Herod I noticed some steps leading to the top of the wall, and, thinking the steps were made for use, I mounted the wall. After I had finished my sight-seeing from that height I began the descent, only to be confronted with a Turkish soldier, who seemed in a furor about something. I soon learned that no foreigner was permitted on the walls, lest the city might be taken and the Turk ousted. Had I taken an American flag with me I might have waved it aloft over that Turkish fortress, and, provided with a Gatling gun, I might have held it against the entire garrison; for I had already scaled the walls without being noticed, and was able to clear myself by showing my victorious cane, while the many-wived, baggy-pantalooned soldier under the Crescent had at his command a long-barreled musket that might have seen use in punching squirrels out of overgrown saplings. Turkey is to me

a conundrum. She seems to be decidedly opposed to progress—even up a wall.

When people come to market, the tax collector helps himself first. If anything is left, the farmer sells it for whatever he can get. Should some one discover a spring of living water among the hills of his domain, it is immediately covered to prevent a tax being levied upon it by the government. For several years the people about Jericho failed to pay their taxes. The sultan sent an agent to learn the cash price asked for their land. They named a price, which was accepted by the sultan, who, presenting his old tax list as so much cash, compelled the owners to vacate as the sale was complete. He now has an agent in charge who collects two francs (forty cents) from each person who visits Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. A mounted escort accompanies each party to the Jordan, and makes sure that each person pays the regulation amount.

I had read much about the Turks, Arabs, and Bedouins being difficult to get along with, but I am free to say that I do not believe a word of such trash. They may be quite bothersome to those who are afraid of them. Since I have had more than five months' experience with the Oriental, I know, or think I know, how to deal with him. In spite of what I have read about these people I am willing to record that they are as easily managed as any other Eastern people. One day, when riding with three other persons in a carriage, a fellow demanded back-sheesh. I made a quick move as if to step from the carriage to give him the soft side of my cane when he at once took to his heels, and did not even look back to see if I were coming or slacken his pace until one hundred yards away, and then appeared relieved to discover that I was not chasing him.



THE GARDEN OF GETHESEMANE.

(The olive-trees said to be a thousand years old. Rock tombs near the Wall of Jerusalem.)

The morning I walked around Jerusalem I sat upon the tomb in the cemetery near the wall opposite the Garden of Gethsemane and waited for the sun to rise over the Mount of Olives. At 6.50 it rose in all its majesty as if it might have sprung out of the Church of the Ascension on Olivet. Clouds endeavored to hide it, but they were not equal to the task. What a reminder this scene was of that other event, the ascension of the Sun of righteousness nearly two thousand years ago! From this beautiful scene I looked down in the valley, and there, upon the Jericho road leading to Gethsemane, I saw the lepers with stumps for arms, hands gone, the back a blotch of decay, eyes sunken, bodies distorted and reeking with leprous evidence—each crying, “Backsheesh, ya howaja!” Near by are others who are not lepers, yet they would have you think they are. Clothed in sackcloth or in rags used as a begging costume for many years, and handed down from generation to generation, they accost you with tears—in some cases crocodile tears—each repeating the staple words, the oft-heard and never-to-be-forgotten words.

Some families do nothing but beg. I saw a woman whipping a little child to compel it to beg. I am informed by a man who has resided here ten years that many people who are well-to-do dress in begging attire while begging, and bedeck themselves with splendid apparel, ride in carriages, and become lords when the begging hours are over. So astute are they in preparing themselves in their begging garb and simulating poverty that many even deceive their own acquaintances. No one can give to all, nor should one do so, because many are undeserving. Whenever a large party is to be here, not only all the old beds and carriages are drafted into service, but every beggar for miles around presents himself for all he can

get out of the opportunity. This aggregation of beggars thus gives visitors a bad impression of the city. Many visitors are pestered, made weary and homesick on account of the multitude of begging mortals. Some people evidently think they must give a coin to every one that asks, lest a refusal would enrage the natives and cause them to be thrown into the Valley of Jehoshaphat or otherwise disabled.

A few days after I arrived in Jerusalem a party of more than four hundred Americans arrived under the management of F. C. Clark, of New York City. The morning after their arrival I was returning from the Damascus Gate and saw two members of the party being imposed upon. They appeared unable to take their own part, whereupon I came to their relief, scattered their adversaries, and was looked upon most gratefully by the newly-arrived Americans as their deliverer.

The population of Jerusalem is an unknown quantity. The same may be said of almost any Turkish and Chinese city. Estimates vary from sixty thousand to seventy-five thousand, of which forty thousand are said to be Jews.

One of the very oldest landmarks in Jerusalem is the citadel, a part of which is called the Tower of David, standing to the right of the Jaffa Gate. The upper part has been often destroyed and rebuilt, but the lower part is old enough to deserve the appellation ancient. When Jesus walked the streets this tower was a silent monster. Alongside this tower a breach was made in the wall in 1898 for the special purpose of permitting the German emperor to enter the city in a carriage. It is now used as much as the original Jaffa Gate entrance. The Jaffa Gate is never closed; for what would be gained by closing it when a larger opening is close by? Entering the

walled city here, the thoroughfare directly ahead is David Street, which descends rapidly, terrace after terrace.

Zion Street begins near the Jaffa Gate, and leads to Zion Gate on the summit of Mount Zion. David took this height, and "David dwelt in the fort and called it the City of David." (2 Sam. v, 9.)

Every one visits the Church of St. James, located on Zion Street, for it is here tradition declares James was beheaded. "Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church, and he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." (Acts xii, 2.)

Near the Zion Gate is a ruin called the Palace of Caiaphas, containing, according to Greek tradition, the prison of Christ and the stone which was rolled away from the sepulcher by the angels. The stone is circular, and is about the right size to have been used at the mouth of the sepulcher under Gordon's Golgotha, but I am by no means a convert to Gordon's theory.

I entered the prison cell, and consider it built for the purpose of being used as a dungeon. Everything has its place here. The place where the cock stood when it gave evidence against Peter is marked by a pillar.

Near this spot is the tomb of David. The kings of Judah "slept with their fathers, and were buried in the City of David." The next room to the tomb is the Cœnaculum, or Chamber of the Last Supper. The room is fifty by thirty feet. By a liberal use of imagination the very spot where the table stood and where Jesus sat has been indicated, and is pointed out to every visitor. Beyond the fact that this is the traditional site there is nothing to indicate its preferment except that it is "a large upper room." (Mark xiv, 16.) Here, it is believed, Peter preached the sermon recorded in Acts ii, 14-36. Being

the next room to the tomb of David and connected therewith by a small opening, intended no doubt to be used in watching the royal sarcophagus, Peter could well have used the words of the twenty-ninth verse, "And his sepulcher is with us unto this day."

I shall not forget the sight presented at the Jews' Wailing Place. Here the Jews assemble to weep over the destruction of the temple. Blocks of marble four by fifteen feet, a part of the celebrated wall, call them hither; for at this point they are sure of coming in contact with the old Jewish work. No mortar was used, and the huge blocks fit so perfectly that a piece of paper can not be inserted between the courses. Many a Jew has come here with hammer and nails, and, partly by drilling, has succeeded in driving a few nails into the marble in order to be able to boast of having added something to the original wall. Such a sort of weeping and wailing I never saw or heard before. They stand and kiss the walls as fast as they possibly can, then mournfully mumble something which is, of course, unintelligible to me. Some have copies of the Hebrew Psalter in hand, from which they read as they move to and fro like an old-fashioned country boy speaking his first piece on Friday afternoon while the big girls laugh, until their turn to speak comes, when they forget, and, to pass away the time more pleasantly, get red in the face and pucker their gingham aprons on either side, as if preparing to wade in deep water.

Many people visit the Jews' Wailing Place on Friday, but others prefer Saturday morning, because there is usually a larger number of Jews engaged in the business on Saturday, and, further, because the Jew has so much reverence for the day (his Sunday or Sabbath) that he will not make life miserable for his observers by plying

his begging tactics. Jerusalem has three Sundays or holy days each week, some observing Friday, some Saturday, and still others Sunday. Counting these Sundays, I am told that Jerusalem has two hundred and fifty holidays, feast days, and holy days each year, enough to swamp an empire.

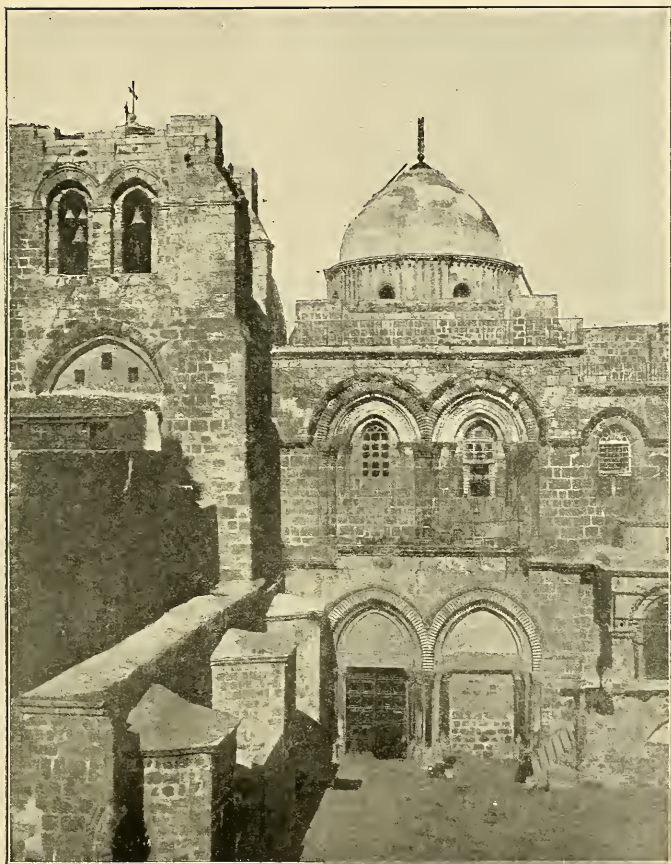
Near the Wailing Place is the beginning of an arch which once connected the city of Zion with the temple. It is named Robinson's Arch in honor of its discoverer, who is an American.

Many pilgrims seemingly delight in walking up and down the Via Dolorosa, the street Christ is supposed to have trod bearing the heavy cross. It leads by the government house, Pilate's judgment hall, to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Fourteen stations are marked along this traditional street of pain, indicating the sites of the various incidents connected with that eventful day. The first mark is at the barracks; the second is where the cross was laid upon Christ. Near here is the Ecce Homo Arch, indicating the spot where the Roman governor said, "Behold the Man." (John xix, 5.) The Church of the Sisters of Zion is close, and should be visited, as its basement contains the original Roman pavement with marks of chariot wheels made in the time of Christ. Further down the street is the Church of Notre Dame, near which is the third mark, where Christ is said to have fallen under the weight of the cross. This point is also near the traditional house of Lazarus, the poor man. Still further is the fourth station, where Jesus met his mother. The house of Dives, the rich man, is next pointed out. Stones of various colors are the materials out of which this house was built. The fifth station marks the site where Simon of Cyrene took the cross from Christ, because He was no longer able

to carry it. Other markings indicate where Christ is said to have leaned as He rested from the burden; where He fell the second time; where He addressed the women who accompanied him; where He sank the third time under the weight of the cross. The remaining points are within the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. One indicates where the Son of man was disrobed; where He was nailed to the cross; where the cross was raised; where he was taken down from the cross; and the last one is by the Holy Sepulcher.

Let us enter the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, built by the crusaders in 1103 to inclose the older chapels. I visited it time and again, and I trust that you are sufficiently interested in this most sacred place of all the earth to accompany me as I endeavor to lead you. This church is a series of buildings joined together in one. On entering the building we approach the stone of unction upon which Christ was laid for the anointing when taken from the cross. This rock is kissed by thousands as they come and go. The real stone or slab is concealed by a slab of marble, as the incessant kissing would in time wear it away; hence it is half-soled on the upper part as a means of protection.

Candelabra and a variety of lamps hang above the stone. Though this part belongs to the Latins, they permit the Armenians, Greeks, and Copts to join them in providing lamps and holding the spot sacred. To the northwest is a railing inclosing a stone marking the spot where Mary stood while the body of Jesus was being anointed, and where she stood watching the tomb. Just before us is the rotunda, sixty-five feet in diameter, in the center of which stands the Holy Sepulcher within a small chapel eighteen feet broad and twenty-six feet long, built of marble. A low doorway leads to it through



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.
(Built over Mount Calvary and the Tomb of Christ.)

a vestibule six by seven feet inside measure. In the center of the chapel is a stone set in marble, said to be part of the one the angel rolled away. Here fifteen lamps are kept burning, five belonging to the Greeks, five to the Latins, four to the Armenians, and one to the Copts. Passing the Angels' Chapel we enter the sepulcher proper, which is about six feet square, containing the marble sarcophagus shown as the tomb of Christ. Only four people can enter at one time, and many here weep, kneel, and pray most fervently. A soldier stands in this small chapel from morning till night to protect this sacred place from the relic-hunter and hand of the despoiler.

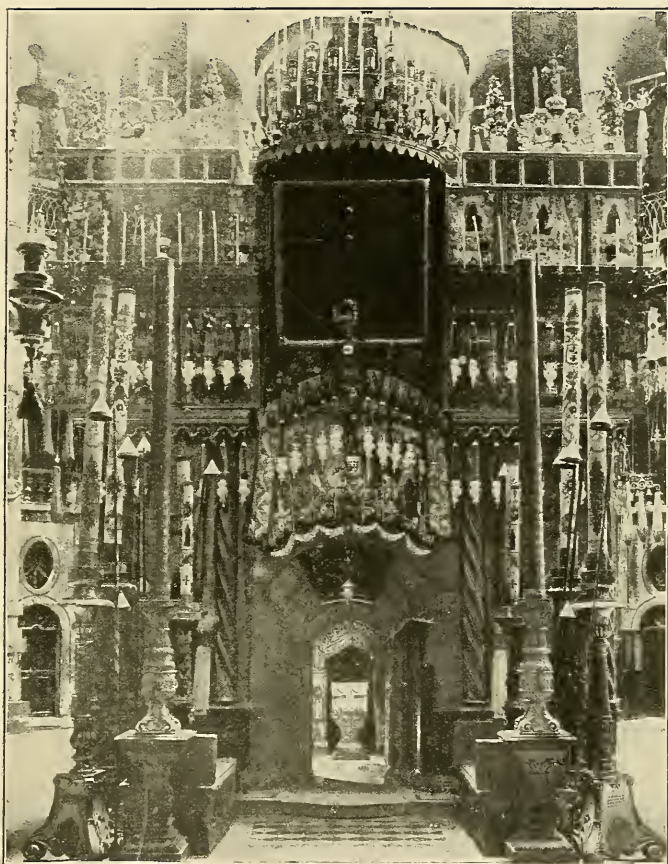
To the north of the sepulcher is a Latin vestibule containing inlaid marble slabs surrounding a central stone, where Mary Magdalene is said to have stood when Jesus said to her, "Woman, why weepest thou?" and "she, supposing Him to be the gardener, said unto Him, If thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." (John xx, 15.)

Entering the Church of the Latins, we notice the Chapel of the Apparition, where Jesus appeared to Mary after His resurrection. Connected with the Latin Church is the sacristy, where the sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon are shown. With this sword, which I was permitted to handle, he is said to have cut a giant Saracen in two. This sword is used to girt the Knights of St. John when introduced to that order. The prison and bonds of Christ are shown, also the Chapel of the Division of the Vestments. "And when they had crucified Him, they parted His garments, casting lots upon them what every man should take." (Mark xv, 24.) Descending twenty-nine steps the Armenian Chapel of Helena is reached, and thirteen steps more brings us to

the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross. Retracing our steps, we are led to the Greek Chapel of the Crown of Thorns. "The soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and placed it on His head, and they put on Him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote Him with their hands." (John xix, 2, 3.)

Ascending a flight of eighteen steps, we arrive at Calvary, the upper Chapel of the Crucifixion, which is fourteen and one-half feet above the Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher. "And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left." (Luke xxiii, 33.) Three holes are pointed out as the sockets for the three crosses. Under Calvary is the Chapel of Golgotha, the word Golgotha meaning a skull. Near the altar on Calvary is a long brass cover over a rent in the rock, said to have been made at the time of the crucifixion. "The earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose." (Matt. xxvii, 51, 52.) Near by is the Latin Chapel of St Mary, said to be the spot where Mary and the disciple stood at the time of the crucifixion, when the following conversation took place: "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw His mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son. Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother. And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." (John xix, 25-27.)

Concerning the Church of the Holy Sepulcher I shall not multiply particulars. That it occupies the original site I have no doubt whatever. General Gordon came



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

(Entrance to the Chapel of the Angels, leading to the tomb, being apparently almost blocked by a marble pedestal bearing a piece of stone believed to be a fragment from the original stone which was rolled away by the angels.)

here not many years ago, evidently desiring notoriety, and set out to find another Golgotha. The place selected by him is outside the city walls. A tomb called the Garden Tomb is at its base, which I gave a thorough examination, as I did the Holy Sepulcher. The task of discerning in Gordon's Golgotha a likeness to a skull puts the imagination to a severe test. In short, I am of the opinion that the place was selected more because it was outside the wall than because it resembled a skull.

Many people come here and accept the Gordon Golgotha in a moment, considering it to be the true site, and present their arguments therefor as conclusive, defying contradiction. Upon this hill many a clergyman stands, reads the Bible narrative, and is satisfied that Gordon was right. The arguments in its favor are, that it is higher than its competitor; it is outside the present Damascus Gate; it has a rock tomb at its base in a garden; it is near the Jericho road, and could have been witnessed by a large concourse of people; and the imagination may observe its resemblance to a huge skull. But, to my mind, the arguments for the site covered by the church are the weightier. However, literal accuracy is not claimed for the various points shown in the church. Many of them are chosen as simply commemorative of the events with which they are associated. No one would be foolish enough to claim that Mary actually stood at any particular spot as she observed the tragedy of centuries—Christ on the cross. One should remember that these points are chosen as likely only, without laying claim to literal accuracy. Approaching with such a spirit, much can be overlooked.

Since a section of the old wall and the old Damascus Gate have been recently unearthed, it is proven conclusively that the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is out-

side the original wall, though within the present walled area. This makes the site of the Holy Sepulcher accord with Scripture. "Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate." (Heb. xiii, 12.)

"The place where Jesus was crucified was nigh unto the city." (John xix, 20.) "Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden was a new sepulcher, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulcher was nigh at hand." (John xix, 42.)

Since the discovery of the aforesaid wall and gate there is less argument against the site. Tradition declares it to be the site. Position speaks for it with all its might. Godfrey de Bouillon, the first Christian king of Jerusalem, favored this site, as did Baldwin, his successor. The Princess Helena came here in 330 A. D. with thirty of the able scholars of the day, who searched everywhere and decided on the site occupied by the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. What more evidence would any one demand than that afforded by the union of tradition and position, together with the corroborative testimony of the excavator's shovel? Among the ardent supporters of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher as the true site of Calvary are the following eminent authorities: Buckingham, Schick, Schubert, Elliott, Williams, Lewin, Willis, and Gray. A spirit of reverence seizes upon both saint and sinner as they approach this sacred shrine where millions have worshiped, believing that here the Son of God was crucified, that here He was buried, and that this spot witnessed that most tremendous of all events known to history,—the resurrection of the Sun of righteousness.

With the one exception of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, no other building is of such interest as the Dome of the Rock, though it belongs to the Mohammedans.

"Where once stood the temple designed by King David, and executed by Solomon, rebuilt and restored by Zerubbabel and Herod, is now the Moslem shrine called the "Dome of the Rock," but sometimes erroneously called the Mosque of Omar. It occupies a part of the spacious area known as the Haram Esh-Sherif, "The Noble Sanctuary," and stands on a raised platform or terrace.

The Dome of the Rock stands upon the summit of Mount Moriah—tradition says on the very spot where Ornan had his threshing floor; where Abraham offered up Isaac; where David interceded for the plague-stricken people; and where the Jewish temple, the glory of Israel, stood. No one can stand before this magnificent building, with its colored tiles and marbles glistening in the sunlight, as once the goodly stones of the temple shone before the eyes of the disciples, and not be moved with strong emotion. One's thoughts rush away to the past, when psalmists wrote and patriots sung of the temple's glory. Hither the tribes came up; here shone forth the light of the Shekinah; here was the center of the religious, the poetical, and the political life of God's chosen nation. And then one thinks of the defeats and disasters consequent upon disobedience; how glory after glory vanished, until alien powers desolated and utterly destroyed the holy place. One thinks of devout Jews in every land, oppressed and burdened, turning towards this sacred site, and remembering it with tears as they pray for restoration to their land. Above all, the Christian thinks of the little Child presented in its court by the Holy Mother; of the Youth asking and answering

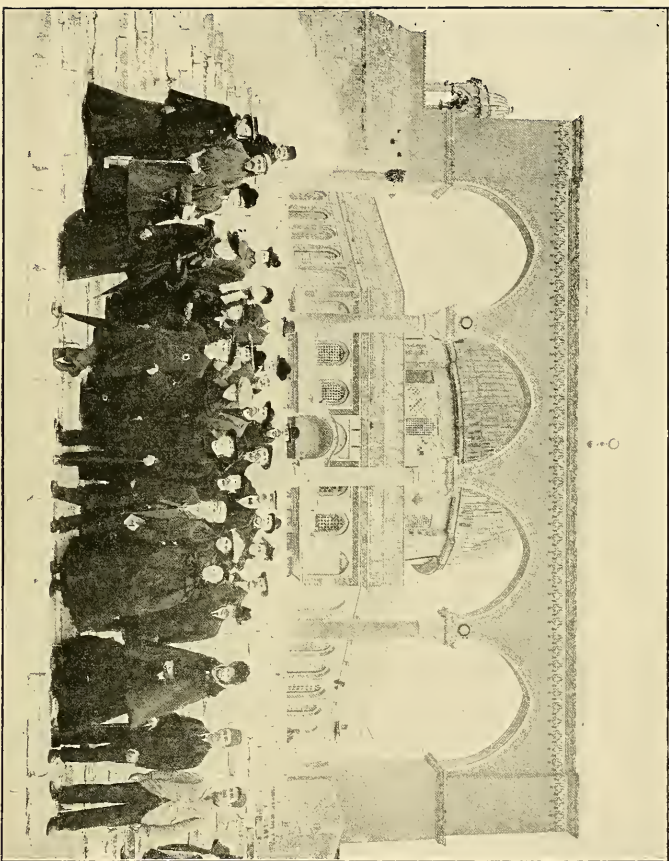
questions; the Divine Man, "teaching and preaching the things concerning Himself."* It is surrounded by a wall 1,601 feet long on the west, 1,530 feet on the east, 1,024 on the north, and 922 on the south. Entering by the main gate, we have on the right hand the Mosque El-Aksa, and before us are steps leading up to the Dome of the Rock. The building has eight sides, each sixty-eight feet long, and four doors to the north, south, east, and west. The whole is covered with richly-colored porcelain tiles, and a frieze of tiles runs round the whole building, upon which are written passages from the Koran.

The interior of the Dome of the Rock is gloomy, and sometimes so dark that one should wait until the eye grows accustomed to it. It has two cloisters, separated by an octagonal course of piers and twelve Corinthian columns, which support the great dome. The thirty-six stained-glass windows, which are of a great brilliancy and beauty, date from the fifteenth century. The arches are covered with glass mosaics, over which are inscribed portions of the Koran, as on the outer walls of the building, and these are dated 692 A. D. The dome is ninety-eight feet high and seventy-five in diameter, and is composed of wood. It was restored by Saladin in 1189 A. D.

The sacred rock is immediately beneath the dome. It is a bare, rugged, unhewn piece of rock about sixty feet long and forty-five wide. The rock stands four feet six and one-half inches above the marble pavement at its highest point, and one foot its lowest.

Many legends hang about the rock. Here, according to the Jews, Melchizedek offered sacrifice, Abraham brought his son Isaac as an offering, and the Ark of the

*Cook's Palestine, pp. 94, 95.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, ON SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE, JERUSALEM.

Covenant stood. Descending by eleven steps we enter the cave below the rock, which has an average height of six feet.

I have seen finer buildings, but none having so many sacred associations as this, which is second only to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. If all else associated with this mosque were removed, that historic rock would afford sufficient interest to call hither earth's pilgrims.

Having devoted considerable space to the great mosque, I shall omit a description of the lesser mosque known as Mosque El-Aksa. A visit to it should by no means be omitted by the visitor. At this mosque, as well as in almost every place hallowed with sacred memories, places are pointed out by the dragoman that are as absurd as impossible; such as the footprints of certain historic characters made in the rock. Irresponsible as well as ignorant dragomans do much harm by perpetuating such childlike vagaries. Guide-books are primarily to be blamed; for guides finding such references in guide-books, delight to keep these stories afloat, thinking they will please tourists.

Leaving the mosque, I descended by thirty-two steps to the vaulted chamber where Simon dwelt, and on farther to Solomon's stables, a vast cavern of vaulted and pillared avenues. "Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots." (1 Kings iv, 26.) The Knights Templars used these vaults as stables. The rings to which their horses were tied are still shown. Not a piece of wood can be observed in what is called Solomon's stables, being built and arched over with rock.

Outside the wall of Jerusalem is the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or Kidron, where the Jews and the Moslems bury their dead, for they want to be near at hand when the world is judged. "Let the heathen be wakened and

come up to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about." (Joel iii, 12.) "I will gather all nations and bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat." A later name for this valley is Kidron. The Mohammedans have borrowed this valley and also regard it as the scene of the last judgment.

Near the garden of Gethsemane a road branches into the valley and passes the tomb of Absalom. This tomb is nineteen feet square and twenty-one feet high. On account of Absalom's disobedience the Jews, on passing this point, seldom fail to hurl stones at the tomb. The second time I encircled the city, I rode a donkey. A donkey-driver always accompanies each person to keep the donkey in the notion of making more than snail time by the copious use of a raw persuader. On reaching Absalom's tomb a stone was hurled into the tomb. I dismounted (which brought my cap only slightly nearer terra firma), and clambered about the tomb and found the interior nearly full of stones and pebbles thrown thither by irate Jews. The front of the tomb is much worn by centuries of rock hurling.

Behind the tomb of Absalom is the tomb of Jehoshaphat. A few yards further down the valley is the Grotto of St. James, a grotto containing shaft tombs. Close by is the Pyramid of Zacharias, which, like the tomb of Absalom, is hewn in the solid rock. It is sixteen feet square and twenty-nine feet high. Here are many rock tombs, beyond which is the village of Siloah. A monolith at the village entrance bears the inscription, "Tomb of Pharaoh's Daughter."

Between the village and the city wall is St. Mary's Well, sometimes called the Fountain of the Virgin. Two flights of steps lead down to it, twenty-nine steps in all. Inside it is ten by eleven feet. Being outside the wall it

was concealed to prevent Jerusalem's many enemies from finding it and poisoning the water supply of the city. From St. Mary's Well a channel, cut through solid rock, probably by Hezekiah, leads to the Pool of Siloam, the well and the pool being 1,728 feet apart. This sacred pool is fifty-three by eighteen feet and nineteen feet deep. "He anointed the eyes of the blind man with clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam. He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing." (John ix, 6, 7.) The King's Garden was here mentioned by Nehemiah (iii, 15) as being "near the pool of Siloah." My donkey was glad to stand tied loose here while I descended into the aqueduct cut by Hezekiah 700 B. C. There is much controversy as to the Pool of Gihon. Many identify it with the pool west of the Jaffa Gate, which is connected with the Pool of Hezekiah by an aqueduct passing under the city wall near the Jaffa Gate.

The Valley of Hinnom lies between Zion and the Hill of Evil Counsel. It was here that children were once sacrificed to Moloch. (Jer. xii, 31; 2 Kings xxiii, 10.)

Leaving Jerusalem by the Damascus Gate, we reach the Tombs of the Kings, a short distance to the north. These catacombs, hewn from the solid rock, have some well-preserved circular stones, such as must have been used at the tomb of Christ, and should be visited if for no other purpose than to observe this one point. Josephus has much to say about these catacombs, to whom and to other works on the subject I refer my readers for particulars should they delight in preparing to dream about rock-hewn cities of the dead.

Near the St. Stephen's Gate is the Church of St. Anne, founded in the sixth century, rebuilt in the twelfth, turned into a school by Saladin, and presented in 1856 by the sultan to the French emperor, Napoleon III. It

is supposed to mark the dwelling-place of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin; and is regarded as the birthplace of the Holy Mother and the burial-place of her father, Joachim. Near this place is the Pool of Bethesda, called the "Inner Pool." Here it was that the impotent man having no man, when the water was troubled, to put him into the pool, received those never-to-be-forgotten words from Christ, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." (John v, 1-9.) Oriental travel will make plain to one the statement, "take up thy bed." I am reasonably sure that I can walk up Pike's Peak with all the beds required for the accommodation of half a dozen Orientals.

Near the Damascus Gate is the Grotto of Jeremiah, where, tradition claims, he wrote the Book of Lamentations, and where he was buried. Just opposite the Grotto of Jeremiah are Solomon's Quarries, where the stone used in building the temple was secured. "The house, when it was building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither, so that neither hammer nor ax, nor any tool of iron was heard in the house while it was building." (1 Kings vi, 7.)

Shall we visit the Mount of Olives, that elevation sacred to every one? Here it is I love to linger. Visiting it day after day, its charm increases its grasp upon me. Mount of Olives, I love you. Here Christ was wont to linger. Here He crossed time and again, going from Bethany to Jerusalem. In this garden at my feet He shed tears and sweat drops of blood; but the people would not do and be what He yearned to have them do and be. Here was sung that first Christian hymn of devotion, "Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna, peace, glory in the highest!" And as He passed down toward Jerusalem, it is easy to determine to one's satisfaction

where He, "when He beheld the city, wept over it." Describing this point Stanley wrote: "Immediately below was the Valley of the Kidron, here seen in its greatest depth as it joins the Valley of Hinnom, and thus giving full effect to the great peculiarity of Jerusalem seen only on its eastern side, its situation as of a city rising out of a deep abyss."

On the summit of Olivet is a church sometimes called the Church of the Ascension, as it stands at the traditional site from which Christ ascended to heaven. This building, though in possession of the Moslems, has prayer recesses for the Armenians, Copts, Syrians, and Greeks. From the minaret a splendid view is obtainable, embracing Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethany, the Jordan, and Dead Sea. The Dead Sea is visible from the summit of the mount without ascending the minaret.

The Latins possess several important posts on the Mount of Olives. One is the Church of the Creed, where the Apostles' Creed was supposed to have been prepared. Near the Church of the Creed is the Church of the Lord's Prayer, the traditional site where Christ taught the disciples the Lord's Prayer. Here the Lord's Prayer is carved upon slabs of marble in thirty-two languages. These slabs are hung like so many pictures upon the wall of the interior. Here I am reminded that the Bible is in the world as a permanent institution, and that if every Bible were burned, its teachings would remain, as every verse from Genesis to Revelation has been quoted and copied in books, making it possible to reproduce it from the world's libraries.

Among the many points of great interest about the Mount of Olives is the Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin. This chapel is reached by descending a flight of forty-seven marble steps. The only part of the church

above ground is the porch. Numerous lamps are kept burning in the several wings. The guide points out Joseph's tomb, the sarcophagus of Mary, the altars of the Greeks, Armenians, Abyssinians, and the recess of the Moslems. South of the Tomb of the Virgin is the Garden of Gethsemane, comprising about one-third of an acre, surrounded by a stone wall, and in possession of the Latins. The Franciscans keep the gate, having the lock and key in their possession. I shall never forget my sojourn in this garden, hallowed by the most sacred associations. "When Jesus had spoken these words, He went forth with His disciples over the brook Kidron, where was a garden, into which He entered and His disciples. And Judas also, which betrayed Him, knew the place; for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with His disciples." (John xviii, 1, 2.)

"Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith to His disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder. And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then said He unto them, My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here, and watch with Me. And He went a little farther, and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt. And He cometh unto His disciples and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with Me one hour? Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

"After He had prayed the second and third time, finding them asleep on each return, He said: Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise,



RUSSIAN GREEK CHURCH ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.
(The Garden of Gethsemane lying between this Church
and the Wall of Jerusalem.)

let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray Me." (Matt. xxvi, 36-46.)

It may well be said of this place, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Just over the brow of the hill is Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha, where Jesus delighted to visit, doubtless because there He was most welcome. "Now, Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." (John xi, 5.) Here it was that He raised Lazarus from the dead. I visited the tomb of Lazarus by descending twenty-five steps cut in the rock. "Now, Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off [two miles]. Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met Him; but Mary sat still in the house." (John xi, 18-20.)

Men have been so sure about positions that they have even erected a splendid church upon the spot where Martha is supposed to have met Jesus. The home of Mary and Martha is now a ruin. Olive-trees are almost everywhere. Those within the inclosure of the Garden of Gethsemane appear old enough to have been here when time was young, but experts are authority for the statement that one of eight is at least one thousand years old, and doubtless sprang from the roots of a tree that flourished in the time of Christ.

XX.

JERUSALEM TO JERICHO AND BETHLEHEM.

JERICHO, THE "CITY OF PALM-TREES"—ELISHA'S SPRING—
RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY—DEAD SEA AND THE
JORDAN—SODOM AND GOMORRAH—BETHLEHEM, THE
CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY—RACHEL'S TOMB—THE
LAND OF BOAZ AND RUTH.

LEAVING Jerusalem via the Garden of Gethsemane and Bethany, the road to Jericho is traversed. No one could get lost on this road, as no roads branch from it. Traveling to Jericho we pass the Apostles' Spring, anciently called En-Shenish, Spring of the Sun, on the boundary between Judah and Benjamin. (Joshua xv, 7.)

The next point of importance is the traditional scene of the parable of the Good Samaritan, who rescued the person who was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. Further eastward the road leads alongside the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." (1 Kings xvii, 3, 4.)

A monastery has been built down by the rippling water between the towering rocks where Elijah is supposed to have spent the time of his waiting.

Descending the hill before Jericho, we pass the Pool

of Moses, whose walls are of unhewn stones. This pool is five hundred and sixty-four by four hundred and seventy-one feet, and belonged to a system which once made this valley to blossom like a vast garden, but which is now almost barren. One writer says, "This is perhaps the remains of a pool constructed by Herod near his palace at Jericho; for this, it appears, is the site of the Jericho of the New Testament."

In Deuteronomy xxxiv, 3, Jericho is called "the city of palm-trees." Once it was the chief city of Canaan, but is now nothing but a mound of ruins. Its beauty has departed, and the once mighty city is now only a heap. During the night spent at the hotel near this ancient greatness, I heard the jackals barking as they prowled about seeking something to satisfy their craving hunger. Dogs barked almost incessantly to keep them company; but so common are they that neither paid much attention to the other. Historic place! Here it was that the spies came; yonder Rahab's house stood upon the wall. "Then she let them [the spies] down by a cord through the window, for her house was upon the town wall, and she dwelt upon the wall." (Josh. ii, 15.) About those ruins Joshua's army went for seven days, until, at the blast of trumpets, "the walls of Jericho fell down flat." Then the city was burned, and Joshua, looking back toward it, said, "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth and buildeth this city Jericho." (Josh. vi, 26.)

Herod undertook to rebuild it, and received the curse. Elijah spent his last days at Jericho, and crossed the Jordan with Elisha, only to be parted from him and ascend to heaven by a whirlwind. (2 Kings ii, 1-11.)

The groves and gardens of this city were once celebrated for their beauty, and when Cleopatra wanted to

make her lover, Mark Antony, a present, she gave him these groves and gardens.

Here is the spring which Elisha healed. "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth; but the water is naught and the ground is barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth into the spring of the waters, and cast salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters: there shall not be from thence any more dead or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake." (2 Kings ii, 19-22.)

The water gushes forth, providing the Bedouins about here with health-giving fluid. Climbing the hill by this spring the ruins are reached. If the sultan would permit this mound to be thoroughly excavated, much of interest to Bible students and the world at large might be brought to light. To the west of old Jericho stands Quarantania, a precipitous mountain, the traditional site of Christ's temptation. (Matt. iv, 8.)

Jericho has a population of about three hundred people, who look forsaken, though no more forsaken than the land they occupy.

A tower was erected at Jericho for the purpose of protecting the crops from invading Bedouins, and tradition claims that the house of Zacchæus stood where this tower now stands. "And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho. And, behold, there was a man named Zacchæus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich. And he sought to see Jesus who He was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him: for He was to pass that way." (Luke xix, 1-4.)

Among the points overflowing with interest about here is the Dead Sea, called in Deuteronomy (iv, 49), the Sea of the Plain; in (iii, 17), it is called the Salt Sea, and in Joshua (xii, 3) it is named the East Sea. Legends clustering about it procured for it the name Dead Sea, although the Arabs continue to call it the Sea of Lot. Here Lot chose for himself a home. (Gen. xiii, 12.) Here the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled and fell, and somehow I am impressed that west and north of the Dead Sea, where destruction seems to have played its part well, those cities of the plain once stood which were too full of wickedness to deserve further existence. "The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and He overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground." (Gen. xix, 24, 25.)

Somewhere about this historic place Lot's wife became a pillar of salt, and I am sure I would have become a second one if I had remained in the Dead Sea much longer. After swimming and floating in the heavy water until well pickled, I drove to the Pilgrim's bathing-place a few miles up the Jordan, the traditional site of Christ's baptism, and hiring a boat and boatman for a franc, went out into the sacred river. A large tree, having become uprooted by the heavy rains and high water, had fallen into the river close by. Mooring the boat alongside it, I hung my clothes on the limbs and plunged into the Jordan. So deep was the river that I could not touch bottom, and so rapid was the current that I could not swim up stream, and was forced to pursue the back track to the boat or be carried by the rushing water down into the Dead Sea. Any one who has ridden a camel in Egypt sixteen miles or more, and within two weeks

has bathed in the Dead Sea and two hours later in the soothing, non-irritating waters of the Jordan, is not particularly anxious to renew his acquaintance with that semi-nitric-acid, buoyant body of water to the southward. Beware of the epidermis enemy, the camel, at least a fortnight prior to swimming in the Dead Sea.

It is estimated that six million tons of water flow into the Dead Sea daily, and since there is no outlet other than by evaporation, it is reasonable to suppose that this is a hot country. The Dead Sea is reputed to be the lowest body of water in the world, the average depth being 1,080 feet. Analysis shows that about 25 per cent of the water is solid substance, 7 per cent being chloride of sodium (common salt). Chloride of magnesium is found, being sufficiently plentiful to cause one to remember its taste.

The Jordan River is as crooked as the most crooked crook. The distance from the Sea of Galilee is only sixty miles, yet that river corkscrews its way a distance of two hundred miles in making the tour, and falls six hundred feet.

The many sacredly historic associations clustering about the Jordan makes it to Christians what the Nile is to the Egyptians, the Ganges to the Hindus, and the Yangste-Kiang to the Chinese. "Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord." (Gen. xiii, 10.) "And the people passed over right against Jericho." (Joshua iii, 17.) Naaman was here cured of leprosy. (2 Kings v.) "Then went out to Him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of Him in Jordan, confessing their sins." (Matt. iii, 5, 6.)

"Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto

John, to be baptized of him. And Jesus, when He was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him; and, lo, a voice from heaven saying, This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. iii, 13, 16, 17.)

One can not visit these historic places without recalling the events that combined to make them sacred.

Five or six miles from Jerusalem is the city of Bethlehem, a city that becomes the subject of song on each recurring Christmas-day. Over Bethlehem hung that special star indicating the whereabouts of that special Messenger sent into the world to act as a compass pointing to the eternal home.

Approaching this city from Jerusalem, we first pass by the Jaffa Gate into the Valley of Hinnom, and on in view of the Hill of Evil Counsel containing the ruins of the summer house of Caiaphas, and then rise upon a plain called the Valley of Rephaim, the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin, where David defeated the Philistines. Close at hand is the Well of the Magi, in which, according to tradition, the wise men saw the reflection of the star, and, following it, came to Bethlehem. The road, rising over an eminence here, affords one a good view of Jerusalem and Bethlehem at the same time. A good view of the Dead Sea is also obtained from this road.

The most noteworthy point passed is the tomb of Rachel, which is revered by Jews, Christians, and Moslems alike. Bedouins think it is the thing to do to bring their dead for burial as near this tomb as possible.

"And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar

upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave to this day." (Gen. xxxv, 19, 20.)

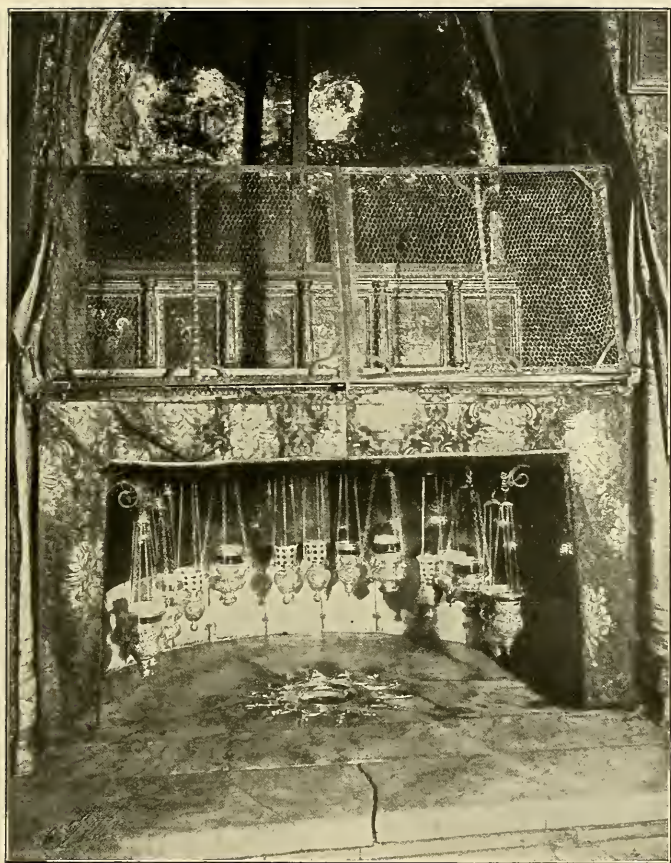
Good old Jacob,—how one's heart still aches for him! He was seven years in securing the chosen one, yet those seven years "seemed to Jacob but a few days, for the love he bore her." Love, pure love, acts in this way. Now listen to his testimony as years wore his life away, as he approached the grave: "And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was little way to come to Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way to Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem." (Gen. xlviii, 7.) Dearer to me now than ever before is Jacob, the true-hearted.

Between Rachel's tomb and Bethlehem is David's Well, which is mentioned in 2 Samuel xxiii, 14-17. When the Philistines were making David exceedingly busy, causing him many a weary hour, he longed for a drink from this thirst-quenching fount.

"And David was then in an hold, and the garrison of the Philistines was then in Bethlehem. And David longed and said, O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." (Sam. xxiii, 14, 15.)

I can understand how David could appreciate a drink of water from home, and if he had longed for the sight of even a roustabout yellow dog from home, I would understand just what he meant, and would join in the chorus.

It was in this city that Boaz lived, and just outside the city are the fields, in one of which Ruth gleaned and made the acquaintance which led to marriage, she becoming the ancestress of Judah's kings and of the world's Redeemer.



THE GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.
(Star under the hanging-lamps marking the spot where Christ was born.)

Who can forget the beautiful tenderness manifested by Ruth? "And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried." (Ruth i, 16, 17.)

It was here that Samuel anointed David to be king of Israel. (1 Sam. xvi, 13.) Out yonder on those hills that shepherd boy, the great-grandson of Ruth, watched his father's sheep. There he protected them from the wild beasts. (1 Sam. xvii, 34.) There he wrote his early poems. From those winding, undulating slopes he was called by Saul to make melody. (1 Sam. xvi, 19.) In Luke ii, 4, Bethlehem is called the City of David, and in Micah v, 2, is the prophecy stating that from Bethlehem One shall come forth "whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." The second chapters of Matthew and Luke tell of His coming, and are familiar to nearly every one, hence I shall not elaborate or quote at length from them.

Over that historic manger at Bethlehem a "fortress-like pile of buildings" has been erected, called the Church of the Nativity. The nave of the church is the common property of all Christians, and is said to be the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. A part was erected by Constantine in 330 A. D. Here Baldwin I was crowned king. Edward IV of England presented the church with a new roof. The church is a splendid building, containing four rows of marble columns. Two staircases lead to the Chapel, or Grotto, of the Nativity, which is twenty feet below the floor of the choir. Lamps, embroidery, ornaments, and figures of saints are everywhere. On one side of the grotto is a recess containing

a silver star in the pavement, about which is the following inscription in Latin: "Hic de Virgine Marie Jesus Christus natus est;" meaning, Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.

Another recess is called the Chapel of the Manger, from which the wooden manger was taken, now shown at the Church of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome.

The Altar of the Magi is shown, said to be the spot where the wise men presented their gifts.

It is generally believed that the Grotto of the Nativity is the actual place of the birth of Christ. So many people coming to the city at one time to be taxed as required by law, would make it impossible for all to secure accommodation at the hotels. A few days after my arrival, two parties of Americans, numbering about nine hundred, arrived in Jerusalem. Other parties also came, and the crush was great, so that some were glad to get even a barn or a woodshed in which to sleep. Hence it is perfectly plain to me that Joseph and Mary were assigned humble quarters in that day, when some rich people in these days are forced to accept similar treatment when hotels and boarding-houses are numerous.

Here is shown the Chapel of St. Jerome, who occupied a chamber hewn out of the rock, spending thirty years in translating the "Biblia Vulgata" of the Latin Church.

The traditional Shepherd's Field usually interests, for here the shepherds, watching their flocks by night, received the "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly

host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger." (Luke ii, 10-16.)

Bethlehem is situated two thousand five hundred and fifty feet above sea level, and has a population of eight thousand. Its people surpass those of Jerusalem in appearance, though apparently of similar stock. The young ladies are pleasant, and well dressed for Orientals.

XXI.

JERUSALEM TO THE SEA OF GALILEE.

VIA JAFFA, CÆSAREA, HAIFA, AND NAZARETH—RUINS OF
ANCIENT BIBLICAL CITIES—MOUNTS CARMEL AND TA-
BOR—PLAIN OF ESDRAELON—CANA—TIBERIAS—MAG-
DALA—BETHSAIDA AND SAFED.

HAVING become acquainted with Jerusalem, Jericho, Bethany, and Bethlehem, I turned toward Nazareth by the route offering the greatest interest, which was by way of Jaffa and Haifa. At Jaffa I boarded a rigged steamer schooner of only 1,600 tons register and coasted northward. The Judean, Samaritan, and Galilean hills presented a beautiful appearance from the glassy Mediterranean waters. The first point of exceeding interest along the coast is the “desolate site of Cæsarea, whose ruins have long been a mere quarry for procuring materials with which other places have been built. It owes its origin to Herod the Great, who spared no pains or expense in its erection, and named it after Augustus Cæsar. Previous to this time there was simply a landing-place here, and a tower, mentioned by Strabo as Strabo’s Tower. In the time of Tacitus, Cæsarea had become the chief town of the Roman province of Judea. It was the royal dwelling-place of the Herodian family, and the official residence of Festus, Felix, and other Roman procurators and the headquarters of the Roman troops charged with the security and tranquillity of this

part of the empire. Baldwin I took the city from the Saracens in 1102, but it was recaptured by Saladin in 1187. In 1191 it was again won by the crusaders, and given to Frederick II of Germany in 1229. St. Louis rebuilt the walls in 1251."* But now there is scarcely anything left of Cæsarea's former greatness. Ruin and decay are on every hand; a few Bosnian exiles live among the ruins. The New Testament allusions to Cæsarea show its importance nearly twenty centuries ago. After Paul had clambered down the Damascus wall in order to save his life, he was brought to Cæsarea where he secured passage to his home town, Tarsus. (Acts ix, 30.) Here lived Cornelius (Acts x), the first convert to Christianity after Peter's vision at Jaffa. Peter made rapid steps to Cæsarea when the prison doors at Jerusalem had miraculously given him his freedom. (Acts xii, 19.)

After Paul had given the Grecians some much needed advice on his first missionary journey to the northward, he returned to Cæsarea. (Acts xviii, 22.)

It was here that Philip the Evangelist lived. Here Paul was warned that the Jews at Jerusalem were taking counsel against him, whereupon he uttered the memorable words, "I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." (Acts xxi, 13.)

Once this same Paul, when at Jerusalem, demanded papers to Damascus giving him authority to arrest any one whom he might meet that was Christian. Now, after having his eyes opened after the great transformation, he is ready to die for the cause he once persecuted.

To Cæsarea Paul was brought, no less than two hundred soldiers, seventy horsemen, and two hundred spearmen being detailed to bring him. (Acts xxiii, 23.) Why

* Cook's Palestine, pp. 292, 293.

require so many men? Let the infidel answer. Here it was that Felix, the governor, trembled as Paul "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." He who views the scene to-day and recalls its former greatness will decide that Cæsarea has been judged and found wanting.

An aqueduct, or part of one, remains, which once conducted water from the Crocodile River for the invincible Roman legions. Fragments of the old Roman walls still stand as monuments to blasted hopes.

The vase called the Holy Grail, that played an important part in mediæval history and poetry, was found here in 1101, when captured by Baldwin I. This vase, now in Paris, is composed of green crystal, and is hexagonal in shape. The old city covered three hundred and seventy-six acres.

The officers of the schooner on which we took passage pointed out traces of the old amphitheater of Herod, which is said to have accommodated twenty thousand people.

Passing Cæsarea, the next point of interest is the village of Tantura, where an old crusaders' tower is seen. As the little floater speeds on her way, Mount Carmel breaks through the horizon, projecting a mile or more into the sea. On account of hidden rocks the vessel sails on as if bound for Greece, and when one thinks Haifa is to be left unvisited, the rudder changes at the behest of the revolving wheel, and an acute angle is described, bringing us into the harbor of Haifa, between Acre and the projecting mountain. And this is Carmel, whose excellency was once sung by great and small, but which is now very much departed, yet some continue to write of its "shrubberies thicker than any other in Central Palestine," its "rich verdure," its "jasmine and various flower-

ing creepers," its "oak-trees and perennial shrubs," and its "abundance of game and wild animals."

On Carmel is a cave where Elijah sought shelter from pursuing Ahab. A convent is erected over this cave. At the foot of the mountain is the "Cave of the prophets," where Elijah held the School of the Prophets. The cave is shown to every visitor, and Bible times and events take new interest and meaning as one visits the places sacred in historic wealth. (1 Kings xviii, 13; Josh. xii, 22.)

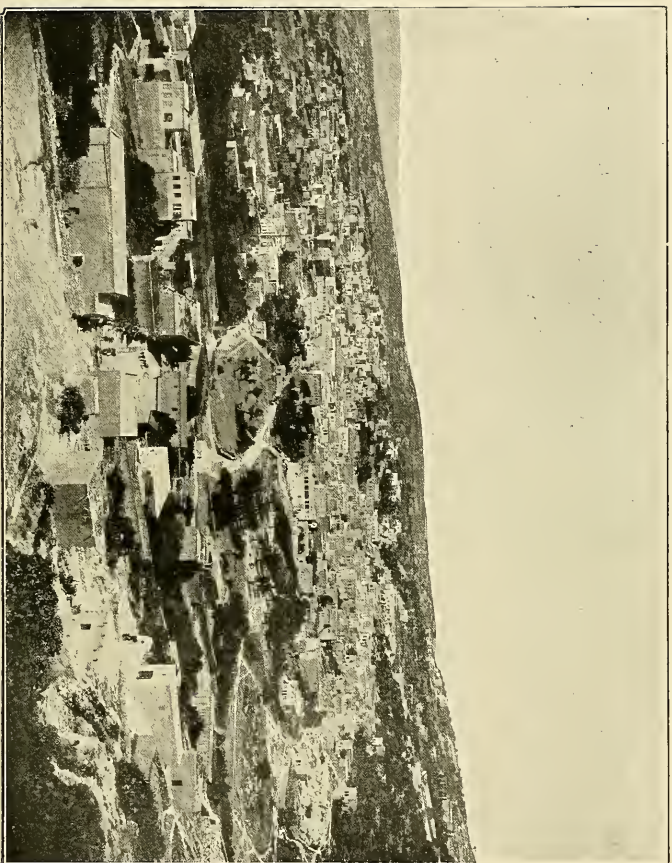
I climbed to the summit of Carmel after ascending its lower slopes by carriage. The view here is worth the toil it cost. Enormous blocks of stone are on every hand. On the south is Sharon, and on the north is Esdraelon, the two important plains of the Holy Land. On the west is the sea over which "the prophet saw the little cloud, like a man's hand, arise, which was to spread over all the scorched land and pour a healing rain. The Kishon, reddened with blood of the priests of Baal after their shameful defeat, flows through the plain at the foot of Carmel." To the east is Jezreel and Mount Tabor rising as a sugar loaf. (1 Kings xviii; 2 Kings ii, 25.) Amos i, 2, says, "The top of Carmel shall wither." Tacitus and Pliny united in attributing to Carmel unusual historic interest. Pythagoras came here from Egypt, and made this mount his favorite retreat. In 1 Kings xviii it is called the Mount of God. Napoleon came here in 1799 when he besieged Acre, and left a number of wounded soldiers, who were slain by the Turks. They are buried by the convent. Their graves are shown to this day.

Haifa has a population of about twelve thousand, of which about five hundred are Germans, two hundred Latins, eight hundred Greeks, sixteen hundred Jews, the remainder being Mohammedans chiefly.

At Haifa arrangements were perfected for an overland trip to Nazareth and Tiberias, the latter situated on the west shore of the Sea of Galilee.

Twelve years ago grading was begun for a railroad from Haifa to Damascus via Galilee, but progress has been slow, and the guide remarked that it would require twelve hundred years to complete the road if the work lagged in the future as in the past. Our route from Haifa was along the new road a considerable distance. The bridges are exceptionally good, each bridge consisting of several arches constructed entirely of finished stone, granite in appearance, and apparently equal to the best engineering in America. Earthworks built by Napoleon to defend the Kishon Valley were passed. These works are fifty feet high, but now useless.

Space would not permit me even to enumerate all the places of historic interest; suffice it to state that this route is the famous Esdraelon Way, over which the world's armies marched as they surged back and forth between Egypt and Babylonia. The plain of Jezreel was known also by the Greek name Esdraelon. In the Old Testament it is referred to as the plain of Megiddo. "The plain lies two hundred and fifty feet below the sea level, and, though marshy in places, is, on the whole, remarkable for its fertility. In spring, when seen from the mountains, the plain resembles a vast green lake. Cranes and storks abound here, and gazelles are sometimes seen." One thing I know, and shall not forget, is that here the horses (three) dragged the conveyance with the greatest difficulty, so muddy was the road. I walked for miles in order to save the horses, while the driver rode and used his energy in plying his whip upon as good and as faithful horses as any man ever saw hitched or unhitched. I had often read about the bony, skin-and-bone horses of



NAZARETH.

("Their own city Nazareth."—Luke ii, 39.)

Palestine, but I want to bear record that those I saw were the equal of horses anywhere and more sensible than their drivers (in many instances). Heavy rains had fallen; in fact, the record witnesses that Palestine has been treated to a greater rainfall the past month than had occurred for years before.

"This plain has been a battlefield from the days of Barak to those of Napoleon. Warriors out of many nations have pitched their tents in the plain of Esdraelon, and have beheld the various banners of their nations wet with the dews of Tabor and of Hermon. Esdraelon was the portion of Issachar. Here Barak, descending from Mount Tabor, and ten thousand men after him, discomfited Sisera, whose defeat was owing, in a great measure, to his having been drawn to the river Kishon—a river which drains the plain into the Mediterranean."* "The river of Kishon swept them away; that ancient river, the river Kishon." (Judges v, 22.)

Here Josiah the king came to fight with Necho, the king of Egypt, and received his death-wound. (2 Chron. xxxv, 20-25.) The Syrians frequently swept through the plain with their armies. (1 Kings xx, 35.)

After a day's work, interesting but irksome, Nazareth was reached. Nazareth has a population estimated all the way from six to ten thousand. From six to ten thousand is sufficiently accurate for Turkish purposes. "The angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph." (Luke i, 26, 27.)

From here Joseph went to Bethlehem "to be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife." Passing by the details familiar to all regarding the birth of Christ of Bethlehem, it is noticed that, after his return from Egypt, he

*Cook's Palestine, p. 187.

entered upon his public ministry at Nazareth, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, He shall be called a Nazarene." (Matt. ii, 23.) And further (Matt. iii, 13), "Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan." Then, "He came to Nazareth where He had been brought up." (Luke iv, 16.) After doing His best to reform his town; after striving to do what was right, as an example of purity, He came in contact with those of His own city who objected to the progress of righteousness, whereupon they "rose up, and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong. But He, passing through the midst of them, went His way, and came down to Capernaum." (Luke iv, 29-31.)

The point of chief interest in Nazareth is the Latin Church of the Annunciation, built by the Franks in 1185. Under an altar dedicated to the angel Gabriel is the crypt, with fifteen marble steps leading down to the Chapel of the Angel and Chapel of the Annunciation, where a marble altar stands bearing the inscription, "*Hic verbum caro factum est.*" (Here the Word was made flesh.)

I visited the traditional workshop of Joseph, the rock table where Christ met with his disciples, called the Table of Christ, and the synagogue where Christ is said to have taught his disciples, etc.

There are no less than three Mounts of Precipitation where the people sought to cast the Savior down. It is a wonder that several others have not been chosen, as there are plenty left. I do not know that it makes any difference as to which one is the correct site as long as neither one was used for the purpose.

No one fails to visit the beautiful spring near the

center of the city, called the Fountain of the Virgin. In the evening it presents a picturesque appearance. "Here the village maidens in their bright head-dresses, assemble, and bear away their well-filled pitchers on their heads. The Christian dress is distinguished by the loose trousers of the women." There can be no reasonable doubt that she who was "blessed among women" would often come here, perhaps carrying the infant Savior in just the same fashion as we may see mothers of Nazareth carrying their children to-day; and no doubt many a time our Savior, as He came past here on His way home, would tarry to quench His thirst at this very stream whose waters the traveler may drink to-day as a cup of blessing."*

Behind Nazareth is a high hill called the Dome of Neby Sain, from whose summit one of the best views of the country is obtained. It comprehends nearly half of Palestine. The view here is worth more than it costs in labor. "At a glance you seem to take in the whole land, and the first thought that strikes you is that this must have been a favorite resort of the Savior; and if so, He must have had constantly spread out before Him the great library of Biblical story. On the north is Hermon; on the south, the mountains round about Shechem; on the east, the mountains of Gilead on the other side of Jordan; and on the west, the great sea (Mediterranean), the beautiful Bay of Acre; the ridge running out into the sea, Mount Carmel, crowned with its convent. Southward are the mountains of Samaria and the hills round Jenin; and below lies the magnificent plain of Esdraelon and the river Kishon. Northward the view culminates in glory, as Hermon, like a great wall of white crystal, stands out against the blue sky, with the Galilean hills

* Cook, p. 198.

below it, and everywhere round that region is scenery varied and picturesque." Standing upon this eminence, one is reminded that here Jeremiah must have stood when he wrote about Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who was to come and smite Egypt, saying: "As I live, saith the King, whose name is the Lord of Hosts, surely as *Tabor* is among the *mountains* and as *Carmel* by the *sea*, so shall he come." (Jer. xlv, 18.)

From Nazareth to Tiberias the road most frequented is by Cana—the historic Cana of Galilee, where Christ performed his first miracle at the marriage feast. (John ii, 1-11.)

In the Greek church was shown jars said to have been used on the occasion of the miracle. They were found by excavators under the old church which was displaced to make room for a more modern structure. The jars shown in this church are no less than twice as large as I had expected to see. The home of Nathanael was pointed out, also the birthplace of Jonah of Gath. Following a number of young ladies, who were on their way to a spring with large earthen jars for water, we were shown the spring or well from which the water is said to have been drawn which took part in the miraculous transformation. I have long since ceased to record the events which caused me to be surprised. This well, ten feet deep, without a pump or rope, was entered by a young lady, who with unwashed feet, stood in fourteen inches of water, her dress or skirt having been rolled about her waist. Another lady descended about half way, where she took her station, supporting herself by anchoring a foot on each side of the well, thereby completing the highway by which the jars were lowered, and raised when filled, to be carried away by the others, who came in companies. The girls were friendly, offering each of us a

drink from the earthen jars, but the water's previous contact with unwashed feet rendered it a questionable commodity.

En route from Cana we passed the traditional Mount of Beatitudes where the Sermon on the Mount was preached, if this is the true site. Another tradition fixes this as the scene of the Feeding of the Five Thousand. (Matt. xiv, 15-21.) Between Cana and Tiberias additional interest was added by the appearance of three hungry jackals by the roadside. They came from the hills, ran along before us for several rods, at times being no more than thirty yards from the carriage. A gentleman of no less than sixty-nine summers, who had crossed America for the golden West with the forty-niners, drew his revolver to fire at them, but his young wife, fearing that one might be wounded and turn upon us, forced her other half to desist from his purpose. As I was thinking of throwing a rock at them, they, doubtless fearing David-like accuracy might be perpetrated upon them, skulked away toward their hiding-place to the southward, and the lady in our carriage who had been so excited, quieted down to normal temperament.

In a few minutes the Lake of Galilee—that historic, that beautiful sheet of water—spread out before us; a sight referred to as follows by the historian who viewed the scene from this point: "In the foreground are the steeply-sloping banks leading down to the lake, which lies as a basin a thousand feet below. The lake, from Tiberias on the right, away to Capernaum on the left, is distinctly seen. Across the lake rise the irregular hills, sloping down more or less precipitously to the water's edge; they are bare and barren, it is true, but they are rich and varied in tone and tint. Behind them are the mountains of Galilee, and away to the north Hermon

rises. Thus the view consists of grassy slopes, a deep-blue lake of considerable extent, with hills rising from it, and a snow-clad mountain. It is impossible, however, to separate from these details the spirit and inspiration of the scene; for yonder was the dwelling-place of Christ. Upon those waters He trod; those waters listened to His voice, and obeyed; from one of those plateaus above the rugged hills the swine fell into the lake. Every place the eye rests upon is holy ground, for it is associated with some most sacred scenes in the life of the Master; everywhere the gospel is written upon this divinely-illuminated page of nature, and the very air seems full of the echo of His words. The descent to Tiberias is very steep, and the traveler will be struck with the change in temperature, reminding him of the descent into the Jordan. The views are interesting, especially as the old walled town of Tiberias makes a picturesque foreground to the scenery of the lake."

Tiberias has a population estimated at from three thousand to four thousand people, and an additional population of multitudinous millions of fleas. The Arabs say that the king of fleas lives here. On awaking in the morning I asked my roommate whether he was favored with any company during the night. He replied: "I was disturbed during the night by *a* flea." He would have been equally accurate if he had said that he had noticed *a sand* on the seashore.

In 1187 both Nazareth and Tiberias were taken by Saladin after the battle of Hattin. Tiberias was built by Herod, and by him dedicated to the Emperor Tiberius. A royal palace and amphitheater were built, together with walls and towers, many of the ruins remaining. The Jews can be easily distinguished by their fur caps and large black hats. It is recommended that Europeans

and Americans keep out of the old city for various reasons. Such a recommendation would be just the medicine to cause almost any wide-awake person to make his way in or die in the attempt. Consequently I, in company with an English gentleman, penetrated to the darkest, dirtiest, dingiest, most forsaken, and indescribable sections, and returned to the outside world the same day with a store of memories well worth forgetting.

I made an excursion on the Sea of Galilee to the south of Tiberias, visiting the hot springs, which pour forth a torrent of waters heated to the high temperature of no less than one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, being recommended as a sure cure for rheumatism. Plunge your hand into that water as I did, and you will withdraw the same as quickly. No one can visit this place and then entertain a doubt about Palestine being in close connection geologically with a very, very hot place. Too hot for comfort, thank you!

The Sea of Galilee is said to be alive with fish, and if those served at the hotel are fair samples, one must seek elsewhere than on this earth for their superiors. The shores are lined with fishing smacks. Little boys and girls in large numbers were scattered along the shore, each with shiners, the reward of a moment's patience. Nets are used by men in possession of the larger boats, and it seems that the quantity of fish annexed here by the Isaac Waltons ought soon to make this lake fishless—but not so.

In the Old Testament the Sea of Galilee is called the Sea of Chinneroth. In the New Testament, the Sea of Tiberias and also the Lake of Gennesaret. It is more often called the Sea of Galilee. Once several towns stood upon its shores, such as Magdala, Bethsaida, Chorazin, Tiberias, and Capernaum, and to present each properly

would require me to copy much of the New Testament; hence a full presentation is not to be considered. I will say, however, that I sailed from Tiberias, both north and south, visiting available sites, and here record my observation that prophecy is fulfilled; judgment has been executed upon the condemned cities.

“ . . . Then began He to upbraid the cities wherein most of His mighty works were done, because they repented not: Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee.” (Matt. xi, 20-24.)

Bethsaida, Capernaum, Chorazin, Magdala—what are you but mounds of earth, heaps of ruins, aggregation of unmentionable filth, vermin, stench; slaughter-houses and tallow-factories and boneyards outdone in nauseating odors. Slumdom in the world's cities, surpassed in all that is degenerate, why all this? Let the unbeliever read with unbiased mind the clarion blasts of prophecy, and then hasten here with all speed. Let him cross the ocean aboard the fastest greyhound that plunges across the briny deep; let him hasten to this land sacred in Bible story—the land chosen by the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob for a chosen people—a land where the God of science and religion manifested Himself so noticeably to mankind that the whole range of history chose the Christ

as the pivot upon which it would swing, pointing with one hand to the eternal past, and with the other to the eternal now; let him come here, look upon these scenes, and he will forever be a different but wiser man. But he who comes here biased by poisonous prejudice may find that which will add to his stock of gangrene.

Here, as recorded in Luke v, Christ entered a ship, had it pushed out from the land, and taught the people. Here Simon, having toiled all night and taken nothing, being advised by the Savior to "launch out into the deep," obeyed and "inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake." Obeying the command not only secured for him more fish than he could manage, but also a quantity sufficient to load, not only his own ship, but that of his partners till they both "began to sink." (Luke v, 5-7.)

Then Peter, James, and John were astonished and fearful, but the King of Men said, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." "And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed Him." (Luke v, 10, 11.)

Here Christ presented those wonderful parables. (Matt. xiii, 1-52.) Here "He rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm." (Matt. viii, 24-27.) Just across on yonder's precipice the swine took a tumble into the sea, proving that a hog prefers death by drowning to the company of devils. (Matt. viii, 28-34.)

Having fed the five thousand, He saw His disciples laboring against a contrary wind, and "went unto them, walking on the sea." (Matt xiv, 25.) A contrary wind on the Sea of Galilee means much. Though the lake is no more than fourteen miles in length, it is so situated that a light wind causes a very rough surface, and squalls are frequent.

When a temporal kingdom would force Him to pay

taxes, He sent Peter down to the Sea of Galilee with a fish-hook to have the fish foot his bills, saying, "Go thou to the sea, and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money; that take, and give unto them for Me and thee." (Matt. xvii, 27.)

No earthly king ever proved his equal, yet He was crucified after a judge said, "I find no fault in Him." But a more extraordinary event than all these occurred on these waters.

After the resurrection, a voice is heard as the disciples are out on the lake. It is a familiar voice, yet unexpected. Hear the voice: "Children, have you any meat?" The reply, "No," brings a repetition of the miracle of the fishes. Then that disciple whom Jesus loved said, "It is the Lord," and in a moment Peter, impetuous Peter, plunged into the water without waiting for formalities or caring what any one else did, and swam to the risen Lord. On shore a fire was noticed, bread was at hand, and from the net fish were secured and a meal was enjoyed. (John xxi, 1-14.)

Safed is situated on an eminence, being, as many think, "the city set on a hill that can not be hid," mentioned by Jesus in Matt. v, 14.

Safed is one of the four cities in Palestine of which it is said by the Jews that the world would come to an end at once if prayer should cease to be offered in them. These cities are Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safed.

Safed has twenty-five thousand inhabitants, eleven thousand being Mohammedans and at least four thousand Jews, the latter having a tradition that the Messiah is to come from Safed.

Safed and Tiberias are yoked together in the banking business if in no other way, bank-notes being issued

by the banks of the two cities good in these two cities only. The largest bank-note issued has the value of four cents (American) ; the next is worth two cents ; the next one cent ; and the smallest equals one-tenth of a cent, one mill ; and with such currency the business of these cities is transacted.

Retracing our steps, we return to Nazareth by way of the Mount of Beatitudes and to the north of Mount Tabor, the traditional site of the transfiguration.

XXII

NAZARETH TO DAMASCUS.

VIA CARMEL, ACRE, TYRE, SIDON, AND BEIRUT—OVER THE
LEBANONS—SLAUGHTER OF CHRISTIANS AT DAMASCUS
—SEVENTY THOUSAND CHOLERA VICTIMS—STRAIGHT
STREET.

FROM Nazareth the plain of Esdraelon was traversed as before, and Sunday spent at Haifa. On Monday I embarked for Beirut aboard a Khedivial steamer running on the coasting line. Acre, situated just across the Bay of Acre from Haifa, was the first point of importance noticed, boasting of a population of five thousand souls. Acre, on account of its favorable location, has long been called the "Key of Palestine," but is secondary to both Haifa and Jaffa as a port of entry. History says of it: "It was allotted to Asher, but never conquered. (Judges i, 31.) It was commonly reckoned a Phœnicæan city. Under the Ptolemies it became important and was called Ptolemais. Antiochus the Great subsequently seized the city, and attached it to his Syrian dominions; it figured also in the wars of the Maccabees. It was here that the Knights of Saint John prolonged for forty-three days their gallant resistance to the Sultan Kalawun of Egypt. Sixty thousand Christian citizens and soldiers were, on this occasion, slain or sold as slaves. In 1799, Napoleon besieged Acre, and was prevented from taking it by the English under Sir Sid-

ney Smith. In 1840 the town was taken from the Egyptians for the Turks by Sir Charles Napier."

Of Acre, Dean Stanley said: "The peculiarity of Acre lies in its many sieges, by Baldwin, by Saladin, by Richard, by Khalil in the Middle Ages; by Napoleon, by Ibrahim Pasha, and by Sir Robert Stafford in later times. It is thus the one city of Palestine which has acquired distinct relation with the Western world of modern history, analogous to those of Cæsarea with the Western world of ancient history. But the singular fate which it enjoyed at the close of the crusades gives it a special interest, never to be forgotten by those who, in the short space of an hour's walk, can pass round its broken walls. Within that narrow circuit—between the Saracen armies on one side, and the roar of the Mediterranean on the other—were cooped up the remnant of the crusading armies, after they had been driven from every other part of Palestine. Within that narrow circuit the kings of Jerusalem and Cyprus; the princes of Antioch; the counts of Tripoli and Sidon; the great masters of the Hospital, the Temple, and the Teutonic orders; the Republics of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa; the pope's legate; the kings of France and England,—assumed an independent command. Seventeen tribunals exercised the power of life and death. All the eyes of Europe were then fixed on that spot. Acre contained in itself a complete miniature of feudal Europe and Latin Christendom. Napoleon had cause to remember Acre as the place where he suffered his first defeat, his first Waterloo."

Speeding northward, Tyre is passed, a city founded 2750 B. C. In Joshua xix, 29, Tyre is called "The strong city." It was Hiram, king of Tyre, that provided Solomon with cedars from Lebanon and workmen for building the temple at Jerusalem. The Assyrians took Tyre

by siege, then evacuated the city. It was taken 584 B. C. by Nebuchadnezzar, who besieged it no less than thirteen years before the capture. But in 333 B. C., Alexander the Great tried to take the city, whose ramparts were said to have been one hundred feet in height. The old city being situated on an island, an enormous mole was built by the aid of the Cyprians and the Phœnicians, and the city taken after a seven months' siege by that general who is said to have wept because he could find no more worlds to conquer. Had he only marched eastward to Cathay, his whole army might have employed itself in measuring strength with the rat-eating, pyrotechnic Chinese. Strabo stated that Alexander utterly destroyed the city, burnt it to the ground, mercilessly put to the sword all who resisted, hung two thousand of its citizens along the seashore, and sold thirty thousand of its inhabitants into slavery in order to enrich his coffers; and, in spite of it all, the city recovered its greatness again in 262, just seventy years after. Thus history records the fulfilling of the prophecy of Isaiah xxiii, 15-17.

Paul once sailed from here. The Savior visited it, and declared that it would have repented in sackcloth and ashes if as much work had been bestowed upon it and Sidon as had been devoted to Bethsaida and Chorazin. Smith said of Tyre: "It had been the parent of cities which at a distant period had enjoyed a long life and had died and it had survived more than fifteen hundred years its greatest colony Carthage. It had outlived Egyptian Thebes, and Babylon, and ancient Jerusalem. It had seen Grecian cities rise and fall." After being taken by the Saracens it never recovered its former greatness, but fell into ruin. A traveler through here in 1697 wrote that he saw "not so much as one entire house left."

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Tyre was partially rebuilt, and now contains a population of about five thousand. Of old Tyre it may be said, that even the dust has been scraped from the rocks and thrown into the sea by the driving winds and the decay incident to Time's forward march.

Passing on north from Tyre, the ruins of Sarepta are pointed out by the boatmen familiar with every site of interest. Sarepta, the Zarephath of the Old Testament, was where Elijah procured the restoration of the widow's child. (Kings xvii, 8-24.) Sarepta is scarcely lost to view when Sidon presents itself for consideration. Sidon, a city of about eleven thousand people, is even older than Tyre, being mentioned in Genesis x, 19. Homer thought so much of Sidon that he gives it particular mention in his writings. In 1 Kings v, 6, it is stated that none "had the skill to hew timbers like the Sidonians." Strabo mentioned it as being celebrated for its prowess in art, science, and philosophy, and added, "For wealth, commerce, luxury, vice, and power, it was unequaled in the Levant, until Tyre outstripped it, and Shalmaneser conquered it." Xerxes depended upon the Sidonians for the success of his navy in the invasion of Greece. In 351 B. C., Sidon rebelled, or revolted, from its Persian ruler, while Persia was engaged in a contest with Egypt. The treachery of a Sidonian Benedict Arnold delivered Sidon into the hands of the Persian soldiers. Thereupon the Sidonians shut themselves up within the walls, and set the city on fire, destroying not only their houses, but also sacrificing themselves to the flames. It is said that no less than forty thousand persons perished in the flames.

The revolving screw pushes the ship northward, and Beirut is reached, where a night was spent prior to beginning the trip over the Lebanon Mountains to Damas-

cus, ninety miles inland by rail. Beirut offers little to the sight-seer, though it boasts of one hundred and twenty thousand people. The trip to Dog River is simply a pleasant drive, as nothing is to be seen save a few Roman inscriptions, which are as lacking in interest as they are dim. The American College, located here, is regarded as the largest American institution of learning not on American soil.

Leaving Beirut at 7 A. M., the train rises over the Lebanon Mountains, using the rack-and-pinion system, reaching a height measuring four thousand five hundred and eighty feet above sea-level. At this high point the scenery is a panorama of beauty. Though twenty miles from the Mediterranean, one is so deceived by surroundings that the sea seems to nestle only a few hundred rods away. Mount Hermon's snowy slopes and rugged peak present a vision of eternal cold. At Hermon's feet begin many a stream which, uniting, form rushing rivers. As the train speeds towards Damascus, after leaving the slow rack-and-pinion process, it winds its way alongside the Litany River, which rushes onward as a restless mountain current. The line enters the anti-Lebanon country, and, when fifty-four miles from Beirut, passes over the watershed at an altitude of four thousand six hundred and ten feet, the highest point *en route* to Damascus. Thence the valley of the Barada is reached. Barada is the Arabic name for the Abana of Bible history. Along this stream's thickly-wooded banks the puffing locomotive dashes, bringing to the interested passenger memories of days long since faded into the long night of history. This rushing mountain torrent glides along between well-worn rocks, past trees that have for years watched its behavior, but are now being whipped about as fallen giants moored to the eroding banks;

through orchards laden with blossoms of many colors, presenting a scene beautiful,—a spectacle that for variety and depth of color would contest successfully with Japan's cherry-blossoms at their best.

At Ain Fijeh, fourteen miles from Damascus, a river bursts forth from the mountain slope and empties into the Barada, though it is more than twice as large as the Barada up to this point. More than threefold its former size, the river hastens on to Damascus, with the train ever keeping close company. When a few *miles* out, the towers and minarets of Damascus burst upon the view as the train swings around a curve. Soon the Berkamah station is reached, where most passengers alight, as the hotels are nearest this station. The train goes on, skirting the borders of the city a mile and a half, reaching the Meidan Station.

Damascus, with its population of a quarter of a million people, is a conundrum. Josephus declared that it was in existence before Abraham was called by the Most High God to found the chosen race. Traditions are extant throughout the Orient placing the events connected with the infancy of the human race about Damascus. Shakespeare has fallen in line with the general drift of thought and in King Henry vi, 1-3, says :

“Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus; be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.”

Other cities have risen, fallen, decayed. While Babylon is a heap of ruins far out in the desert, Damascus is what Isaiah vii, 8, called it, “The head of Syria.” Genesis xiv, 15, tells of Damascus; and what was once Damascus is Damascus still. True it has been destroyed, but Damascus will not down. Like the fabled phoenix, it rises from its ashes as if ordained to live though cen-

tures grow old and gray with weary years. If I would venture an opinion, I would say Damascus owes her existence to the rivers which go coursing through her streets. Without them, she would be a worthless spot amid a great desert, not even attractive to a weary, wandering Bedouin. "Are not these rivers of Damascus to be preferred to the waters of Israel?" Greek writers have called the Abana "the river of gold." Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of Saint Paul" refers to this city with the following language: "This stream is the inestimable, unexhausted treasure of Damascus. The habitations of men must always have been gathered round it, as the Nile has inevitably attracted an immemorial population to its banks. The desert is a fortification around Damascus. The river is its life. It is drawn out into water-courses and spread in all directions. For miles around it is a wilderness of gardens—gardens with roses amid the tangled shrubberies, and with fruit in the branches overhead. Everywhere among the trees the murmur of unseen rivulets is heard. Even in the city which is in the midst of the gardens, the clear rushing of the current is a perpetual refreshment. Every (large) dwelling has its fountain, and at night, when the sun has set behind Mount Lebanon, the lights of the city are seen flashing on the waters."

As one walks the streets of Damascus he is impressed that any complimentary description of the city is overdrawn and entirely uncalled for. It is only at a distance, or from some towering minaret, that Damascus presents even the semblance of beauty. It is no wonder that the scribe who desires to paint a pleasant word-picture of Damascus, takes Damascus as a subject, and then swings out from it in his quest for subject-matter. It is almost like the divine who is guilty of taking his text, and then

sailing away so far that at no time is he within signaling distance of it, nor can he see the tops of its masts above the rolling sea. In the following extract on Damascus, note the view-point of the writer. He knew better than to choose as a point of observation any position within this dirty, filthy, cholera-ridden city. After two complete sentences, he packs his trunk and hies away to a spot without the city.

"Damascus remains the true type of an Oriental city. Caravans come and go from Bagdad and Mecca, as of old; merchants sit and smoke over their costly bales in dim bazaars; drowsy groups sip their coffee in kiosks overhanging the river; and all the picturesque costumes of the East melt and mingle in the streets. The first view of the town from one of the neighboring ridges is like a view of the earthly paradise. Marble minarets, domes, massive towers, and terraces of level roofs, rise out of a sea of foliage, the white buildings shining with ivory softness through the broad, dark clumps of verdure, which, miles in depth and leagues in circuit, girdle the city, making it as the people love to say 'a pearl set in diamonds.' It is a wilderness of bloom and fragrance and fruitage, where olive and pomegranate, orange and apricot, plum and walnut, mingle their varied tints of green, sweet with roses and jasmine blossom, and alive with babbling rivulets. And close up to the edge of the gardens comes the yellow desert, and around it are the bare mountains, with the snowy crest of Hermon standing like a sentinel with shining helmet, on the west, 'the tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus.'"

Paul, an unbeliever at Jerusalem, "desired letters to Damascus to the synagogues" (Acts ix, 12), which letters he secured. He hoped to put an end to Christianity, and expected to bring "bound to Jerusalem" any whom

he should find, "whether they be men or women." But what happened? "As he journeyed, he came near Damascus," and suddenly something happened and he fell to the earth. In a few seconds came that historic and laconic reply, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix, 3-6.) It was not long until it was known of him that "he preached Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ." (Acts ix, 20-22.)

Next only to Jerusalem among strongholds that might well be termed football cities stands Damascus. The soldiers of nearly every nation have encamped here to test their fighting strength. The Persians, Arabians, Greeks, Egyptians, and Turks have, each in turn, unfurled their flags above the Damaskan battlements, and all have lowered their flags and hastened away in complete rout, except the Turks, who remain in possession of the city. Alexander the Great, while besieging Acre himself, sent his general, Parmenio, to capture Damascus. But the butchering of Damaskan history occurred in 1860. An article in the Treaty of Paris, signed in 1856, provided that foreign nations should not interfere in the affairs of Turkey, which practically placed the Christians at the mercy of the sultan and his treacherous underlings. Being encouraged by a false report from the mutiny in India, Ahmed Pasha gave an order to massacre the Europeans in the city and country. The terrible slaughter began, but it had not been long in progress until a chieftain appeared upon the scene; it was Abd-el-Kader; and may his memory never fade from its deserved rank in history! Colonel Churchill, who was conversant with the situation, wrote the following in memory of the chieftain, who proved to be superior to his race:

“No sooner had Abd-el-Kader gained intelligence of the frightful disaster than he sent out his faithful Algerines into the Christian quarter, with orders to rescue all the wretched sufferers they could meet. Hundreds were safely escorted to his house before dark. Many rushed to the British consulate. As night advanced fresh hordes of marauders—Kurds, Arabs, Druzes—entered the city, and swelled the furious mob of fanatics, who, now glutted with spoil, began to cry out for blood. The dreadful work then began. All through that awful night and the whole of the following day the pitiless massacre went on. Hundreds disappeared, hurried away to distant parts of the surrounding country, where they were instantly married to Mohammedans. The churches and convents, which in the first paroxysm of terror had been filled to suffocation, presented piles of corpses, mixed up promiscuously with the wounded, and those only half dead, whose last agonies were endured amidst flaming beams and calcined blocks of stone hurled upon them with earthquake shock. The thoroughfares were choked with the slain. To say that the Turks took no means whatever to stay this huge deluge of massacre and fire would be superfluous. They connived at it; they instigated it; they ordered it; they shared in it. Abd-el-Kader alone stood between the living and the dead. Fast as his Algerines brought in those whom he had rescued, he consoled them, fed them. Forming them into detached parties, he forwarded them under successive guards to the castle. There, as the terrible day closed in, nearly twelve thousand, of all ages and sexes, were collected and huddled together, fruits of his untiring exertions. There they remained for weeks, lying on the bare ground without covering, hardly with clothing, exposed to the sun’s scorching rays. He himself was now menaced. His

house was filled with hundreds of fugitives, European consuls, and native Christians. The Mohammedans, furious at being thus balked of their prey, advanced towards it, declaring they would have them. Informed of the movement, the hero coolly ordered his horse to be saddled, put on his cuirass and helmet, and mounting, drew his sword. His faithful followers formed around him, brave remnant of his old guard, comrades in many a well-fought field, illustrious victors of the Moulala, where twenty-five hundred men under his inspiring command, attacked the army of the emperor of Morocco, sixty thousand strong, and entirely defeated it. The fanatics came in sight. Singly he charged into the midst, and drew up. 'Wretches!' he exclaimed, 'is this the way you honor the prophet? You may think you may do as you please with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men orders to fire.' '* The crowd dispersed. Soon the French and English fleets appeared at Beirut, and retribution followed swiftly upon the tracks of those who had caused the massacre. A fine of one million dollars was levied upon the city. Ahmed Pasha was executed, along with one hundred and twenty of the city officials connected with the outrage of the century; no less than four hundred others were condemned to imprisonment or exile. To Abd-el-Kader is due the credit for staying the massacre. What wonderful words those—"Not a Christian will I give up; they are my brothers"—to come from the lips of a follower of Islam!

I present this somewhat lengthy account of the cruel Damascus tragedy because international jurisprudence

*Cook's Syria, p. 246.

regards this event as one of the most noteworthy with which it has contended.

Damascus has no less than two hundred and forty-nine mosques, of which the Great Mosque has a world-wide reputation. From one of its towering minarets the city and environs were viewed in a most satisfactory manner, although I had formerly visited the chief points of interest, such as the house of Ananias, and the house of Naaman, and that part of the wall where Paul was supposed to have been let down in order to escape. The Great Mosque is five hundred feet east and west, and three hundred feet north and south. The interior has a nave with aisles, and is supported by columns. Slippers must be put on at the door, as shoes would desecrate the sacred shrine. The Mohammedan, in his effort to surpass many Christians, prays five times a day. It matters not what sort of business is on hand, he drops everything and prostrates himself upon his prayer rug, with face towards Mecca. A biograph is the only instrument by which the devotions of a follower of Islam can be presented properly to a distant people. Many a time have I listened to the muezzin, the call to prayers, as it is made from the lofty minarets. It is set to music and a part of it in English means, "God is God; there is no other God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet." In the transept is a chapel which contains the head of John the Baptist, if the claims of Islam be true. They also declare that they have his hand in Beirut and his feet in Tripoli.

Passing down street from the Great Mosque via the bazaars to the hotel, I noticed a crowd of men gazing at a poster that had been pasted on a tree in the middle of the street. Being anxious to know what it contained, I requested my dragoman to read it and tell me what it

announced. He complied, and reported that it stated that seventy thousand people died of cholera the past year in Damascus, and that sixty thousand of them were infidels and only ten thousand were Mohammedans, showing that Islam was an antidote to that disease. Before leaving that Mosque, I should have mentioned that one of the minarets is called the Minaret of Jesus, because a tradition affirms that when Jesus comes to judge the world, he will descend to this minaret first.

One of the streets of Damascus is called Straight Street, the one Paul traversed when he entered the city. It is far enough from being straight to be called Crooked Street. In referring to the Bible, it is noticed that the Book does not say, or even infer, that it is actually straight, but simply refers to it as the "Street called Straight." To say a thing is straight, and again to say that a thing is simply called straight, are two things as different as crooked and straight.

XXIII

DAMASCUS TO ATHENS

ESCAPE FROM TURKISH QUARANTINE—HOLY LAND CITIES REVISITED—ALONGSIDE CRETE—CLASSIC ATHENS.

I HAD finished my work at Damascus and retired to well-earned rest the second night in the city, expecting to arise on the morrow and proceed to Baalbek; but at midnight—that lonesome hour of midnight, when one day is dying and another is springing into life—who should come to the hotel but a messenger from the British consulate informing us that we should leave the city at once, as an order had been issued placing the great city of Damascus and Baalbek under quarantine.

Paul once escaped from the city during the dark hours; but I lingered within the portals till seven o'clock, the time of the departure of the first train, and the last one also, before the decree went into effect. I shall ever remember the crowd gathered at the depot. Each person who could get away, having gathered his or her effects, had tumbled them in upon the floor of the waiting-room and upon the long platform. What a mob! Every one pushing his neighbor and climbing over luggage of every description; old trunks that had weathered the better fraction of a century; old sacks, well filled; saddle-bags; old carpets wrapped about wearing apparel; boxes of provisions; tents for camping; narghilehs (pipes) by the wholesale; and numerous articles not con-

venient to mention with English words. Veiled women, with commanding, tyrant husbands, hurried here and there. A general scramble for tickets added interest to the lively scene. Jews were walking to and fro, weeping, having been refused tickets, as no Jews were permitted to leave, the cholera prevailing more generally in their quarter than elsewhere. As that last train steamed away, those Damascenes left behind looked forlorn, as they were compelled to turn to their homes and face the possibility of falling before that dreaded disease.

Rejoicing over the hair-breadth escape, I paid little attention to the scenery while crossing the Lebanons, occupying myself chiefly in recalling the events of the sojourn in the quarantined city, and returning thanks for deliverance from the horrors of a prospective Turkish imprisonment.

This road is the only one known to me where the engine is changed from one end of the train to the other, from time to time. The track, having been headed off by mountain fastnesses, could go no farther, requiring acute angles; hence the change of front at every such point. I am told that this railway project put the world's best engineers to a severe test, and the doubling system was substituted as the only solution.

On arriving at Beirut I boarded the first outbound steamer for—I did not care where; anywhere would do, excepting to Constantinople, in order to avoid the Turkish quarantine. As my tezkereh was signed last by the officials at Damascus, it would not be discreet to land again at a Turkish port, as the paper would be self-convicting of a Damascus residence and a sure passport to the quarantine station.

Securing a ticket for Piræus, Greece, I stepped aboard the steamer, and was soon sailing southward, this

steamer having been scheduled to make the trip via Sidon, Tyre, Acre, Haifa, Cæsarea, Jaffa, Port Said, and Alexandria. For this I was indeed glad, as it gave me another opportunity to see these very historic points. The vessel taken being a mailboat of the Khedivial Mail Line, a stop of several hours was made at Haifa, under the shadow of Mount Carmel, and at Jaffa and Port Said. So much time was spent in port that we were nearly three days in reaching Alexandria, where we were transhipped to another and larger vessel, the *Prince Abbas* of the same line, which was of only 2,200 tons register.

Having nine hours in Alexandria, I went ashore and renewed old impressions of this city, where Greek is very much in evidence, the city having been founded by Alexander the Great. Passing out of the harbor for Greece, Forts Ada and Pharos were observed to the right, Pharos being the site where one of the seven original Wonders of the World stood.

Since reference has been made to the seven original Wonders of the World, I shall here mention them in their order of precedence.

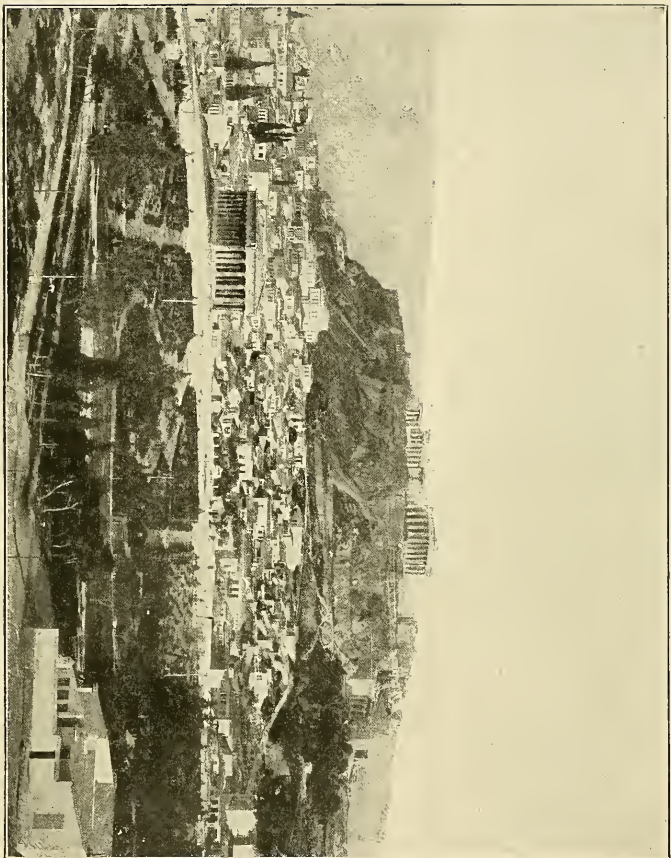
First, the Pyramids of Egypt; second, the Tomb of Mausolus, king of Caria, erected by his queen; third, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, supposed to have been two hundred and twenty years in building, being supported by one hundred and twenty-nine columns of marble sixty feet high, each weighing one hundred and fifty tons; fourth, the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; fifth, the Colossus of Rhodes, a bronze statue of Apollo; sixth, the Statue of Jupiter at Olympia, sculptured in ivory and gold by Phidias; and seventh, the Pharos at Alexandria, which was a watch-tower built of white marble, so high that it could be seen for one hundred miles. All of these have surrendered at the

behest of time, excepting the Pyramids of Egypt, and they are gradually declining, in slow but sure process of passing in their checks.

A day's sail to the north by west brought us alongside Crete, which figured so prominently in Grecian mythology. Here legends grew with the rapidity of mushrooms. A volume would be required to present Crete, doing justice to Minos, Minotaur, Theseus, Ariadne, and Zeus.

Acts xxvii, 12-21, sets forth the fact that Paul was once here during rough weather, with questionable prospects as to the outcome. The last verse tells how they escaped to shore, "some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship."

For half a day we sailed along the shore of Crete in full view of Mount Ida, a site sacred in story. The ship then threaded her way among the islands,—Santorin, Policandro, Siphanto, Serpho, Thermia, and many others, reaching the Grecian shores on Friday. Approaching Piræus, Mount Hymettus rises in front of the prow and to the right, while the Bay of Salamis lies to the left, where Xerxes saw his fleet destroyed upon which he had depended for the capture of Greece. The very headland is pointed out where Xerxes stood as he watched the famous battle of Salamis. Turning a sharp corner, Piræus, the principal port of Greece, was entered, where shipping, floating flags of many nations, indicated an important center. I landed, passed the customs examination, and contracted to be taken to the railroad station in order to take the train for Athens. When half way to the station, the carriage stopped, and I was informed that I would have to pay a certain number of francs more than the contract price, whereupon I stepped from the carriage and walked the remainder of



THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS, GREECE.

(The Temple of Theseus in the foreground to the left.)

the way, reminding the would-be extortioner that he deserved a first-class caning, but, to return good for evil, I would just leave him with his cab in the middle of the street to dream over the unwisdom of his course for supposing that I could be thus imposed upon, who had seen more people, visited more countries, and knew more of the world and its ways in a moment than he had ever dreamed of. He wilted like the last rose of summer; but I was not to be coaxed into being his patron after he had made a donkey of himself.

Very little time was spent in Piræus, as Athens, eight and one-half miles inland, was the objective point. As the train rolls on toward the classic city, the tourist bids history pass in grand review before the portals of memory. Antiquity is transformed into present realities as one recalls that here Xerxes met his Waterloo; here Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle contributed their wealth of thought; here in the valley, no doubt, Demosthenes rehearsed his orations before delivering them before the assembled Athenian multitudes. Every signal from the puffing engine causes the mind to think of some historic personage who never dreamed of the advent of the iron horse.

Long before Athens is reached the Acropolis rises to welcome the traveler. Divest Athens of all else, and the Acropolis will offer sufficient interest to call students from every clime. I had no sooner arrived in Athens than I hastened to ascend to the Acropolis, which is five hundred feet above sea-level. Here one is impressed that giant builders once held sway; architects whose ideals were copied from the mammoth builders of Thebes. The Parthenon, which crowns the summit, was planned by Pericles, and its construction was superintended by Phidias, the matchless Grecian sculptor, who was imprisoned

for having advertised himself by placing his own likeness upon the shield of the goddess Athena, and for appropriating some of the gold provided for the robe of the goddess. The statue of Athena within the Parthenon was seventeen feet in height, while the huge statue on the outside, between the Parthenon and the Propylæa, towered more than sixty feet, and could be seen for miles at sea. The pristine beauty of the colossal buildings that crown the Acropolis has departed as the result of many a siege. Converted into a powder magazine by the Turks, it was sadly wrecked by the explosion of a bomb hurled hither by the Venetians during an assault in 1687. The Acropolis museum is well worth one's attention and backsheesh. The view from the Acropolis is grand. The sea, though eight miles away, seems scarcely more than a stone's throw distant. Mounts Hymettus and Pentelicus, whence came the rare Pentelic marble used by Phidias, are landmarks from which the locations of Salamis, Plataea, Marathon, etc., are determined.

Nestling at the feet of the rocky height are other points that make Athens doubly interesting. Near the entrance to this height of ancient greatness is the Areopagus, usually known as Mars' Hill, where Paul hurled at the Athenians the philippic recorded in Acts xvii, 15-31. Every one visits the Agora, near the Tower of the Winds, where Paul found willing hearers. Sitting upon a terrace is the Theseum, or Temple of Theseus, which is the best preserved of all the ancient edifices in Greece. It was built 470 B. C., of Pentelic marble. In front of this splendid building is a colossal statue of Victory. The Pnyx, whose platform would seat eight thousand people, is a terrace, semi-circular in form, where Grecian statesmen informed their fellow-countrymen on civic subjects. Upon the slopes of the Acropolis is the

Theater of Bacchus, erected under the rule of Lycurgus, and seating, according to Plato, thirty thousand persons. Resting upon the marble were the bronze statues of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides, placed there upon the order of Lycurgus. Another monument to the credit of Lycurgus is the Stadium, built between the spurs of Pentelicus and Hymettus, for the purpose of affording seating capacity for all who desired to witness the Pan-Hellenic games. The Stadium is now being remodeled with Pentelic marble, and will seat sixty thousand.

XXIV

ATHENS TO ROME.

OVERLAND TOUR IN GREECE—ATHENS TO CORINTH AND
PATRAS—CORFU VISITED EN ROUTE TO ITALY—NAPLES
AND VESUVIUS—POMPEII, THE RUINED CITY—ROME,
THE ETERNAL CITY.

HE who would not enjoy Athens must be dull indeed ; but duller still is the man who is not enthused with Rome, the home of the Cæsars. The route from Athens was across Greece by train. No overland journey thus far has been so thrilling as the trip of two hundred and twenty-two miles, Athens to Patras, via Elusis and Corinth.

Eleusis is noteworthy as the birthplace of Æschylus, and because the Thirty Tyrants took refuge there ; but of still greater interest is Corinth, a city of about five thousand, while Athens, the capital, boasts of more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand. During my stay in Corinth I did not see a person who could talk English. I inferred that English-speaking people seldom come to Corinth, from the fact that every merchant or carriage-driver with whom I desired to transact business sent messengers abroad through the city to find some one who could understand my speech. Every messenger returned with a person speaking another tongue, and, after many trials, each gave up the task, shook his head, failing as an interpreter. Greece is not on the main

traveled route usually taken by "globe-trotters," which accounts for the difficulties there encountered. Of those who see Greece at all, very few penetrate beyond Athens and vicinity. When the Peloponnesus railway reached no farther westward than Corinth, that little city was a busy center of commerce, but since the road has reached Patras on the northwest coast of Achaia, few ships visit the old city, and Patras profits by Corinth's loss.

I was surprised to note that rural Greece is behind the younger nations in methods of work. Women were plowing with oxen and using old sticks for plows, as was observed in India, Syria, and Egypt. Like the Indians and Egyptians, the women carried their laundry to a pool, seaside, or river, and pounded or slapped the garments upon rocks instead of using a washboard or machine. Riding upon a fast train, we were hurried through beautiful valleys, alongside dashing mountain streams, and beside beautiful placid streams, clear as crystal, and through vineyards embracing thousands of acres.

At Patras were found many who spoke English. One gentleman, who purported to be a guide, said to me, "When you come again, let me know a few weeks ago, and I will be prepared for you." At Patras I boarded the steamer *Bosnia*, of the Florio Rubatinno Line, bound for Brindisi, Italy. Upon many a voyage I had been told that a person should always avoid taking passage upon any Italian ship. Consequently I entered the ship with great concern as to the treatment to be expected. Knowing that I would be out only two nights and one day, I felt that I could stand anything that length of time, but was surprised to find that my surroundings and treatment were all that any one could ask.

The ship anchored in the harbor at Corfu over Sunday, giving us an opportunity to go ashore and attend

divine services at the English Church. Corfu is cosmopolitan, having as a populace a medley of French, Spanish, Italians, Austrians, Greeks, English, and Syrians.

Arriving at Brindisi early Monday morning, the customs officials were easily passed, and train taken for Naples, where we arrived within ten hours, the distance from Brindisi being two hundred and forty-two miles.

As volumes would be required to do justice to Naples and Rome, I shall limit myself to the presentation of a working outline. Naples, with a population of five hundred and fifty thousand, is known far and wide for its beauty. "See Naples and die," is a saying that urges one to believe that, when you have seen Naples, you have seen all that is worth seeing.

After visiting the cathedral and the National Museum, visitors are usually ready for the ascent of Vesuvius, which stands as a Titan guarding the city, the smoke from its summit being visible by day, and the light painting the heavens at night. On my arrival in Naples I was told that the activity of the monster rendered ascent too dangerous to be undertaken at present. The Funicular road, operated by Thos. Cook & Son, was not running, consequently I contracted with a guide who was to conduct me to the very summit of the cone or forfeit the price stipulated. We ascended through ashes that blocked the way to any except those who dared to crawl over the precipitous slopes. When half way up to the smoking summit we encountered an ocean of ashes apparently only recently thrown out. In reply to my question as to when this train-load of ashes was deposited here, he replied, "They were precipitated here only two days ago." I at once begged him to return with me, as we were compassed on all sides with clouds so that at times we could not see each other, and occasionally the

poisonous fumes from the crater settled about us. He calmly answered my petition by saying: "You do not come to Vesuvius every day, and you will be sorry all your life if you do not go to the top. It is only a little distance to the crater." On we went, passing fissures where the molten lava had once poured forth, evidences of many a wild cataclysm. After paying four lire (about eighty cents) for the privilege of seeing the "Cono Attivo," we ascended to the topmost height, only to be turned back at once by a sudden explosion from the depths below. My guide said, "Grab my arm," and down we went with all speed, sliding through deep ashes at times, then gliding over beds of lava, being at all times exceedingly careful lest we become overbalanced and go tumbling down the side of the cone, which was almost perpendicular for a few feet here and there. When about one-third of the way down we passed an Italian official who was ascending to learn the condition of the volcano. The newspapers reported that he encountered a shower of ashes and rocks, was severely bruised and nearly asphyxiated, and was taken to the Eden Hotel in a semi-unconscious condition. The gold of Wall Street would not tempt me to ascend Vesuvius again when the owners of the Funicular consider the ascent too dangerous to operate their road up the mountain side.

Pompeii sits in a valley half covered with ashes and lava, a few miles from the smoking mountain. Vesuvius has been active evidently ever since time was young. In 71 B. C. Sparticus, a Roman gladiator, revolted, and made his home in the crater of the then quiet smokestack. The eruption that wiped Pompeii from the map occurred in 79 A. D., the population of the city then numbering thirty thousand. After visiting the ruined city, viewing its paintings, sculpturing, architecture, etc., a visit to the

museum near the entrance will be time well spent, for it is filled with rare curios which cause the city of two thousand years ago to live in the present.

Leaving Naples, but not forgetting it, we proceed to Rome by rail, distant one hundred and sixty-two miles. Traces of the historic Appian Way are visible all the way from Brindisi to Naples and from Naples to Rome.

Nearly all are surprised to find such splendid train service in Italy, and many, desiring absolute comfort, quickly become converts to the excellencies of the corridor compartment cars in general use throughout Europe.

Rome has five hundred thousand people, and is bisected by the river Tiber. I shall not attempt to describe Rome, as a shelf full of volumes would be required to do the Eternal City justice. No one would scarcely think of leaving Rome without visiting the Forum, which is situated between the Capitoline and the Palatine Hills, and contains the Temple of Julius Cæsar, of Castor, of Saturn, of Vesta, of Romulus, and of Vespasian, together with thirty-four other points of historic interest.

Probably of greatest interest to a majority of people is the Colosseum, pronounced the largest building ever erected for popular performances. It was commenced by Vespasian, dedicated by Titus, and completed by Domitian. After taking Jerusalem, Titus brought to Rome a large number of Jews as slaves, and set them to work on the Colosseum, and at the dedicatory services he is said to have used five thousand wild beasts and many captives, all of whom were slain to amuse the spectators, who numbered fifty thousand. Bede wrote:

“While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world.”

Among the churches in Rome, St. Peter's stands first, as well as first in size in all the world. I here present the figures showing the length of the world's largest edifices for worship. St. Peter's, Rome, 615 feet; Milan Cathedral, 444 feet; St. Paul's, London, 510 feet; and St. Sophia, Constantinople, 354 feet. I ascended to the summit of the tower of St. Peter's, an elevation of 448 feet, where the best view of Rome was secured.

The Vatican, the home of the pope, is alongside the great church, and is said to contain ten thousand rooms and to cover thirteen acres, and is pronounced the "most imposing palace in the world." The Vatican paintings, regarded as the finest collection in the world, attract a constant stream of humanity. The celebrated masterpiece of Michael Angelo, "The Last Judgment," is behind the altar in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, and is by far the most popular of the numerous works of the masters.

A visit to the Pantheon and Catacombs will not be overlooked even by those whose time is limited.

The average American does not spend more than a week in Rome, which is ample time to visit the points of interest herein mentioned. Some, however, hurry through in two days, getting little more than confused ideas.

XXV

ROME TO LONDON.

VIA MILAN, THE LAKE REGION, ST. GOTHARD, AND LUCERNE
—SWITZERLAND THE BEAUTIFUL—FALLS OF THE
RHINE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN—GERMANY VISITED—ON TO
PARIS AND LONDON.

STOP-OVER privileges on through tickets are all that any one could ask, allowing break of journey anywhere.

Milan, a city of four hundred and fifty thousand, with its world-famous Duomo, or cathedral, could not be passed unvisited. The Duomo is pronounced by Macmillan "one of the most impressive ecclesiastical edifices in the world." Built of white marble, crowned with one hundred and six pinnacles and two thousand statues, it will accommodate forty thousand people. Eustice says: "Inferior only to St. Peter's, it equals in length, and in breadth surpasses, the cathedral at Florence and St. Paul's; in the interior elevation it yields to both; in fret-work, carving, and statues, it goes beyond all the churches in the world, St. Peter's itself not excepted."

From Milan the route selected led northward via Lakes Como and Lugano, two crystal-like jewels that beautify the mountainous landscape. Hastening northward, St. Gothard Tunnel, nine and one-quarter miles in length, is threaded, requiring twenty minutes. Desiring to protect this most gigantic piece of engineering of the century, the Swiss have erected extensive fortifications

at each end, protecting a hole in the ground. Almost as interesting as St. Gothard itself are the seven spiral tunnels traversed on this route, each tunnel about one mile in length. Near Gurtellen is the last spiral tunnel, four thousand nine hundred feet in length. The train enters below, and, with two shrieking, puffing engines, climbs up the spiral like a huge fire-and-smoke-breathing serpent, and emerges from the mountain one hundred and twenty feet above the entrance. While riding the circuit of ascent, passengers amuse themselves watching the compass swing entirely around. It is needless to state that such rich and unique experiences, together with an abundance of enchanting mountain scenery when the outside world is reached, preclude the possibility of the trip through Switzerland being rendered dull for a single moment.

The ticket being good from Flüelen to Lucerne, by either rail or steamer, I chose the steamer, and made the journey of more than twenty miles surrounded by mountain scenery presenting an ever-changing panorama as the speeding steamer zigzagged across the lake, picking up and discharging passengers at many towns nestling among the foothills on either shore. Küsnacht and Immensee, familiar names in German story, were passed at a distance, and Lucerne was reached after a three-hours' journey. Lucerne has a population of about thirty thousand, and is called the "Tourist Capital of Switzerland."

After visiting the "Lion" designed by Thorwaldsen and carved out of the living rock, many ascend the Rigi, or "hog-back," that rises between Lakes Lucerne, Zug, and Lowerz; but I viewed it from a distance, and sped on in a few hours to Bale, a city of one hundred and twelve thousand, situated on both banks of the Rhine, the pride of all Europe. From Bale I made a side-trip of fifty-

eight miles, via the Baden Railroad, to the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. The falls are three hundred and fifty feet wide and sixty feet high, and are the Niagara Falls of Europe. Two roads are operated between Bale and the Rhine Falls, one being on the Germany side and the other on the Switzerland side. I booked by the southern road going and by the northern returning, the usual custom.

After making an interesting excursion northward into Germany to see the famous Strassburg clock, I again journeyed westward, arriving in Paris, the "gayest city on earth," where the poodle dog and the innocent babe are contending in an apparently unequal contest for precedence, and where fashion holds high carnival seven days in the week.

The visitor will not fail to tour the Champs Elysées, the Parisians' most popular promenade and pleasure grounds, situated just west of the Tuileries and Place de la Concorde. Chairs are numerous under the shade-trees, and apparently free, until a fair damsel appears from the direction of the Arc de Triomphe and triumphantly collects ten centimes for permission to continue to occupy till she considers it time to collect again.

Of all the cash expended in seeing Paris, none is more productive of results than the four francs (80 cents) paid for ascending the Eiffel Tower, whose height is an even one thousand feet, its base covering four acres. It is estimated that ten thousand persons may find elbow room upon the platforms of this skyscraper at one time. "without occasioning any undue crowding." Ascending this modern Babel is absolutely exciting, bewildering, indescribable. Twice as high as the Washington Monument, its summit plays with the clouds. The view from that dizzy height will never be forgotten. The Seine

curves from the foot of the tower through the great city in the shape of a crescent; then diminishes on either side to a silvery thread, and vanishes in the distance. Paris, the City of Magnificent Palaces, draws itself up around the feet of the giant, permitting the vision to wander far beyond the city's apparently shrunken walls, over the diminutive farms and villages, to a horizon that makes no apology for its distant position. What a splendid opportunity is here afforded to survey the city and locate its chief points of interest! Just across the Seine to the west is the Trocadero Palace, with its graceful crescent wings reaching out as if to embrace the artificial lake in front. Directly north stands the Arc de Triomphe, one hundred and fifty-eight feet in height, erected by Napoleon commemorative of his victories. This pile cost 9,000,000 francs and bears the names of three hundred and eighty-six French generals who were associated with Napoleon in thirty victorious battles. East of the Arc de Triomphe is the beautiful Madeleine, commenced in 1764 and completed in 1842, at a cost of \$3,000,000. It was built as a Temple of Glory, and dedicated to soldiers of the Grand Army, but in 1816 was changed to church usages. It is surrounded with fifty-two Corinthian columns, fifty feet high. Near the Madeleine is the Column de Vendome, one hundred and thirty-five feet in height, constructed of stone and covered with the metal of one thousand two hundred and fifty cannon taken by Napoleon from the Russians and Austrians. South of the Vendome is a beautiful garden called Tuileries, marking the site of the Royal and Imperial Palace from 1464 to 1871, when it was destroyed by the Communists. Alongside the Tuileries is the Louvre, consisting of galleries, containing the largest and best collection of works of

art in France. North of the Louvre and south of the Bourse is the Palais-Royal, second only to the Boulevards as a promenade ground. East of the Eiffel Tower and south of the Seine are the Luxembourg Palace and Galleries, a part of which is not accessible to the public, being occupied by the Senate. Opposite the Luxembourg stands the Pantheon, used as a Temple of Glory, having been damaged in 1871 by Prussian shells. It contains the tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hugo, President Carnot, and other noted Frenchmen.

Northwest of the Pantheon, situated upon an island in the Seine is the Notre Dame Cathedral, began in 1160 and completed in the thirteenth century. It is built entirely on piles, and is two hundred and forty-six feet in height. In 1793, during the Revolution, it was converted into a Temple of Reason, and the "presiding goddess, the wife of one of the Communists, rewarded devout worshipers with a kiss." Here Napoleon I and the Empress Josephine were crowned in 1804. Its pipe-organ is said to be the finest in the world, having six thousand pipes and eighty-six stops. The Communists set fire to this building in 1871, but the damage has been repaired. Here France crowned the majority of her kings. Behind the cathedral is the Morgue, where I saw five persons, men and women, who had tired of life, and, having leaped into the Seine, had been fished out and put on exhibition to be claimed by the next of kin.

But let us bid Paris good-bye and hasten northward to the world's commercial metropolis, London. Leaving Paris at 8.40 A. M., Boulogne was reached at 11.59, and Folkestone, England at 2 P. M., after a very tempestuous ride across the English Channel that reminded me, in a slight measure, of my first experience on the

Pacific six months ago. Of that entire train-load of passengers, I think that all were seasick excepting four of us. For at least an hour of the crossing, the surging waters rolled over the rocking side-wheeler, making it a real effort for us four "toughened old sailors" to keep entirely settled our Parisian breakfasts. Since the conditions outside would permit no passengers to be upon the deck, it may be needless to remark that the cabins' carpets presented a sight that might be compared favorably with the streets of Tiberias.

The first sign of commercial life noticed, as we approached Britain's shore, was a large sign that seemed to rise from the waves, saying in large, bold, black letters, "*Eat Quaker Oats.*" If appearances were not deceiving, I am confident that a sign "*Never Eat Again,*" would have been more conducive to quiet of mind and body than the one so much in evidence. Setting foot upon *terra firma*, train was taken, and Charing Cross Station, in London, reached one hour and forty-five minutes later, where conveyances, decidedly English, were in waiting to transfer us to our choice of hotels. I was soon registered at the New Waverly, well located, one block from the British Museum, the chief object of interest drawing me to London. When it is announced that a feline lifetime may be spent profitably in the British Museum, it may not be saying too much to remark that the most hasty tourist should spend several days in seeing London. The British Museum is open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and covers seven acres of ground; admission free.

I attended divine services in Westminster Abbey, noted as the Coronation Church for the sovereigns of England and as the "burial-place of her most illustrious

dead." Descriptive of Westminster, Waller penned these lines:

"That antique pile behold
Where royal heads, receive the sacred gold;
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep."

Washington Irving wrote: "On entering, we feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and earth with their renown." In the Poets' Corner, among England's greatest, room was found for the bust of America's favorite poet, Henry W. Longfellow. Alongside slabs commemorative of Chaucer, Milton, Addison, Southey, Coleridge, Browning, and Shakespeare, American genius has a place of recognition.

Of more interest to me than the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots, and those of all other crowned heads, was the Chapel of the Pyx, which is opened by seven keys, and only by special permission from the Secretary of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Comptroller of the Exchequer. This chapel, under seven locks, contained the ancient treasury of the kings of England, and now contains the standards of gold and silver which are used every year for testing the justness of weight in the coins issued from the British mint.

The New Palace of Westminster, costing \$15,000,000 to construct, containing the Houses of Parliament, is more imposing than the ancient Westminster Abbey, and stands upon the Thames embankment.

Of indescribable interest to every visitor is the Tower of London. Here I saw the crown jewels that had been used since 1610. The crown of the late Queen Victoria occupies the highest position, and contains 2,783 diamonds, 277 pearls, 5 rubies, 17 sapphires, and 11 emer-

alds. Many of these jewels have been used in crowns made for coronations since the time of Charles II. Regalias used by the Mary's, the Henry's, and the Edwards's are on exhibition, even to the garter with its motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." (Dishonored be he who thinks ill of it.)

Among the most noted persons who suffered imprisonment in the Tower of London are the following: Queen Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry VIII; David Bruce, king of Scotland; Edward V; Queen Elizabeth; Lady Jane Grey; Henry VI; Queen Katherine Howard, a wife of Henry VIII; Sir Thomas More; and Sir Walter Raleigh.

Of special interest in the Tower are the specimens of weapons and war-gear used by British soldiers since "Knighthood was in Flower."

I attended a service in St. Paul's Cathedral, where cash was being collected preparatory to work on Easter decoration. This mammoth pile was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. A marble slab in the crypt bears the following inscription: "If you would see his monument, look about you."

The parks, galleries, bridges, and other points that should not be missed, will be seen by the traveler *en route* to the objects of greatest interest herein set forth. London, the world's metropolis, with its extremes of poverty and opulence, its cosmopolitan mixture of millions, has stood for a century as a mighty regulator of the commercial pulse-beat of the nations, exchange on London being in demand the world round. But the time is not far distant when the course of commerce and the marts of trade will establish the commercial center of the world three thousand miles westward across the trackless ocean.

XXVI

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

LIVERPOOL, TO NEW YORK—ABOARD THE CEDRIC, THE LARGEST SHIP AFLOAT—LIFE AT SEA.

AFTER a four days' sojourn in London, the largest city on earth, I was ready for the three-thousand-mile journey across the Atlantic Ocean. Leaving Euston Station at noon on Good Friday, April 10th, by special train, Liverpool was reached at 3.30 o'clock, where the mammoth steamship *Cedric*, of the White Star Line, the largest steamship ever built, was waiting for her London passengers. The train halted alongside the floating giant, and in a few moments we were on board. At five o'clock the floating city with its twenty-five hundred passengers was loosed from her moorings, and, by the help of tugs, was pointed towards New York. Saturday morning at 9 o'clock Queenstown, Ireland, was reached, where an ordinary shipload of additional passengers was taken, and in two hours anchor was hoisted, allowing this overgrown canoe to nose her way out of the narrows into

“The sea, the sea, the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, with a bound,
It runneth the earth's wild regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.”

It is now Friday. A week has slipped away since we left Liverpool, and New York is not yet in sight, nor

shall we see its suspension bridge till to-morrow, as we have taken the southern course, which is much longer than the northern. The reason for this extraordinary southern sweep is due to our having met the *Oceanic* when a day out from Queenstown, from which vessel signals were received informing us that icebergs were thick and dangerous on the northern route. If a commander is afraid of any one thing it is an iceberg. I am informed that one of those cold creatures was sighted from this ship. I did not see it, however, as I am not hunting cold sights or cold people.

A few words about this house in which I have lived the past week may be valuable news to those who have never "gone down to sea in ships." The *Cedric* is the largest steamship in the world, having been built by Messrs. Harland and Wolf at Belfast, Ireland, a country that deserves better treatment than it has received at the hands of England. And let me state right here, by the way of parenthesis, that there are several passengers from the heart of old England among the twenty-five hundred on this ship who say they believe England is on the decline, and that they are coming to what they consider the foremost country of the earth, AMERICA.

Three years ago the *Oceanic* was the largest, but she was eclipsed by the *Celtic* about a year ago, which is nearly three thousand tons larger than the *Oceanic*. The *Cedric* surpasses the *Celtic* and rides the deep as the king of ships. She is 700 feet long, displaces 38,200 tons of water, can carry 18,400 tons of freight, and comfortably carry the inhabitants of a city with a population of 3,350. The *Cedric* cost \$2,500,000, and has nine decks for passenger accommodation. What think you of living on one of nine flats, one above the other, through which four huge masts and two mammoth funnels tower? Add

to this the thought that each village is electric-lighted, and the entire layer cake is bolted or riveted together, and set down like a duck in the water, and commanded to "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish."

I had supposed that no one would become seasick on a plank of this size, but I am forced to chronicle that several have been confined to their rooms the entire trip, too sick for appearance in the dining-room. True to general principles, I have been ready for that which the gong announced ever since the second day out from Vancouver, thirty thousand miles ago. There are passengers on board for nearly every State in the Union, and some, not a few, on account of a proposed union, are going from the single to the thrice-happy married state. Some of the affianced are promenading hand in hand as they near the promised land, while others have their faces entirely hidden under one fascinator as they quietly converse each with the other, relating their plans, hopes, and aspirations on beginning life side by side in a new land, where every man is king and every woman is queen, whether the purse contains a dollar or a million; where citizenship depends not upon horses and lands, but upon character, loyalty and obedience to law; where every person is permitted to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Blessed country! Long may she live to attract to her shores the best sons and daughters of earth!

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

He who, as an American, has never seen the world as it is, has no conception of the greatness of his own

country. Throughout the length and breadth of the earth America is referred to as an earthly paradise, and he who would drive a dagger into the throbbing heart of such a country should be branded as an international criminal; for it is being said to-day, "As goes America, so goes the earth."

My closest associate on this journey to New York is the editor of a leading paper of England who says: "England is dependent in a great measure upon America; for if American foods were shut off, England would starve in only a few weeks. We are raising less wheat and corn because we can not compete with the vast acres of America."

Let the poet speak:

"Up aloft amid the rigging sings the fresh exulting gale,
Strong as springtime in the blossoms, filling out each blowing
sail;
And the wild waves, cleft behind us, seem to murmur as they
flow:
There are kindly hearts that wait you in the land to which you go.
Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, dear land to thee,
Rolling home from merry England, rolling home across the sea."

If I were at home, and my loved ones were out alone upon this seemingly endless race, so fraught with danger, I would feel most like saying:

"O, ye beloved, come home—the hour,
The hour of many a greeting tone,
The time of heartlight and of song,
Returns, and ye are gone.

And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness
That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Still, when the prayer is said,
For thee kind bosoms yearn,
For thee fond tears are shed—
O, when wilt thou return?"

We have splendid weather for the Atlantic voyage, only one day being sufficiently rough to cause the navigating officer to enter in the logbook the words "heavy gale." At the beginning of the gale this floating palace began to strike a sort of a gallop, whereupon not a few showed evidences of having taken an emetic. One lady, while standing in the companion-way, made much use of her kerchief in trying to stay the flood tide of tears which came unbidden in spite of all that she could do as she looked out upon the bobbing waves. She, no doubt, thought the ship would soon find rest upon the ocean floor below, and that she would then sleep with the other brave hearts that never reached port. That gale was not even interesting to me, for it should not be ranked even as a little dog trotting along under a wagon in comparison with that real article to which reference was made while crossing the Pacific.

Looking out upon the deep for a sight of land, land birds are now seen, indicating that we shall not have long to wait. Darkness falls about us, barring the possibility of landing before to-morrow. But look yonder! A light from Fire Island pours out a line of beams which produce rejoicing, and I call upon the poet to voice our thought:

"Speed, speed, my fleet vessel, the shore is in sight,
The breezes are fair, we shall anchor to-night,
To-morrow at sunrise once more I shall stand
On the sea-beaten shore of my dear native land."

The anchor was dropped at 10.30 off Sandy Hook to await sunrise. By 10 o'clock on the morrow we had

landed and passed the customs official. One lady was fined \$200 for trying to smuggle lace. She will not try it again. A gentleman, desiring to bring a silk dress for his wife without paying the duty, wrapped the goods about his body under his garments, and thus evaded complying with the law, no official knowing other than that his corpulency might be natural and not artificial. He may be overtaken by justice at the bar of final judgment by being made to wear that identical dress in the grand promenade booked by the eschatologist as sure to occur.

Six months have passed since I have seen this land of liberty, and ten years have registered the flight of time since I have seen this Eastern shore, and I feel most like letting the poet speak:

“I’m back again! I’m back again!
My foot is on the shore;
I tread the bright and grassy plain
Of my native home once more!

Hail, native clime! hail, native clime!
Land of the brave and free!
Though long estranged thy exile ranged,
His heart comes back to thee.”

And now I turn and bid adieu to the highway upon which I have spent many interesting as well as exciting days.

“Mysterious deep—farewell!
I turn from thy companionship, but lo!
Thy voice doth follow me. ’Mid lonely bower,
Or twilight dream, or wakeful couch, I hear
That solemn and reverberated hymn
From thy deep organ which doth speak God’s praise
In thunder, night and day. Still by my side,
Even as a dim-seen spirit, deign to walk,
Prompter of holy thought and type of Him,
Sleepless, immutable, omnipotent.”

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